

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Spain Teaches Us

OWEN B. McGUIRE

Design by Mars

DOUGLAS NEWTON

The Constitution's Birthday

LAWRENCE LUCEY

The Besieged of the Alcazar

AILEEN O'BRIEN

Soviet Justice

GEORGE IENSEN

Catholics and Peace

NORMAN McKENNA

Going Down to the Poor

CATHERINE de HUECK

Labor's Share

JOSEPH F. THORNING

JULY, 1937



PRICE 20c



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Sisters of Charity—Wuki

Sisters of St. Joseph—Chihkiang

If you wish to help them you may send your offering to

THE MISSION DEPARTMENT

THE SIGN

UNION CITY, N. J.

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Whither Our Catholic Youth?

BOOKS are shelved as our schools close for the summer. The thoughts of carefree children turn to sand lots, swimming pools, mountains and the seashore. For older graduates the happy prospect of vacation is tempered by the knowledge that the serious business of earning a living looms ahead.

If at the moment the outlook for the latter is not too encouraging there is, on the other hand, no reason for youth lapsing into sulking self-pity. We are in the throes of a changing social order. What its final form will be, no one can prophesy. Our young people must bear their share of the uncertainty and hardship which inevitably accompany such a change. Even if they have not the advantage of experience, they are better equipped than many of their elders in courage and resolve.

Doubtless these graduates have heard much thoughtful and constructive advice. Such counsel should be treasured. It will serve to shape their future course in times of stress and doubt. But very soon they will have to discover for themselves, in meeting the circumstances of life, how well or how poorly their course of studies has fitted them. Surrender on their part to defeat or to narrow selfishness would be proof that either in their own character or in the method of education they have followed, there has been something unsound.

While youth is finding the answer to the questions it must now face, parents, educators and pastors of souls are observing the development of those who have come from our schools. So much time, effort and money have been invested in education, that those responsible for its direction are justly concerned with its results.

SUCH reflections will encourage a discussion of methods. Comparisons should lead to progress. But on some points there is no disagreement. One of these is that Catholic education must train our students to visualize their future not merely in terms of a job, but as a full life work. They must be made conscious, moreover, of the fact that their religion is not just another course that can be tucked away in some forgotten corner with their diploma. By religion we mean not only the observance of those duties which keep them within the fold of the Church. We refer to that deep and vital Catholicity which colors and influences their daily lives.

These observations arise from the questions which many thinking leaders are asking: What becomes of

that splendid array of Catholic graduates who pass out into the world of business and society each year from our Catholic schools and colleges? Must years go by and maturity be reached before the heartening promise of these boys and girls is fulfilled? Can no immediate use be made of that intelligent and zealous interest which they gave to things Catholic as students?

A partial answer lies in the obvious remark that their chief concern is now with their own affairs. But it is not the whole answer. There are other reasons which keep them in the background. Part of their time and talent could be put at the service of the Church. The conviction that they are needed and appreciated will go far to overcome their timidity or indifference. To this must be added personal interest, a definite program and leadership. To these youth will respond.

Not less important is the realization that education should go on even after the doors of their school have closed behind them. At the risk of repeating, we remind parents that neither they nor the children can keep in touch with the Church's answer to her children's problems without the help of the Catholic press.

IN REGIONS where the printed word has made little progress, the need of Catholic literature may be less stressed. But in our age and country the flood of written propaganda must be met. It is amazing and disconcerting to discover the still high percentage of educated Catholics who stand puzzled before the attacks on religion in secular papers and periodicals. If an objection were made directly to some doctrine in which they had been drilled, our young people would have both the knowledge and courage to refute it. But they feel embarrassed by the insinuations, the distortion of incidents, the half-truths and the suppression of facts to which they are daily exposed.

Let us look to the youth on whom the hope of the Church's future rests. They will be in the full conflict of which we now have only the warnings. These young men and women can be made the leaders in their parish activities, which should be their first training ground. To neglect them now is to run the risk of missing their services forever. We cannot afford any lost battalions of Catholic youth.

Father Theophane Maguire S.J.

CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

IF THERE has been any doubt concerning the moral irresponsibility of the Nazi régime in Germany, that doubt is fast disappearing. The unilateral abrogation by the Nazis

The Nazis and Their Word

of certain terms of the Versailles Treaty was regarded in many quarters with sympathy because of the fact that there was much truth in the contention that those terms had been accepted under constraint. Recent events, however, show that the Nazis have concern neither for their word nor for their honor.

The Concordat with the Holy See was entered into with complete freedom. To-day it is but a scrap of paper. If this total disregard of their pledged word were denied by the Nazis it would be bad enough. But it is admitted and justified. "Even a treaty with the Holy See is no sacrosanct, unassailable, permanent thing in itself," declares Hitler's mouthpiece, the *Voelkische Beobachter*.

But this is nothing compared with the depths of degradation to which the Nazis have descended in breaking the clause of the Concordat which guaranteed the existence and freedom of Catholic schools. Priests and religious taught in these schools. To alienate the people from them they were accused of immorality. It did not matter that only fifty-eight priests out of a total of 25,635 in Germany were accused (not convicted) of immorality. A few priests and some lay members of religious congregations had been unfaithful. It was an excellent weapon in the hands of the Nazis. Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda, bellowed that the immorality trials represent the most appalling moral degeneration in history. Catholic priests and religious are unfit to teach Nazi children—therefore abolish the Catholic schools and hand over the children to the tender mercies and the gentle solicitude of the Nazis.

IT DOES not matter to the Nazis that from the beginning the name of their Party has been closely associated with various immoral practices better left unmentioned. It does

Nazis as Educators and Moralists

not matter that, as Goebbels declared, the sixty Party members assassinated in the "blood purge" of 1934 at the order of Hitler, were killed for moral degeneracy—among them Captain Roehm, whose duty it had been for years to organize the young into his storm troops. It does not matter that conditions in Hitler's youth camps are frightful—on the word of those who know—nor that the birthrate of illegitimate children has taken a sudden and unprecedented rise since 1933. It is of small consequence that unwed mothers are given equal rights and honors with those who are wed, and that Rosenberg, prophet and moral preceptor of the Nazis, advocates polygamy.

All these things are of small import to the Nazis.

In spite of them they take it upon themselves to educate German youth and to direct the moral life of the German people. "We propose to accept full responsibility," declares Hitler, "for the morals of our State and of its people." And speaking of the children, he says: "We shall train and educate them to become new Germans. We shall not permit

them to lapse into the old way of thinking. . . . We shall take them when they are ten years old and bring them up in the spirit of the community until they are eighteen. They shall not escape us."

Fortunately there is still such a thing as Christian courage in Germany, and German Catholics are manifesting that they possess their share of it. Bravely and firmly they are opposing the constant assaults which are being made on their Catholic Faith. They are openly professing loyalty to their religious leaders and, in spite of threats and blandishments, are resisting all efforts to paganize them.

EVENTS in Germany present an insoluble problem to those who are not familiar with the aims of the Nazi régime. The Nazis have set up a dictatorship whose totalitarian scope

Nazism a Philosophy and Religion

is equalled only by that of Soviet Russia. The Nazi dictatorship brooks no rivalry and permits not the slightest independence in any field of thought or of activity. Its aim is complete possession of the citizen—body and soul, and from the cradle to the grave. Man's one purpose in life is the service of the State, and for the follower of Hitler the State is the Nazi régime.

A report by the leaders of the National Confessional Synod in Germany gives an excellent résumé of the Nazi ideology: "The National Socialist ideology mobilizes all aspects of life within its sphere of activity and claims exclusive control in all fields of activity. The National Socialist People's Welfare Organization has taken over charity activities. Recreation has been absorbed by the Strength Through Joy organization. Education is absorbed by the Hitler Youth high command, and the National Socialist Teachers' League.

"The basis for all this is the conviction that National Socialism itself is the church. Accordingly, all State activities assume a religious character. Politics is a divine mission. Service to the nation is divine service. National Socialism, therefore, has a definite mission, for the fulfillment of which it claims the whole nation. By its very principles it cannot allow other bodies to engage in the same activities in which it is engaged."

The Nazi persecution of Catholics, Protestants and Jews is but a logical consequence of this philosophy. The dire effects of this persecution at home and abroad are becoming increasingly evident.

WHEN President Roosevelt signed the National Labor Relations Act two years ago, he declared it "an important step toward the achievement of just and peaceful labor relations in industry." During

How Secure Industrial Peace

the month in which the Supreme Court upheld this Labor Act there were more strikes than during any month of the past twenty years. Instead of decreasing, the number of strikes goes on increasing. Senator Robert Wagner, author of the National Labor Relations Act, questioned as to this,

replied: "My frank answer always has been that the difficulties have been on the increase not in spite of that law but largely because of it. What could be more natural than for labor to assert its rights, once those rights have been guaranteed by the law of the land and placed beyond question by the court of last resort?"

The Senator probably put his finger on the sore spot. Unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less clearly he indicated the weak point in the bill which he sponsored. It is partisan. It protects the rights of the employee, but not the rights of the employer. Not that we do not agree that the employee has greater need of protection; but as long as there are two parties to a dispute the rights of both must be provided for in any legislation that will prove effective. The National Labor Relations Act is a great step forward in assuring labor the right to unite freely in unions and to bargain collectively. It fails as a means of securing economic peace in that it provides only for labor the right to appeal to the National Labor Relations Board, and in that it sets up no machinery for the settlement of conflicts in case employers and employees disagree even after collective bargaining.

The experience gained in the successful administration of the Railway Labor Act during eleven years could be used to advantage, we think, in supplementing the National Labor Relations Act. The Railway Act provides that if employers and employees cannot reach an agreement *either* party (not labor alone as under the National Labor Relations Act) may appeal to the National Mediation Board, or that Board may offer its services.

If the Mediation Board fails, it proposes impartial arbitration, without any power, however, to use compulsion. If both conference and mediation fail and the controversy is sufficiently great to involve considerably the public interest, the Mediation Board can recommend to the President the appointment of a fact-finding board which will examine the entire matter and make a report within thirty days. This gives both the parties and the public an impartial view of the situation, and a disinterested recommendation of a method of solution.

Perhaps the most effective provision of this Act for securing industrial peace is that "no change, except by agreement, should be made by the parties to the controversy in the conditions out of which the dispute arose." This prevents both management and labor from taking hasty and unreasonable steps and provides for a period of peaceful compromise.

BIRTH-PREVENTION (adroitly labelled birth-control by its promoters) has received its first official recognition by the American Medical Association. At its annual

Medical Association Sanctions Birth Control

convention the delegates of organized medicine went on record: to "take such action as may be necessary to make clear to physicians their legal rights in relation to the use of contraceptives." . . . to "undertake the investigation of materials, devices and methods recommended or employed for the prevention of conception." . . . that "all dispensaries, clinics and similar establishments where information and advice concerning the prevention of conception are given to the public should be under legal licensure and supervision and under medical control."

Thus is written the beginning of a new chapter in American medical practice. The men who have been honored as the preservers of life, whose institutions have been endowed to conserve and save human beings have capitulated. Officially they now declare themselves interested in the "prevention of conception." There is no need to gloss over the issue. The medical men themselves have stated it quite frankly. Life is to be attacked and stemmed at its source.

The reason for these resolutions? Not risking the un-Christian judging of hidden motives, we must be content to quote the report of the physicians on the committee. "Information concerning contraception is admittedly available to persons in favorable economic circumstances. There appears to be no law to prevent physicians who work in dispensaries from furnishing patients there with any information that may lawfully be furnished to patients in any other economic group."

The time has passed for discussion or debate. The moral issue is waived aside. Because the rich are now in a position to commit sins of this type, the argument is advanced that the poor should not be deprived of the same opportunities!

To improve the material welfare of families, to prevent hardships, to preserve the health of mothers—all plausible, emotional excuses. With centuries of practice behind them, with boasted scientific progress, the medical profession must resort to a defeatist program of prevention. Prevent conception—and you will prevent much poverty. Prevent enough conceptions—and you will prevent deaths from cancer, heart disease, nephritis, pneumonia—for you will prevent life itself. They do not seem to realize, these dignified physicians, that in seeking an easy way out they are inviting disaster.

NO ONE seems to have commented on the remark of Dr. Heyd, the retiring president of the American Medical Association: "We are slowly developing a society in which

Progress Towards Paganism

old age will represent a constantly increasing percentage of disease. The United States by 1960 may have a stationary population." From his statement it does not seem that the country is being over-populated.

When, in answer to the resolutions of the Association, Fr. Ignatius Cox, S.J. raises his voice, it is not the protest of a professional dissenter. He sees, as all of us do, the opening wedge to a pagan disregard of human life, the first steps towards immoral and unscientific sterilization and the legalized murder which is called euthanasia.

He is practical enough to know that logic and moral reasons prevail little against the anti-Christian movement that attacks from so many angles. In proposing a legion of decency to combat "firms dealing in contraceptives and doctors approving their use" he touches on the one argument which makes even pagans wince—the pocketbook.

It is comment in itself on the spirit of our times that such a stand has to be taken. It would not have been necessary had the medical profession attempted to correct suffering and distress by proposing practical measures for social justice, more maternity hospitals with rates for the poor, better housing facilities, etc.

Instead the Association aligns itself with that movement towards paganism that is the threat of our age. Lest Catholics be accused of hysterics in the matter, let us quote the words of Dr. Marie Stopes, co-leader with Margaret Sanger of the Birth Control Movement. Her frank statement at the Criterion Theatre in London in 1925, reads: "The asceticism of the Bible is against us, not only the Old Testament but many of the passages in the Epistles of the New. Augustine is against us. Paul is against us. As a Christian nation we are soaked in their ideas. So are our doctors, and that is why so many of them disagree with us. I am out to smash up organized Christianity on this subject."

With the motives of the Birth-controllers so freely expressed, there is no doubt as to why Catholics are opposed to them. Neither can there be any quibbling on the part of Catholic doctors. Whether or not a league is organized to combat this open paganism, the duty of those who believe in decency is clear.

THE eminent Boston surgeon, Dr. Richard C. Cabot, recently made a statement that is at once deserving of the highest praise and widest publicity. Speaking before the annual convention of the Massachusetts Medical Society, he said, in part:

A Bit of Sage Medical Advice

"There is no reason why we doctors should be afraid of that little three-letter word, God. When we say that Nature heals, we really mean that God heals. Nature is God. It is upon the healing power of God that every one of us depends for being in this world and not under the sod. We should not attempt to hide this fact. We should teach the people this truth. It adds to their confidence."

Such sentiments, coming from one in his exalted position, are most heartening. Had those same lines been spoken at a medical society Communion breakfast or during a week-end retreat for physicians, they might easily be regarded merely as stock-in-trade for such gatherings. It is not that Dr. Cabot said anything new or startling. He simply stated, in a courageous manner, an evident truth that too many in his profession—among whom are not a few Catholics—are wont to look upon lightly or disregard entirely.

The American public has been fed with a lot of medical dogmatism hawked by a small but noisy group of pseudo-intellectuals and small-time scientists who are one degree removed from quackery. Dr. Cabot's forthright challenge is a stinging rebuke to these headline hounds. His words should be read and pondered by every physician and medical student in the United States. They are worthy of being framed and hung beneath the Hippocratic oath.

REPRESENTATIVE CELLER of Brooklyn caused some little surprise and no little consternation recently in Union Square, the New York centre of red-tinted soapbox oratory. He linked the name of Stalin to those of Hitler and Mussolini in his denunciation of dictators. In fact

Stalin, the "Democratic" Dictator

—to the astonishment of his radical audience—he spoke of "the scorpion touch of Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini."

Now we have advanced a long way—and not in the right direction—when it becomes startling to class Stalin as a dictator and an oppressor. And it is not only the habitués of Union Square who have dissociated Stalin from the roll of dictators and listed him as head of a "democratic" State, the natural ally of France, Britain and the United States in opposition to Fascism. Under the careful cultivation of Red propaganda this idea has taken root in America.

We do not have to favor Fascism in order to see danger in the view that Fascism is a greater menace than Communism. Various causes have united, however, in favoring this attitude until today it is widespread. We see its effects in the hatred the press has shown toward Franco in Spain because he has been helped by Fascist powers. On the other hand, the Valencia régime, helped by Soviet Russia, has been hailed as the savior of "democracy" and the vanguard of the forces struggling against oppression and reaction. Yet in its actions it has shown itself the enemy of every decency and every liberty for which true democracy stands.

Believers in "democracy" of the Soviet type must have received a severe shock at the recent "trials" and executions among the Soviets. Anyone with a position of authority or responsibility in Russia to-day must feel extremely uncomfortable and wonder whether Tovarich Stalin considers him of the right clique. In a classless society class enemies are everywhere—in the Communist Party, in the trade unions,

in the secret police, in the highest posts of the Red army—in fact in every walk of life.

We wonder what it is that makes a prison or a concentration camp or a firing squad "democratic" in Russia, but Fascist elsewhere.

EVEN with full accounts of rapid developments on the labor front, it is difficult for those not actually on the scene to realize the tenseness which exists in some strike-affected areas. But it is safe to say that a public which for its own interests—if for no other reason—wishes to see industrial peace, is growing restless and anxious. There is a very pronounced feeling, which is becoming more articulate, that the outbreaks of violence of which we have been reading should be stopped. Neither industry nor labor is privileged to use such tactics.

Americans Resent Violence

Capital may be able to hire its professional strike-breakers and labor may find that it can let loose its radical and undesirable elements. The fact remains that the average citizen is neither a thug who will put his services at the disposal of wealthy employers, nor a gangster who will resort to violence for the unions. In view of this the readiness with which men are answering the call as special deputies, or are forming their own vigilante organizations, should be a warning to both sides that Americans are going to see to it that order is preserved.

We know that the current struggle is one of wits as well as of rights. When the enemy uses unfair tactics, the natural urge of the other side is to play the same game and go a step farther. But to do so is to put oneself at a disadvantage in the end. Neither the position which employers are striving to maintain, nor the undeniable rights which labor is fighting to grasp can justify violence. Fear on the part of those who hire, and uncontrolled membership in the unions are the reasons for these outbursts. The responsibility on both sides rests in the leaders. If they are not equal to their tasks in these trying circumstances they should have the courage and honesty to step out of the picture.

TO THE ARCHDIOCESE OF DUBUQUE, Iowa, on the centenary of its foundation. ¶To Paul Farthing—Springfield, Ill., first blind man to become a Chief Justice of a Supreme Court. ¶To the Most Rev. Edward Mooney, Archbishop-Bishop of Rochester, N. Y., on his appointment as the first head of the new

Toasts Within the Month

Archdiocese of Detroit, Mich. ¶To the Most Rev. Joseph Albers, first Bishop of the recently established Diocese of Lansing, Mich. ¶To Rev. Walter Foery on his appointment as Bishop of Syracuse, N. Y. ¶To Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie, St. Ann's Parish—Cleveland, Ohio, who were admitted together to practice before the United States Supreme Court. ¶To the Kappa Chapter, Oklahoma, on the establishment of a Collegiate Forum to co-ordinate Catholic student activities in secular universities and colleges. ¶To Rev. Paul Schulte—St. Louis, Mo., on his appointment as Bishop of Leavenworth, Kansas. ¶To Angelo Mangieri, blind boy from St. Joseph's Home—Jersey City, N. J., winner of third place in a national spelling contest. ¶To St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society, on the elevation of their Korean Mission to a Prefecture. ¶To Right Rev. Msgr. J. F. Ryan on the Golden Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. ¶To Rt. Rev. Msgr. Peter M. Cauley on the Golden Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood, and to his parish (St. Patrick's, Erie, Pennsylvania) on the centennial of its foundation.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

MARSHALL AND HOLMES

THE names of Holmes and Marshall must be written large across the pages of any history of the Constitution. The following is from "Bulwark of the Republic," a biography of the Constitution by Burton J. Hendrick, published by Little, Brown & Company:

Thus these two great figures—Marshall in the early Nineteenth Century and Holmes in the early Twentieth—may be taken as embodying the spirit and achievements of the Constitution in their day. And it is a satisfaction that, though separated in time by a century, in thought and aspiration they are so much akin. And the deep-seated reason was the same. They were both Americans. In the estimation of these two great jurists the Constitution, despite demonstrated shortcomings, had accomplished one stupendous result. To Marshall and Holmes—one a soldier in the Revolution, one a soldier in the Civil War—the Constitution was great, and worthy of protection and respect, because it had created a nation.

THE GREAT QUEEN AND THE BIBLE

JOHN GIBBONS, who has written for THE SIGN on more than one occasion, contributes this characteristic reminiscence concerning the "secret of England's greatness" to "The Universe" of London:

Some time lately I saw a little notice begging us all to enjoy ourselves in a righteous way by making it a Protestant Coronation. (Well, wasn't it? I heard the King say so over our wireless, and further I did enjoy myself in a righteous way.)

But with that notice was a copy of an old-time picture of Queen Victoria presenting some African chieftain with a Bible, the "Secret of England's Greatness." It was a long time since I had seen that, but it used to be everywhere and as a child I had been much impressed by it, the dignity of the Great White Queen, the trusting simplicity of our Humble Black Brother, and all that.

As I grew up I fear I was less impressed; I came, you see, to know the inside of that story. There really was an African chief, but he was in London (the White Man's Great Kraal, of course) to petition the Crown to give him back some of his own land which one of our white man's exploring companies had stolen from him. The Crown of course could do nothing but refer him to some Government office which would tell him which other office to try; and anyway he didn't get his land back. But he did get into the papers of the day, and he had an interview with Queen Victoria and she most kindly gave him that Bible.

He doubtless went back to Africa intensely impressed with the white man's ways, and I fancy that shortly afterwards there was a native rising. But there was a picture made of the presentation of the Bible, and it was afterwards turned into Protestant propaganda.

Of late years I don't seem to see so much of all that, but there was a time when people were very hot indeed about the Scarlet Bad-Lady of Babylon and so forth, and I even remember the Pyramids being dragged into the business. I forget just how it worked, but I believe you took the cubic feet of the biggest pyramid, multiplied by the date, and then took away the number you first thought of; anyway, the result was dead-proof that the Pope was no better than he ought to be and any number of people solemnly believed it all.

It's better to-day, and we are a saner people. Even the chapel where I saw that notice was advertising some concert, and the concert advertisement was printed (though I am sure quite innocently and inadvertently) in the Papal colors; now in the old days they would have said that an enemy hath done this thing and probably that some Jesuit had got employment as a printer's devil.

MODERN GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

FROM "Typo Graphic" comes the following interpretation of the manner in which Lincoln's famous address might have been handled by a conference of advertising executives:

Fourscore and seven years ago (say eighty-seven) our fathers brought forth ("founded" would be a better word) on this continent a new nation (let's get the name in there big) conceived in liberty (sounds awkward: say "with the idea of freedom") and dedicated to the proposition that all men (we ought to have "women" in there too. There's a lot of women in this country; it's a big field) are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war (make this the first paragraph—we take too long to get into the story) testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived (see above) and so dedicated can long endure. (Endure what? Make it "last.") We are met (say "have met") on a great battlefield of that war. (Put in the name.) We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place (don't beat about the bush—say "cemetery") for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

(We're sorry, Mr. Lincoln, but this simply won't do. Take it and think it over, and see if you can't give us a good, hard-hitting, straight-from-the-shoulder copy.)

DEADLY FUMES

MR. WALTER LIPPMANN in his well-known column "Today and Tomorrow" writes of a poison gas which though old is of great potency:

Some stories are true even if they never actually happened and among them is a tale which is told about an interview between a distinguished chemist and the very exalted head of a government. The chemist, who was a foreigner, had been summoned for the interview, not knowing why; but at the hour fixed, which was 6 o'clock in the evening, he presented himself promptly. His credentials having been examined, he was ushered into an anteroom and informed that His Excellency would see him shortly. He waited. A half hour passed and an official in a splendid uniform emerged through the portals of what seemed to be the office of the great man.

The chemist thought his hour had come. But nobody paid any attention to him. Another hour passed during which a succession of dignitaries emerged through the portals. At last a secretary approached the waiting chemist and said that His Excellency would be pleased to see him in about half an hour. He was sorry about the delay but a crowd had gathered in the square to make a demonstration for His Excellency and it would be necessary to acknowledge the ovation.

A little before nine o'clock the chemist was at last escorted through a series of antechambers into the presence of the great man who, being deeply preoccupied with great matters of state, went on reading the evening newspaper for five minutes while the chemist stood uneasily at attention waiting to

be observed. Then the great man looked up and said: "Ah! Professor Blank! I have wanted so long to know you and to discuss with you certain chemical problems which I must solve this winter. I will come directly to the point. You have deep knowledge of these matters. Tell me what is the gas which if spread through the capital of a country will most quickly and surely paralyze the populace and demoralize the rulers of the state?"

The chemist, who had had three hours of exasperation in which to reach the boiling point, looked at the great man, thought carefully for a moment, and then replied: "Your Excellency, this is not a chemical problem. The answer to your question has been known since the beginning of civilization. The most dangerous gas which can be burned in the capital of a nation, the gas which has more often destroyed governments than have revolutions and foreign armies, has a very pleasant odor. Every one likes it. It is known as incense."

In one of its many versions this tale has a happy ending. For the great man replied: "I know it. But how shall I find men who do not burn incense under my nose?"

SANCTUARY

THE poet has said "How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!" It is a blessing the modern world appreciates but little. By Anna Hamilton Wood in "The Churchman":

Thank God for loneliness! for time to face
Reality; to meet with better grace
The intricate strange heaping up of things.
And what rare blessing, as the mass mind swings
In endless panoply before you, to stand by
A watcher on the sidelines! To be free
That constant, hectic rush of energy
Defeating its own ends. Time to be still,
To hear the sacred voice of silence fill
All listening space, and feel yourself possess
Undreamed-of strength. Thank God for loneliness!

THE TRUTH IN FAILURE

WRITING of Jonas the Prophet in a chapter entitled "Jonas: The Querulous" in his book "Sackcloth and Ashes," Dom Hubert van Zeller concludes very aptly:

"And therefore we also, having so great a cloud of witnesses over our head," (Heb. 12, 1), ought not to be puzzled or saddened when a frozen wall of resistance comes between our groping hands and God. We are in the tradition. He to whom we first stretched out with our prayers of self-dedication can do away in the twinkling of an eye with human limitations, "impossible" circumstances and "reasonable" hostility. The weak things of the world are always God's choice wherever there is to be a confounding of the strong. The branch, if it is to bear fruit, must be purged; the seed, if it grows, must die.

Who would have thought that Margaret Mary from her convent, and Colombière from his court, could between them have moved the world? Or that Lourdes could have risen triumphant from the assertions, however dogged, of a fourteen-year-old peasant, Bernadette? And it must always be so in a Body which has risen from a Tomb. We have not heard the last, I hope and pray, of Charles de Foucauld and of what he did for God; a prophet whose dreams were still-born, a founder who founded nothing, a reformer who reformed himself, a failure . . . as far as he could see.

Ah, yes, it is easy enough now for us to know (not to practice but to know) the truth that is contained in failure—we who have the Crucifix before our eyes; glad can we be

"to suffer something for the name of Jesus"; we have "the mind of Christ" and need not dread a failure in His cause, but not so they; not so they.

HOW TO HECKLE A COMMUNIST

A CATHOLIC who was not afraid to heckle a speaker asking support for the League Against War and Fascism writes to the "Brooklyn Tablet" and describes his method. It has possibilities and deserves consideration:

The crowd was listening to a woman speaker, asking support for the League Against War and Fascism. With a one-track mind and good lung-power, the writer managed to make himself very unpopular with the League's friends. Some one else may find the method useful, so here it is:

Politely request permission to ask this question: "Is the League Against War and Fascism also against Communism?" The speaker replies: "The League is composed of outstanding citizens . . . blah . . ." (The blah, blah, represents her outflow of words. This is Communist trick number one—talk, talk, talk away from an embarrassing question.)

Your answer: "Just a minute; is the League against Communism?"

Speaker: "Give me time to answer. . ."

You: "Yes or no? That's the answer."

Speaker's lieutenants in the crowd: "Let us ask you a question. Have you a job?" (Communist trick number two—leading you on a digression, swarming you with questions.)

You: "That trick won't work. You can't get away from my question. Is the League against Communism? Yes or no?" (By this time, other persons get the idea and take up the cry. While the League's friends in the crowd are trying to confuse the point at issue, the speaker is not noticed. She is consulting her aids near the platform.)

The speaker is back now with new plans: "I can't answer that question as I do not know what the gentleman means by Communism. There is Communism in Russia. There are the principles of Communism. And there is the Communist Party in the United States. Now the League is non-partisan. It stands neither for the Democratic party nor the Communist party . . . blah . . . blah." (The speaker is hoping you don't know what you mean by Communism. So she tries to filibuster you into silence.)

You: "I'll tell you what I mean. Is the League against the principle of Communism. Yes or no?"

Speaker: "If that gentleman heckles me again, I shall leave the platform." (The crowd enjoys this. Now a couple of Communists dare you to step up on the platform.)

You: "Oh no, not yet. You are on the frying pan up there. We are making a fool out of you, if you leave the platform without answering yes or no."

Speaker: "The League does not take a stand on Communism."

You: "Come on. This crowd can't be fooled. Do you want members for the League? Some of us will join if it is against Communism. Yes or no?"

Here the speaker descends, and the crowd knows she is beaten. Some laugh; others look as if they were longing for the "revolution." Now tell them you will go up on the platform with the intention of keeping the same question. Nine chances out of ten, you will meet the experience of the writer, when he called the League's bluff. You will not be allowed on the platform, as "only members of the League are allowed."

However, the crowd is yours. As the writer went from one person to another, explaining the true nature of the League and the new methods of the Communists, he realized the alarming lack of knowledge of most of these persons. They are willing to hear the word, however. Active Catholic laymen must speak it. The harvest is indeed here. But where are the reapers?

A JAPANESE ASKS A QUESTION

THINKING about the loans made by the United States to Europe and the mounting stock of gold in this country moved T. Takamoto to send the following letter to the "New York Herald Tribune":

Excuse me, please, but I do not understand American government. During big war and after, it loaned European governments billions of dollars.

But now they say we cannot pay money for same. So few years ago American government says we boost price of gold 70 per cent to \$35 an ounce.

European people do not say much, but they dig plenty gold in Africa, Russia, and they sell plenty more to the United States. Soon American government will have billions of gold bought. What will they do with same? If they try to sell back European people will say, "Sorry, no money; maybe we buy at old price."

So United States government, as you say, again "holds the bag." Excuse me, please.

A CATHOLIC THEATRE IN AUSTRIA

RECENTLY THE SIGN carried an article on the Catholic theatre. What has been accomplished in this line in Austria is revealed in "The Tablet" of London:

A small Catholic theatre, seating a hundred, was opened in October, 1936, at Bennoplatz, Vienna, where an enthusiastic troupe of young actors had been performing on three days of the week until Christmas, and since then on five days weekly, in plays of outstanding merit by Paul Claudel, M. Becker, Max Mell, Velter, Hillers, etc. The theatre has been so successful that professional actors have joined the venture, and on an average of two nights a week bigger theatres have to be rented to accommodate the crowds. The founder of the Catholic theatre, J. F. Fuchs, aims at doing Catholic cultural work, and producing what is artistically and ethically the best in every European language. So far, Austrian, German, French and Belgian playwrights have supplied excellent material, but the founder hopes shortly to tap the dramatic literatures of England, Italy and Spain. Once the theatre's reputation is well established, he intends to encourage Catholic playwrights by producing their works, provided they come up to standard. These need not be of the pious and scriptural type, but should be representative of Catholic culture.

VOLCANIC POWER

ITALY would have an inexhaustible supply of power if she ever succeeded in utilizing the tremendous resources of her active volcanos. From "Panorama: The Foreign Scene" in the "New York Times":

Italy is figuring out the cost of harnessing one of its extinct volcanos and so producing electricity to run the main line railways in the central part of the peninsula. For many years the steam which pours up from cracks in the ground at Larderello, near the site of the ancient Etruscan city of Volterra, has been caught and condensed for the extraction of boracic acid, in which it is rich. But now Prince Ginori-Conti, who owns the place, has a much more ambitious scheme.

He has been experimenting on a small scale with using the steam to drive turbines, and now he wants bigger turbines and a big electrical generating plant built on top of the steam jets. He wants to produce enough power to drive all the trains on the State railways as far away as Rome. So far he has succeeded in solving all the technical problems involved, excepting the construction of the huge water-cooling towers for condensing the steam after it has passed through the turbines.

GUM WADS

THE "New York Herald Tribune" describes one of the effects of gum which is not listed among its many virtues by the producers in their eloquent ads:

J. LeBloas Marlaine, president of the Clean Sidewalks Association, set out yesterday morning with twenty relief workers to inaugurate the task of removing a decade's collection of chewing gum from the city's sidewalks, and decided that the job was bigger than he had thought. Three hours of whittling finished three Times Square blocks, and it was estimated that 19,200 wads of gum were removed.

The main trouble was that after the gum surrendered a large black smear remained, and Mr. Marlaine feared that it would take three or four more scrapings to erase that. This fact also bothered R. K. Christenberry, vice-president of the Astor, who admitted that the gum remover tried out there on Monday had left black streaks eight times as long as the original wads, and it did not look as if the streaks ever would go.

Mr. Marlaine worked from 5 a. m. to 8 a. m. yesterday, and will do the same shift today. Within the week he will retrace his steps to attack the blotches. He hopes to have 10,000 men at work when things get going well.

"Just think," he said, "if we can clean all the streets in Manhattan each New Yorker will breathe 50,000,000 less particles of dust every twenty-four hours."

PUPIL OF MASCAGNI

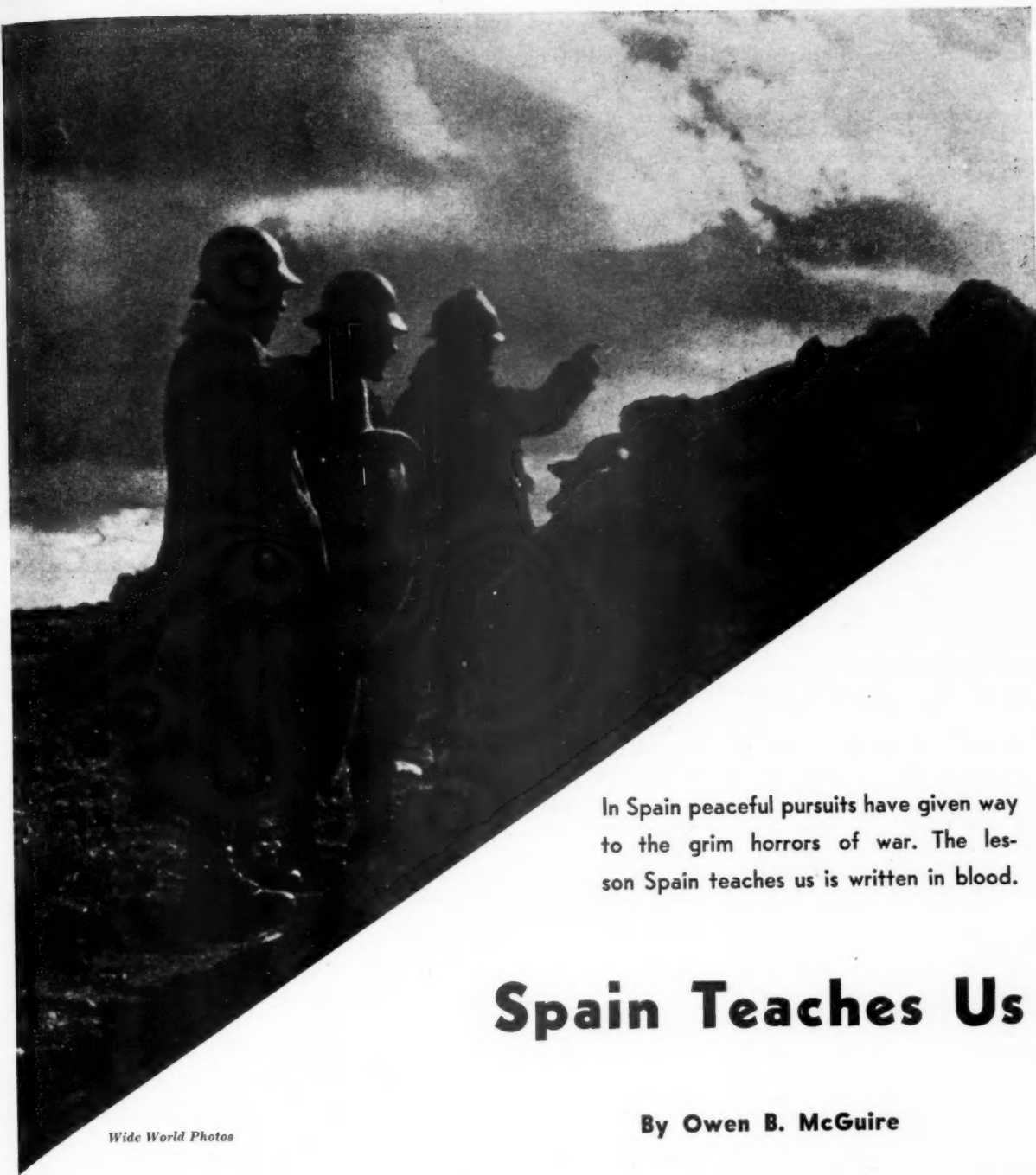
HOW an organ grinder became a pupil of the famous composer, Mascagni, is related by the "Irish Catholic":

A story is told of an organ-grinder who began to play the famous Intermezzo beneath Mascagni's window. He played at such a fast tempo that the composer could not stand it. Rushing down to the street, Mascagni seized the handle of the instrument and turned it at the proper speed, explaining to the bewildered organ-grinder that, since he had composed the piece, he wished it to be played correctly. The next morning the organ-grinder appeared outside the composer's house with a huge sign in front of his organ, which read, "Pupil of the celebrated Mascagni."

MORAL PRECEPTS AT HARVARD

DR. JAMES J. WALSH is fond of making excursions into by-gone days and of showing "how old the new." In the following extract from an article in "The Linacre Quarterly" he mentions a "find" which is truly remarkable. We wonder if the defense of such a thesis as mentioned by Dr. Walsh would be favored in Harvard today.

Some years ago, while delving into old-time printing in Massachusetts, I came across some sets of theses which Harvard men had to defend on Commencement morning before they received their degree of Bachelor of Arts. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw that these represented old-fashioned Scholastic philosophy, as it had been studied in the thirteenth-century universities—Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Bologna, Padua—in the flourishing days of Scholasticism. These theses had a number of propositions with regard to politics, as well as jurisprudence and, above all, ethics. For instance, one of the original group of theses at Harvard runs—they were in Latin and had to be defended in Latin, so I translate: "Death should rather be undergone than a mortal sin committed." Many of the old propositions condemned slavery and other abuses. Other theses set forth the rights of men, but also the duties of rulers. Many of them emphasized duties rather than rights. The rules for right living for the individual were side by side with those of government.



Wide World Photos

In Spain peaceful pursuits have given way to the grim horrors of war. The lesson Spain teaches us is written in blood.

Spain Teaches Us

By Owen B. McGuire

IN various Catholic publications one can read that Spain has taught us a lesson. The truth is that Spain is teaching us many lessons, and there is some danger that we may learn the wrong ones. Indeed, to judge from some things I have seen in the Catholic press and more especially from letters written by Catholics to the daily secular press, some of these wrong lessons have already seeped into the minds of their authors.

It is assumed, for instance, that the Catholics of Spain were asleep and did none of the great things which we have

done, or are doing or are going to do. Now, the Catholics of Spain, and especially the Catholic laymen of Spain, had done some very notable things which we have not done, although for more than a generation we have talked and written much about the necessity of doing them. Yet they failed to do those things that would have helped to stem the advance of the anarchy which had been developing in Spain since "the Disaster" of 1898 and of which the atrocities of the Civil War are but the last phase and the climax.

I think, therefore, that a brief outline

of some of the things which they have done and of the reasons why, nevertheless, they failed, will afford the basis for some lessons we can learn from Spain. Let me note three of the things they have done.

The Catholics of Spain produced the greatest, the most extensive and most comprehensive Encyclopedia ever written in any language. It consists of seventy volumes, each volume running from 1,000 to 1,500 pages, two columns to the page, in fine print, profusely illustrated, with some of the illustrations full page and in color. It is up-to-

date, all having been written since 1908. It was completed in 1926. Since that date ten supplementary volumes have been added, making the whole a work of eighty volumes. (These supplementary volumes make a good Spanish *Who's Who* for the great number of politicians and writers who were unknown a dozen years ago).

The Spanish Encyclopedia

EACH volume of this work contains as much matter as two, or perhaps three, volumes of our *Catholic Encyclopedia*. The whole has at least three times as much matter as the *Britannica*. It is universal in its scope; all subjects are treated from a Catholic point of view, on the principles of Catholic theology and philosophy, of traditional sanity in art, literature and historical criticism. It has the approbation of the Cardinal Secretary of State, of the Nuncio, of the Bishops of Barcelona, where it was first published, and of Madrid, where it was edited up to July of last year.

In writing the above I have no intention of finding fault with our *Catholic Encyclopedia*. It is excellent for its avowed purpose and as far as it goes. But much more is needed in the actual situation in this country. If such organizations, for example, as the Catholic Evidence Guild are to be effective, something is required for the use of priests and laymen who speak or write for the public. For ready reference we need very much more than is contained in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*.

As Mr. Belloc has shown in his latest books and articles, especially in his recent articles in *THE SIGN*, the old Protestantism has gone to pieces. It is no longer the distinctive Catholic position that is attacked. It is no longer the distinctively Catholic doctrines that we have to explain and defend. The attack is now on the fundamentals of the whole Christian system, on the civilization which the Catholic Church, in her course down the ages and in conflict with more primitive barbarisms, had developed from the Greco-Roman tradition. Such is the attack we are now called upon to meet. It is the logical result of the anarchy in philosophy, theology, economics, law, order, personal liberty and human dignity, introduced by the religious revolt of the Sixteenth Century. To meet it effectively we need much more in a work of ready reference than is contained in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*.

Can we produce such a work? The Spanish Encyclopedia—the official title is *Diccionario Hispano-Americano*—was begun and carried to completion by Espasa, a Catholic publisher in Barcelona. It was a success financially. Spain has a population of 24,000,000. Over forty per cent are illiterate. In

the United States we have a Catholic population of approximately 25,000,000. Few of the adults are illiterate. Of course Espasa found a market also in Spanish America. But there is a large Catholic population in the world of English speech outside the United States. I can't see why it should be considered impossible for us to do here what in this matter was possible in Spain. We need it at least as much as they did.

The Catholics of Spain did another thing which was perhaps of more immediate and practical importance than the Encyclopedia. I have described it, partially, in the May issue of *THE SIGN*. They produced *El Debate*, the best Catholic daily paper ever published in any country, far superior to *La Croix* of Paris, superior even to the *Volkzeitung* of Cologne or the *Germania* of Berlin before the advent of Hitler.

The possibility of founding such a paper as *El Debate*, and its immediate success in times of crisis, certainly teach us another lesson. It shows what can be done by an independent Catholic daily which is not the instrument of some plutocratic publisher, nor the mouthpiece and propagandist of any "leader," politician, or party, is not controlled by selfish political bosses—which had been the curse of Spanish politics—but pursues a policy based on broad national interests and on the common good which is above all partisan politics.

Catholic Daily Here

WE ARE, as I said, about 25,000,000 Catholics in the United States. Neither in the Americas nor in Europe is there any other group of that number, or of half that number, so badly informed or so misinformed on what is called foreign affairs. Since the outbreak of the Civil War in Spain, even since the advent of the Republic in 1931, we have seen to what extent we are dependent on, are at the mercy of, foreign correspondents, news agencies, shirt-tail comment and editorial interpretation in the daily press.

But whatever be the causes, the facts in the actual situation are amazing. Apart entirely from the plain fact that the so-called Popular Front came into power by violence in a campaign of terror and intimidation, it has been perfectly clear that whatever was the composition of the successive governments in Red Spain, it was a combination of Anarchists, Syndicalists, Communists and extreme Socialists who were in control and imposed their will. It was equally clear, and repeatedly avowed by their leaders, that they were following the instructions of Russia, that their objective was and is to establish "a Union of Soviet Republics for the whole Peninsula"—Portugal included. Russia, said Caballero last January, will be our model and example "during the war and

after the war." And a week before the elections of last year he declared: "If the Rightists win, we go to civil war on the morrow."

If any such combination attempted by the same means to impose its program on this country, every daily paper in New York—with the exception of the *Daily Worker*—would denounce it as the enemy of our civilization and expect our Catholic support to squelch it. Yet, even to the supposedly conservative organs of our daily press, the governments at Madrid, Valencia and Barcelona are fighting for "Democracy" and we are invited to support them "on American principles"!

The Press To-Day

THERE is something in this situation—paradox it may be called—which must bring a feeling of sorrow to any American Catholic whose memory goes back for half a century. We are worse off in this respect than we were fifty years ago. It was well known then, as it is well known now, that the metropolitan press gives a lead to the press of the whole country. But compare the metropolitan press of to-day with that of fifty years ago.

Take but two examples. For fairness and objectivity in the news from Europe, for independent and truly American interpretation in the editorials, there are today no daily organs of the New York press that can be compared to the *New York Sun* in the days of Charles A. Dana, or to the *Evening Post* in the days of Lawrence Godkin. Let us make no mistake about it, the fundamental reason for this change is hostility to the Catholic Church. And it is not the hostility of fifty years ago. It is hostility to Christianity itself.

That there have been in recent times, and that there still are honest American journalists who act as foreign correspondents and have their eyes open in Europe, I would be the last to deny. The late Frank Symmonds was one. Mr. Whitaker is, or is on the way to be, another. But run down the list of the whole tribe, and compare them with the Harold Frederics and Tuoheys of forty years ago. Study John Gunther's book, *Inside Europe*, or his articles *Inside England* in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Note where his sympathies are, the radical ideologies of his friends and informants in the various European capitals, the sources of his "news" and how he thinks it should be dressed for America. The associations of these correspondents in Europe, their sources of information, and their attitude towards political tendencies and ideologies to which an American correspondent should be independent and objective—all these things as revealed by themselves—are of great importance.

To take one who is by no means the

worst or most biased: Can any person who has read Mr. John Gunther's book and articles believe that he will or can give a true account of what happens, for example in Italy or in any matter in which Italy is concerned? And by the same token there are few of these writers who can be depended on to give an unbiased view, founded on truth and fact, when in their opinion the Catholic Church or a Catholic people are concerned, directly or indirectly.

Counteracting Propaganda

BY WHAT means can we counter this flood of anti-Christian propaganda, poured daily from the secular press? At present we have to rely on three sources, separately and collectively inadequate:

a) *The weekly and monthly Catholic press.* But even if we had a reliable and adequate foreign news-service for this press, it would still be ineffective. Non-Catholics do not read our press. It is fairly well proved that not one-third of our Catholic families take a Catholic paper. But they practically all read the daily papers; and these daily papers are already over a week ahead with their falsehoods before there is any possibility of correcting them.

b) *The N.C.W.C. News-Service.* I am referring only to its foreign news. Now, even if its foreign news were sent daily and could be published daily, it would not fulfil our requirements. In the first place a foreign correspondent must have two qualities. He must have lived some time in the country from which he writes, know its language, something of its history, and something of the background and causes of the particular event which he sits down to report—for instance the Spanish Revolution of 1931, or the elections of 1936, or the Civil War. He must also know the conditions of the country for which he is writing, its institutions and traditions, the psychology of its people and especially what they want to know and need to know of the event he describes. The lack of that first quality was manifest in practically all of the correspondents of the daily press who rushed into Spain to describe and interpret the three events that I have just mentioned. That almost all of them went there with a bias born of an anti-Catholic tradition did, of course, make the case much worse.

But the lack of the second quality was just as manifest in the European correspondents of the N.C.W.C. They are all, so far as I know, Europeans. Their purpose has been to tell what Catholics as Catholics, especially in religious matters, have been doing in the countries from which they write. Of course they know what is going on in their home countries and in the religious sphere. But when events such as those that have occurred in Spain for the past

six years have to be reported and interpreted, that kind of information is of little service to us in this country.

For instance: The most plausible argument of the Reds and their allies in this country has been that the Popular Front was duly elected "by an overwhelming majority," that the government was "legitimate and democratic"; therefore Americans should support "Spanish democracy." The revolt of the army was, accordingly, an attack on democracy. Up to date I have not seen in the N.C.W.C. articles any serious attempt to refute that falsehood by adequate documentation, as could easily be done out of the very mouths of the Red leaders of the Popular Front. And it could and should have been done, not in a hurry when some crisis came, but by noting each event in its sequence; for there was a logical sequence in the whole series.

It is hardly necessary to add that I have had no intention here to find fault with these correspondents individually. The only one of them whom I have known personally is my friend, Manuel Graña. I owe much to his kindness and information. He was on the editorial staff of *El Debate*. It was he who founded the School of Journalism of *El Debate* and wrote its text-book. But even on *El Debate* he wrote only on religious subjects; and in his articles to the N.C.W.C. it was never his purpose to describe or interpret Spanish political events, their causes and development.

c) In a recent article in *America* Mr. Anthony Beck, Editor of the *Michigan Catholic*, suggests that much could be done to counteract this daily propaganda by means of Catholic "minute men" writing letters of protest or correction to the daily papers. That is undoubtedly true when it is a question of misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine or of the Catholic position on current American events. Recently a noted columnist had an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on propaganda: how to get over to the public some idea in which you are interested. Speaking from long experience, he says that a short letter, if well done, to the *New York Times* or the *Herald Tribune* will be more effective than a lengthy article in a weekly or monthly magazine.

Inadequate Means

BUT this means, even if well organized, will necessarily be sporadic and scattered. It is inadequate for our purpose and in the matter under discussion it is impossible. People, even with the best intentions, can write effectively only on what they know. Some letters that appear from Catholics in the daily press would be better unwritten. They do more harm than good. What do Catholics here know of what

has been happening in Spain for the past six years? Practically nothing beyond what they have read in the daily press.

The propaganda of falsehood about Spain has been so constant and widespread that Catholics, even some Catholic publicists, have been cowed by it and accept as true many things that, on the other side of the Atlantic, have long since been proved to be glaring falsehoods. Only last week I met a Catholic publicist who was pained by the Insurgent atrocities at Badajoz and Guernica! And another Catholic, a columnist, has written that Spanish Catholics, instead of rising in arms against the Red terror, already in arms, should have practiced "passive resistance like Mahatma Gandhi!" These people, and such like Catholics, deceived, overwhelmed, and cowed by the daily flow of falsehood, have become ashamed of what they believe their Spanish co-religionists have done.

I am not blaming such people. I only want to show that with the means which we have had at our disposal in the past and have at the present we cannot save even our own Catholic people from the effects of this insidious, constant, daily, anti-Christian propaganda.

New York Catholic Daily

CAN we create a means that would be adequate for the purpose? I believe we can. I believe it possible to establish in New York, for instance, a great daily after the model of *El Debate*. I believe that this is at present the most important lesson we can learn from Spain. Such a paper would be an independent journal, with its own independent news service, foreign and domestic, with a staff of editors equal or even superior as journalists to those on any of the metropolitan dailies, with a staff of foreign correspondents who know the countries from which they write and know the country for which they write. Such a paper need not be exclusively Catholic, much less a religious periodical. It would be American in the way that the old *New York Sun* was American in the days of Dana. It would be Catholic in the sense that the *Times* of London is Protestant or that the *New York Times* is Jewish.

Is the *New York Times*, then, Jewish? In the sense in which I mean it is. In its pages, no matter who does the writing, the Jews get justice. If there is a calumny uttered about a group of Jews in any part of the world, you will find it refuted, directly or indirectly, in the *New York Times*; and you will not find the refutation relegated to some back corner of the great journal. If half a dozen synagogues were burned down in Berlin, or a score of pious Jews slaughtered there in the early morning,

and their bleeding bodies thrown on a truck to be dumped unidentified into a waiting trench in the cemetery, it would get front page space; and every daily in New York would follow the example: and no correspondent or "shirt-tail" commentator would dare to suggest that Jews are not patriotic, or that they are reactionary, or that they are allied with the wealthy. Churches have been burned down in Spain, not by the half dozen but by the hundred; Catholics have been slaughtered not by the score but by the thousand; and these things had begun five months before the army revolted to stop them. How much indignation did it cause in our American, "democratic," daily press? And the Catholic population of the United States is about twice the Jewish population of the entire world.

Our only salvation from this state of affairs is the establishment of a daily paper such as I have described. Such a paper would, I believe, get a large measure of non-Catholic support, for the American people have not lost their senses, nor their native quality of fair play and love of truth. When this Spanish turmoil has come to an end and they learn how they have been deceived, there will be a reaction against the sources of their deception.

A daily paper is possible financially. *El Debate* was a stock company in which thousands of humble people of modest means took shares. There was not a single great capitalist concerned with it. We, too, cannot wait for the millionaires. They will not come. During the World War we did things that before would have been believed impossible; and this can be done now. When done, the Catholic weekly press can fulfil its proper function of comment and interpretation; and in time with the success of the first venture we could put a chain of dailies across the country.

I have dwelt on this subject with undue length, because I would like to see its possibilities discussed by others who have more experience in such matters.

Social Justice in Spain

I PROMISED at the beginning of this article to put in evidence three things which Spanish Catholics have done. The third I must now discuss very briefly for want of space. An adequate treatment would require more space than either of the other two; for, because of an ignorance of its implications, not one but many false assumptions and wrong lessons have been drawn from the Spanish Revolution.

It is assumed that the Catholics of Spain had not heard of the Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI on Social Justice, or, at least, had not explained them. Now, the fact is that the Catholics of Spain had done as much in this respect as we have done, if not more. The books,

pamphlets and articles on this subject published in Spain for the last forty-five years would stock a small library. While I am not competent to institute a comparison, I believe the Spanish product compares favorably with ours. Spain has never been deficient in producing "fine writers," and she has had a number of them in the past and present.

Yet they failed. And why did they fail? One reason for their failure, fortunately, does not exist in this country. Their failure is due to the incompetent, perorating, boss-ridden governments that have succeeded one another in Spain since the year 1820. Liberalism, parliamentarianism and "democracy" have been just a great farce.

But the reason for their failure from which we can learn the most important lesson for ourselves is this: The masses of the working class were not reached by the three classes of writings which I have listed. They knew nothing of Espasa's Encyclopedia. They never heard of *El Debate* except in some blasphemous or condemnatory reference to it in their club-houses—*Casas del pueblo*.

Spanish Labor

NINETY per cent of Spanish Labor was organized in unions directly or indirectly under control of Marxism in various forms. The majority of the laboring class could not read. Yet they knew well and learned daily what was published in the Socialist, Communist and Syndicalist press. In a village, for instance, or in a *barrio* of the city, there might be but half a dozen of *El Socialista* or *El Mundo Obrero*, but one of these copies was on the table of the clubroom and was read every evening to the assembled workers and its contents discussed. The reader was frequently a paid agent of Moscow. The men thereby learned what Socialism or Communism promised them and what they were expected to do to make the promise a reality.

Spain, of course, is very different from the United States. But let us not deceive ourselves. Not a third of our Catholic people read the Catholic weekly and monthly publications. A still smaller proportion of them read our books and pamphlets on Social Justice and the Encyclicals. But even if we could reach every Catholic in the United States by these means, the problem is not solved; we have not fulfilled our mission, nor met adequately the menace that confronts us. As Monsignor Sheen said recently in an address in New York "we must go down to the workers." But how?

Well, we need, first of all, a little preparatory self-training in patience and tolerance; and then, armed with these Christian virtues, we need to give more

assistance and encouragement to those who do succeed in "going down to the workers." How many of our Catholic people had ever heard of the Encyclicals or of the Catholic program for Social Justice ten years ago? Then Father Coughlin began broadcasting. According to the *New York Times* he soon had an audience of 30,000,000. Every Sunday night and every Monday the Encyclicals and the Catholic program were discussed, one might say without much exaggeration, at every crossroads, in every club-house, in every newspaper office from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

American Efforts

FATHER COUGHLIN made mistakes. His Bishop did not approve of all his methods and activities. I know it, for I was Bishop Gallagher's guest for three weeks last November. But when all is said, Father Coughlin is always willing to learn, and with a burning zeal for the poor and for the Catholic Church. The fact is, he accomplished in a short time what all our writing and preaching could not accomplish—by reaching an audience that would neither read us nor come to hear us.

Another means of "going down to the workers" has been started by Dorothy Day. Her little society in New York reaches a class of workers that we cannot reach by the ordinary and traditional means. I visited the offices of the *Catholic Worker* recently, and had a "worker's meal" there. When leaving, after a discussion of three hours, I thought to myself I had never before come so near to the Gospel as it was understood and practiced in Apostolic times. I thought of some humble home in Corinth or Philippi, where of an afternoon one would find Saint Paul after a "worker's meal" sitting on the floor or on a stone or low stool, working at his trade of tent making, discussing the Gospel with his fellow evangelists, and then going out in the evening into the byways to gather a little crowd to listen to him in the *ecclesia*.

That is exactly what Dorothy Day and her little band are doing. These people also, like Father Coughlin, make mistakes. They have not had a course in Catholic philosophy or theology. But they are humble, obedient Catholics, willing and anxious to learn. Their work should not be spoiled or discouraged by impatient criticism. It is altogether too easy to sit back and carp at those who are making an heroic effort to do something. We could "go down to the workers" by making the monthly *Catholic Worker* a daily *Catholic Worker* and by establishing one in every large city of the country. The future happiness of this country may yet depend on the influence that Catholics bring to bear on non-Catholics of good will and especially on the non-Catholic workers.

Going Down to the Poor

Friendship Houses in Canada Are Doing an Apostolic Work in Combating Atheistic Communism With the Gentle Weapons of the Works of Mercy

By Catherine de Hueck

CATHOLIC ACTION is like a mighty river branching out into thousands of streams. It is based on the foundation of knowledge of our Faith, love of it, from which springs a desire for action that will relieve the misery of countless thousands in our mad world of today. Many are the aspects this action takes, but all converge toward one goal—to get to the rock-bottom of our ills, which are fundamentally neither political nor economic, but moral; to check the greed and selfishness which are at the root of the trouble, to establish a society really based on Christian principles.

Many are the aspects of this endeavor: social reconstruction according to the Encyclicals of the Popes; back-to-the-land movements relieving our over-congested city slums of their human burden, and bringing thousands back into normal conditions of living; credit; money; family life; youth; the labor question; marriage—all these social questions resting on a moral foundation come under the heading of Catholic Action. To all these it gives an answer.

It is the duty of Catholics to heed the voice of the Holy Father, who urges them repeatedly to Catholic Action, in season and out of season. All possessing the truths of eternal life are called to co-operate, since they are in duty bound to bring these truths to their bewildered fellowmen.

Many are the weapons to be used, but none is more effective than the age-old weapons of love, peace and the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. For Catholics must not forget that before a hungry, naked world can listen to their voices they must alleviate its immediate material misery, at the same time pointing out the way to a complete renovation of the social order, based on Christian principles.

In the midst of these changes confronting Christianity, one stands out as the most appalling. It is the entirely new doctrine of atheism. Many have been the beliefs—pagan, heretical and otherwise—of this old world of ours, but never before has man denied the very existence of God! Today we are confronted with this diabolical phenom-

enon, and no matter what form of Catholic Action is undertaken, combating atheism on all its points must be included in the program.

Very few Christians, even Catholics, realize the tremendous spread and influence of Communistic propaganda in this country, and its appeal to our youth, especially between the ages of eighteen and thirty.

If they think of it at all they interpret it in terms of a new political, economic creed, which according to them can have no appeal to their children, brought up as they are to believe in American democratic principles.

It is a grave error to dismiss so lightly a highly specialized, well-organized and dangerous weapon in the hands of our bitter enemies. Their propaganda is not only political and economic. This is, if one may be permitted to say so, its last stage. Its first stage lies in the often forgotten philosophical aspect of Communism. It is not only a new political, economic theory—it is a religion. It is the religion of irreligion, with its gods, Marx and Lenin; its apostles, its proselytizers and its martyrs.

How is all this possible, you ask, when obviously the foundation on which it rests is not that of truth?

But let us be frank, and let us be fair. Such forces are let loose only when intolerable conditions exist that can serve as a foundation of despair; and if we take a bird's-eye view of our world of today with its appalling injustice, its tragic misery, its millions in adject poverty in the midst of plenty, its war madness, its greed and selfishness, how can we expect that things should be otherwise?

THIS point was emphasized at the Congress of the Third International in Moscow in 1932 and again in 1935, when a world survey was made which included the United States and Canada. In both instances it was decided that due to the industrial development of these countries, their high standard of living and their generous relief measures, the political approach to a worldwide revolution (the avowed object of the Third International) should be used

only among industrial workers. Youth, the backbone of the nation in all countries, should be approached by playing on their emotions, by giving them an ideal to work for, by calling for daring, courage and initiative, by appealing to their natural instincts through so-called "untrammelled freedom," especially in sex matters. In order to do this, the old concepts of morality and religion must be eliminated, a materialist philosophy substituted for a spiritual one.

This brings us to the corner-stone of all Communistic propaganda—atheism. For once the soul of youth is conquered, God eliminated and the purely natural ideal of liberating "the down-trodden masses" is substituted for supernatural ideals—all leading to a materialistic heaven here on this earth—then we have the true understanding of that ugly thing called Communist propaganda.

CAN we dismiss it lightly? Can we say it will not affect our children? Can we speak, with a shrug of our shoulders of "American democratic principles?" In a word—can we hide our heads in the sand, answering: "I am not my brother's keeper?"

The time is past for platitudes. We Catholics must face facts, for we hold the solution, the answer to this riddle. We possess the truth. We hold the Light of the World that can illuminate its darkest corner if we do not hide it under a bushel. Our weapons are irresistible—faith, hope, charity, truth, love and light. We can use them to rout darkness, untruth, greed and selfishness.

But to return to atheism. It is doing its work subtly. Our universities are permeated with it. It is presented under the guise of science; it waves the flag of free thought; it sweeps through our literature, theatres, movies. Tactically it is chairman of innumerable societies; it lies in wait for our children everywhere; it affects us in business and pleasure. While we are trying to excuse ourselves on the grounds of "a changing world," "new customs," "everybody does it," the Communists organize our youth into countless battalions, deafen them with thousands of slogans, raise high the so-called standard of ideals.

"We are crusaders of the new order.

Come to us. With us save the down-trodden masses from unjust exploitation! We call to Youth—organize—make the world a happy place for the workers! Youth, yours is tomorrow." These slogans appeal strongly to the young, many of whom indeed stand idle and hopeless, in this bewildering world of ours.

The call to youth is not an idle one. To those who come, some diffidently, some arrogantly, some nervously, they immediately give work—responsible, fascinating work. Visit any of the Communist halls in any of our big cities; see who handles the work—youth, with eyes aglow, a new sense of importance, a feeling of doing things and of getting somewhere. The ranks of paraders and picketers are made up of young people. And note well they are not all foreigners. Investigate our universities. Which is the most active group? The radical one, to be sure, again made up of young people.

While this is going on what are we Catholics doing? In the Holy Father we have a great leader who tries to draw the attention of the world to the terrible menace that threatens us and to its underlying causes. Ceaselessly his voice calls us to awaken. It seems that we are only stirring in our sleep. We are lethargic and listless—we who could so easily raise the standard of Christ, that most glorious standard ever fought under.

Such were the thoughts, anxieties and fears that led to the foundation of Friendship Houses. A little group of people in Canada could no longer remain deaf to the entreaties of His Holiness; they could not see daily thousands of hands outstretched, begging for bread and receiving stones. Fully aware of their small numbers, their poverty and unimportance in the great scheme of things, they nevertheless could not remain idle.

FOR a year they studied the Encyclicals; they caught the tear in the voice of the great Pontiff and beheld the havoc played by Communists in their own city of Toronto. Armed only with love, faith and a desire for service and with the blessing of a saintly Archbishop, they started out on the great adventure of reconquering a tiny portion of God's vineyard.

Three little rooms were rented in the very heart of the city slums—shabby, dirty little rooms, that needed cleaning and painting from the ground up. Undismayed, the little group went begging for the needed materials and set to work with a will. Curious children wandered in from the street. In the course of conversation these workers discovered that many of their little visitors knew little or nothing of God and religion. The harvest was being

brought to the harvesters. In the back room catechetical classes were started, interrupted by singing and games.

The numbers grew quickly. Soon the room became too small. The upper floor became vacant. A generous priest undertook to pay rent for it—ten dollars a month. Yet a little while and the upper rooms were overflowing. The next house became vacant, but fear of responsibility crept in and a spiritual adviser was consulted. "Father, would you take another house on nothing but trust in God?" The answer came like a flash: "I would take a whole block on trust in God."

THE second house was taken and named for St. Teresa, the Saint of Avila. The number of children continued to grow. Boys predominated and did not mix well with girls. St. John Bosco was invoked to solve the problem, and another house was discovered almost miraculously. Old and decrepit, it leaned sidewise instead of standing upright. But it was given by St. John Bosco, so who could complain? Renovated and cleaned, it became the boys' club, with St. Teresa's for the girls. Thus four hundred children were sheltered for three years from the dangers of the streets and from Communist halls and clubs so abundant in the district. Here they were able to play under the gentle eyes of the Christ-child and to learn to love Him.

To this place, named by that time St. Francis' House, came tired, hopeless men in search of food and shelter—"panhandlers" or "transients" as they are sometimes called. Friendship House workers prefer to call them Brother Christophers—Christ-bearers on life's rough highways. The upper rooms were transformed into dormitories, although only ten beds could be placed there. No one was ever asked a question. All were received as God's ambassadors—for that is what the poor really are. Food was shared and when they became too many, begging food became the daily task of the workers, asking from those who had for those who had nothing, giving the rich the opportunity to do good. During the noon meal the Encyclicals were read, or a book on some suitable Catholic topic. Discussions were encouraged either individually or at night when the study club met especially for the Brother Christophers. Forty thousand meals were thus served in three years, open forums were held for workers, and a reading room was opened in the front room that used to be a store. The lending library had a turn-out of one hundred books a month.

Spiritual results cannot be measured in figures. Suffice it to say that the workers of Friendship House had the great privilege and happiness of seeing many return to the Sacraments and of

receiving many converts from Communism. Many a seed of God's love was planted and a greater understanding of Mother Church was furthered.

Fathers and mothers of the children came with their needs and sorrows. Garments were given away by the hundred, and with each some suitable Catholic pamphlet, or *The Catholic Worker* or *The Social Forum*. Homes were visited on a strictly friendship basis, long discussions held around poor kitchen tables in cold rooms and basements, literature left, invitations extended to open forums, study clubs and children's clubs.

The work grew. But to deal only with those who came to Friendship House seemed not enough when Communists were selling and distributing their literature freely through the city. Volunteers were enrolled from Catholic colleges, who went forth to fight ideas not with bullets but with better ideas—distributing Catholic papers and literature at factories, side by side with Communists, on the street corners, in the Communist halls, parades, strikes, etc. Some of the more courageous ones ventured to stand up and challenge Communist statements. The word of God was being sown with a humble prayer that it might fall into some receptive soul and save it from eternal darkness.

OTTAWA wanted a Friendship House. In June, 1936, one was opened there. It confines its work to the Brother Christophers. There they get food, shelter, Mass every Sunday and holy day, study clubs led by Catholic young men, open forums under the guidance of the clergy. Workers of the House go forth and visit lonely men in hospitals and in courts of law. Friendship is the keynote of the work, friendship based on love of God and through it love of men. A resident chaplain lives at the Friendship House in Ottawa—and God alone can measure the results of the work done.

Hamilton has a Friendship House under the direction of a group of lay people, who started after a year of studying the Encyclicals. There too it helps the most forgotten of all men—the Brother Christophers.

In Toronto the work has become so big that it has been absorbed by the two local parishes and under the guidance of two zealous priests is becoming a mighty stream of real Catholic Action.

And so a humble effort on the part of an insignificant group that had nothing but faith and the blessing of a saintly Archbishop is doing its bit to fight Communism with the gentle weapons of the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. All that is needed is a little enthusiasm, a little love, a little faith. The rest is God's.

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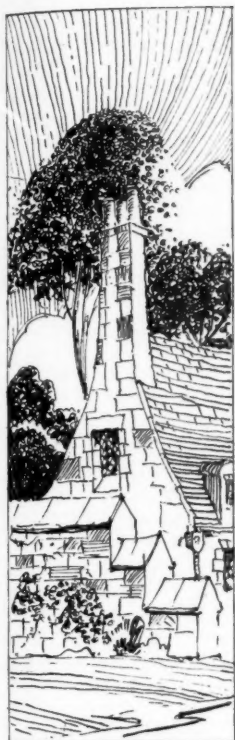
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Design By Mars

By Douglas Newton

WHEN the Fybart came to see them Gilles Fybart stood by the door of their house and said: "But this is charming, Nicholas—fragrant."

"It will do," Nicholas agreed, "until our day comes for something better."

He looked at Mignette, and they both smiled. They had chosen their wedding house with taste, yes, but both knew that there were bigger and richer things ahead.

"Better?" Catherine, Fybart's wife, asked as she stood and absorbed the tranquillity of the place. "Can there be anything better? It is repose and beauty itself."

"It was built to be out of the world," Nicholas replied. "It is the remains of a Benedictine cloister destroyed by the Revolution. Our small house was the prior's house."

"It is saturated in peace," Fybart said. "I feel I have committed a crime in introducing my filthy automobile."

It was easy to understand Fybart's respect for its charm. The house with its surroundings was one of those unexpected cameos of the past so often found even in the busiest French cities; a little

backwater where the grace of ancient days seemed to have taken refuge from the bustle of progress.

The house was small and very old. The austerity of its stonework had weathered into a sort of benignity. The back walls of greater establishments shut in two sides of a tiny cobbled square that fronted it, but they were masked by old linden trees. The square itself stretched out to a small, canal-like stream, now neglected, its waters very still and patched with floating plants. A narrow stone bridge crossed the stream. It was little used by anyone save occasional lovers, for the real way into the square ran beside the house. Moss grew between the stones of the bridge as it grew between the cobbles of the square. And beyond the bridge this green place was prolonged by an unexpected soft openness of grass and thick-set lindens which shut out all but the sky.

"It looks like Arcady," said Nicholas, smiling. "But it is only the unused building lot behind a barracks—listen!"

They stood very still and heard the distant calling of a bugle. It was a faint and mellow sound that mingled with

rather than marred the repose of the place.

"The *alerte*," Fybart said. "A call to action even in your hermitage, eh, Nicholas?"

Fybart knew of Nicholas' gun and could appreciate that even in this serene backwater ambition was at work.

Fybart and Nicholas were both engineers from the schools of Paris. Gilles Fybart's mind turned mainly on automobiles, but Nicholas had an instinct solely for guns. He was a sturdy, dreamy, shy man and his father was a dealer in eggs, yet there it was—he had a gift for mechanics that expressed itself best in the construction and invention of weapons. Above all, he had always had this obsession of a great gun, a cannon that would make the artillery of his country more formidable than that of any other nation.

He had already invented several things connected with weapons—a modification of the charger apparatus for automatic pistols, that the small-arms factory for which he first worked applied with great success. They also used his cooling system for machine guns.

He himself had gained little from these things. Partly because he had been under a bad contract with the firm, partly because he was disdainful of them as trifles compared with the big dream of his gun. It was, in fact, Fybart who said to him:

"These animals are robbing you. Your firm is making thousands of good francs from your ideas, but all it does is to pat you on the back and say: 'Go to it, *mon brave*; think of other things to make money for us.'"

"It does not matter," Nicholas had replied. "These are small things. I shall become rich enough through my gun."

Fybart disabused his mind. Under his present contract he would get nothing even for his big gun. Much better break with this dishonest firm and join another under fairer conditions. In fact, Fybart saw to it that he did. He found his friend a position in the big machine-and-gun-making plant in the same town as his own motor-works—Moullins. His shrewdness also saw to it that Nicholas had a good contract, so that when Nicholas invented an improvement to the breech escapement of anti-aircraft guns he reaped a substantial reward.

It was that which enabled him to marry Mignette and provide for her this charming backwater.

"It is small," he explained as they went over the house, "but, as you see, compact and quiet. In this peace I can concentrate on my big idea free from all distractions."

He showed them the room he used as a study and workshop. It looked straight across the little square to the bridge. The trees beyond, reflected in the still waters of the stream, seemed to fill the very room with a brimming and lucent light.

"Each evening after I come home we sit here," he said. "Mignette at that window, sewing; I at my draughtsman's board. We can look at the view and each other. . . . It is idyllic, eh?"

It was thus, indeed, that Nicholas worked evening after evening; drawing and calculating at his great board, looking up and smiling at Mignette as she sewed against that gentle view. It was indeed idyllic. Whenever difficulties came—and in an age when artillery had been created to perfection there were many if a better gun were to be made—Mignette was there to smile encouragement, and the peace outside was there to cool the mind. While at the worst moments both Mignette and the repose seemed to say: "Break off and relax with us. In our serenity you will renew your vigor."

Indeed it was so. Nicholas would put all his battling with figures aside and go and sit with his shoulder against Mignette's, and so, saying little, they would gaze out into the deepening dusk, and

the sweet calm of the little square would sink into him, steadying him, clarifying his brain.

There was so little to disturb, out there. It was a backwater into which few strayed. Even the soldiers in the barracks went another and gayer way into the town. Indeed, when the young soldier appeared on their tiny bridge it was an event.

"He is a very new one," Nicholas said when they first saw him loitering there. "He feels shy and homesick. I was like that myself when I did my service."

"He is like you a little," Mignette said. "He looks lost and gentle."

"A clerk's son, or a small trader's, out of his element," Nicholas thought. "Barracks after a comfortable home are rough places. One revolts against the whole coarse business. I can feel in him the misery I, too, lived through."

"He is only a boy," Mignette whispered, her hand sliding over his. "And look—he is crying."

THE little recruit, who was, indeed, no more than a boy, had sunk his head into his arms on the parapet of the bridge. Certain that he was alone, he had begun to weep.

"It is cruel, such misery," Mignette whispered, turning away.

"That is the way of soldiering—hard," Nicholas said, but he said no more. Mignette was going to have a child, and it might be a boy.

After that, they often watched the little recruit on the bridge. He was plainly a sensitive boy who found nothing to mitigate his loneliness either in the barracks or the crude gaieties of the town. His seemed one of those natures doomed by his own shyness to be solitary. Speculation on him became quite an interest, growing, it seemed, step by step with the gun. On that day when Nicholas dropped his pencil and cried triumphantly:

"Ah—I have it now; I see the way it must go . . . A more deadly shell and a quicker fire than anything in the world. Now we will really move . . ."

When he said that, Mignette did not turn toward him, but, leaning towards the window, called back at the sound of his voice:

"He has a sweetheart!"

Nicholas was too content with the certainty of his triumph to be resentful.

"And we have a fortune!" he said, laughing. "I was telling you I have at last found the idea of *our* gun!"

She turned to him then, and in that strange way women have of grasping disconnected details when they do not listen, she echoed:

"A more deadly shell . . ."

"Riches for us. That is the point to consider," he said, feeling instinctively that was a better note to dwell on in her condition.

"Deadly—it kills," she mused. "How queer I never seem to have realized that!"

"It is, after all, the function of artillery," he teased, and strove again to make her see how it would fulfill their ambitions. "It means we will be able to satisfy all our dreams."

But she did not answer him; she was staring out at the little recruit on the bridge and the girl who stood as close to him. Nicholas looked, too, and suiting himself to her mood, said:

"Ah, our little soldier has picked well. It is the shy assistant from the shop behind here."

He knew the girl by sight. She helped an old woman who kept a small general shop for women and children; he had seen her when he accompanied Mignette into the place to buy tiny garments for the baby that was coming. She was a small, doe-like creature, the assistant, modest and timid, yet not uncomely in her soft, quiet way. She and the lonely recruit were a good pair.

"Yes, I am glad," Mignette said. "She is a kind girl—and good. She is lonely, too. It is a happy thing that they should find each other."

How it had happened did not matter, but their happiness was a certainty. They met every night when he and she were free, standing close together on that little bridge in that peaceful backwater. They were quiet and simple lovers, satisfied to share the solitude of the green dusk of the square, to clasp and kiss shyly. They talked very little; to be so delicately and closely intimate was enough.

THEY are not of the world's passionate ones," Nicholas said, as, happy in the progress his gun was making, he came and stood by Mignette at the window.

"It is a truer and deeper love for that," she answered softly, and from the note in her voice he realized that their own love was like that. A more beautiful and enduring thing because of its serenity. Yet to hide his own satisfaction he had to say, man-like:

"And easily gratified, too—does he never take her to a café or a picture show?"

"He does not have to," Mignette said. "And it would not do for them. You see, they are two lonely things and each is all the other wants. They are strange and fearful among crowds. They sustain each other better alone. They depend so entirely on each other that not only does nothing else count, but they dread the slightest thing coming between them."

"There is a danger in that," he said. "To pin the whole of oneself on one object. . . . If one should be taken . . ."

"It would be a tragedy," she whispered. "But that is how they are made."

Their own eyes caught and held in a little twinge of fear—and he realized that a great many in the world were made like that.

They became so interested in the shy pair that they called them the "love-birds," likening the little bridge on which they huddled so close, to a perch in the big, green, tranquil cage of the square. And Mignette, going to the little shop, brought back news from the quiet assistant.

"THEY are dearly in love," she told Nicholas. "She is transformed. She glows like a Madonna behind her counter from joy. . . . They are to marry directly his service is finished. He can give her a home. He goes back to the pharmacy of a small Touraine town, where he is dispenser. . . . They will begin like us, poor but very happy . . . he has dreams of finding a balm for throat trouble . . . Such nice children, Nicholas, so affectionate and thoughtful. She hoped their love-making did not disturb the Monsieur who works so wonderfully, but our little nook is the only place where they can be alone."

"The poor babes," Nicholas said, laughing. "Disturb me! Do the doves under the eaves? Besides, nothing can interfere with the triumph of my gun now."

He said this again to Fybart, when the engineer and his wife invited them to their new apartment. Fybart had invented something, too; a small cheap car that was sweeping the market. The Fybarts had become suddenly very rich. The apartment he had taken on the main boulevard of Moullins was a nest of luxury. They had plunged into expensive habits; they were occupied with a thousand entertainments. Fybart said all this by way of apology for having seemed to neglect poorer friends as he listened to Nicholas praising his new suite.

"It is nothing to what you will have when your gun is invented," he said. "How is it making?"

"It marches," Nicholas answered as he drank Fybart's champagne. "Much work is to be done yet, but there is no doubt I have got it."

"And it will be good?"

"It will be the most terribly efficient weapon in Europe," Nicholas said simply, for he knew it would be so.

"Magnificent!" Fybart cried, and raising his glass: "Here's to slaughter."

"Are you giving my husband another excuse for drinking?" Catherine Fybart asked sourly across the table.

There was, indeed, a note of acidity in their success. They pressed rich foods upon their guests, yet Fybart complained that his cook was not justifying all the money he was paying her. Couvier, one of his new friends, could serve a better meal. He was displeased with his superb radio, too. He had bought it as the best

money could get, and only today he had seen a better.

"It is, anyhow, an improvement on the nasally two-valve that seemed to us the last word in miracles in the old days," Nicholas replied; but to that Fybart only answered irritably:

"When one has money enough to expect the best, one demands it!"

Catherine Fybart was like that, too. She who had once hand-machined her own cheap frocks was indignant at the lack of style and *chic* even in the smartest of the Moullins stores.

"And for that," Fybart said tartly, "she turns every holiday in Paris into a nightmare of shopping. . . . *Parbleu*, life becomes a mere waiting between the business of fitting one's wife with a hat, a cloak, a jewel."

They would have quarreled, had not one of the several rich friends they also had to dinner suggested they should go out and "do something."

Always they were "doing something," rushing off before the ennui of their present "something" overtook them—ever evading a breakdown of frayed tempers or of being overtaken by themselves.

When Fybart's great car put Nicholas and Mignette down before their house, the little square was full of moonlight. Its quiet was so cool and simple that they stood for a long time hand in hand, enchanted by its calm, soothed by the peace of the sober old walls, the mossy stones, the still tranquillity of the shining water.

"We have not the worst of it," Mignette whispered. "We and our young lovers—do you think Catherine and Gilles are as happy?"

"They have certainly grown restless," Nicholas said. "And I do not remember their being so quarrelsome."

"They weren't. They have even given up the Faith—yes, Catherine as well. They have no use or time for church any more. Is it money that has changed them, Nicholas?"

"Perhaps. It probably does if you let it ride you instead of riding it."

HIS tone implied that he knew of at least one wiser head with power to control it. Yet Mignette said:

"Perhaps wealth is a horse few can ride. . . . I am miserable about Catherine. She was very sweet, and now she is unhappy."

"She wants a baby in that smart life of hers to give her something to occupy her," he said.

"Her smart life won't give her time for one. It would interfere with her occupations."

"Such occupations! You and I and our 'love-birds' have an older wisdom." He laughed and bent to kiss her.

But something had happened to their "love-birds."

Mignette said from her window a few evenings later: "There is something the matter with them. They are upset."

Nicholas came to her side and saw the gawky recruit holding the little shop-assistant in his arms. Her face was pressed tight against his ill-fitting tunic. She was crying. They could see from the tightness with which the boy soldier held her, and the strained pallor of his face, that only his child's gallantry held him from crying, too.

"What is it, I wonder?" Nicholas mused. "Have they quarreled? Is this a lover's reconciliation?"

"No," said Mignette with a deeper perception. "She is breaking her heart."

They turned from the window—they could not look at the pair locked so silently in an anguish so simple and so deep. The sight was too poignant, too sacred. They wondered what this little tragedy could be—a relative dead somewhere, the loss of the boy's chemist job, or the girl hers? But these things did not seem grave enough to explain so intense a grief. And indeed it was something worse. Mignette found it so when she went to the girl's shop next day.

"He is under orders for foreign service," she told Nicholas that evening. "His regiment is to join the army of Syria."

"POOR children," Nicholas said. "To be torn apart—but that is the way of the soldier."

"It is worse for them," Mignette said. "They are so utterly alone without each other."

"It is tragic—but there it is; it is life."

"War—rather," Mignette objected. "She fears that, the little shopgirl. There will be fighting."

He would have liked to laugh at the idea, but he could not. To draft regular regiments to a sphere where the Legion usually did all that was necessary looked like something big. . . . A war. The thought stirred him and he fingered the drawings of his gun eagerly—war, it might see the triumph of his invention.

"The poor lost things," Mignette said huskily. "I can't bear to see them standing there. . . . You can see by the way she holds him that she is seeing him struck down, torn to pieces by a shell . . ."

Nicholas dropped the drawings of his gun. He looked past his wife's head and saw the young recruit and his sweetheart strained together as one in their pitiable effort of courage and consolation. His eyes slipped from them to the averted face of his wife; she was taking this too hard.

"I feel too tired to work tonight," he said. "Shall we play truant in the salon? Puccini is to be had on the radio."

They shunned that room for several days. Always the little recruit was out

there with his sweetheart, silent and clinging on the bridge. It was a thing too pitiable to spy upon. Then, one day, all too soon, Nicholas saw the boy waiting, uncouth and yet tragic, in his new tropic kit. The mere proximity of one so young so soon to be torn away from everything he loved upset the engineer. As much for his own sake as Mignette's he suggested an evening in the city gardens.

And after that the young recruit did not come to the bridge—only the girl. But that made the workroom even less endurable, for she stood there night after night, clinging, it seemed, to the very memories its stonework held. There was not anything more lonely or lost in the world.

OTHER things came to forbid all work; Fybart's divorce with both Catherine and Gilles to console, though neither knew why they should find it necessary to be consoled. Gilles was richer than ever, and free, and he had made the most generous provision for Catherine—yet, rich and free, both felt broken.

"Money, it seems, has its inadequacies," Nicholas said.

"Its poisons, too," Mignette said, and seemed to fear.

Then there was the birth of their child, a boy—a healthy, sturdy, but quietly placid little boy.

"It is you over again, Nicholas," Fybart said when he came to see it. "You sober-contents have the best of it, after all."

"It is the child of this house," Catherine sighed when she came, and she looked across the mossy cobbles to the green peace of the trees shining up from the quiet water. "Tranquillity, simplicity, gentleness . . . if we only always knew the value of such things."

Yet, strangely, Nicholas, as he looked down at his son, thought of the young recruit. There was the same sense of lonely helplessness in the babe and the boy . . . the same mute crying out to be mothered. He thought: "My boy, perhaps, will grow up like that boy. He is my son with my shyness and desire for quietude. He will hate rough contacts . . . But he will become a soldier, as I and that boy did . . . and find the one woman who can make his loneliness bearable, as I and that boy did . . . But will my boy come to peace like me, or go to war?"

He shivered a little, wondering what was happening to the young recruit out there in the war . . . worse, what was happening to the girl who waited?

He did not find out until that day when Mignette was at last strong enough to go back to her old place by the window of his workroom. Again she sat there sewing, but things were different. Now she had her boy, some months

old, beside her in his cradle. She turned every now and then to share a smile between her sleeping baby and her husband.

Nicholas had suggested the room because, after so many distractions, he must be getting back to his great invention—and now for his boy's sake as much as their own. As he took the drawing and sheets of calculations out of his safe he smiled at his wife.

"It is like old times," he said, and glanced out of the window.

But it was not like old times.

Standing on the little bridge was a new figure, or rather a figure that seemed new until he looked close and saw it was the little shopgirl in deep mourning. He stared with a shock of calamity and then looked into his wife's eyes.

"He was killed in Syria," she told him gently, "on the first day that shots were fired. She comes to see me and baby when you are at work. She has nothing else."

He felt almost with a physical pain this tearing apart of young and lonely things just when life was opening its sweetness to them. It seemed so crude, so cruel.

"Dead!" he cried, and then, with a bursting involuntariness: "Killed by a shell—such as my gun will fire?"

She answered softly: "She does not know, Nicholas. All she knows is that he was killed."

She looked at their own son between them as she spoke, an instinctive glance which said: "As perhaps my son will be killed some day."

He stood still, fingering the plans of the gun that would be the most deadly

weapon of its type, staring out at that life which guns like his had lamed before its time. Then he said huskily:

"Yet it is all I am good for—making guns. I have no other instinct."

It was true and it was tragic. He had no great gift apart from gun-making.

"But you are a good engineer, Nicholas," Mignette said gently.

"Good, yes—but in everybody's way. Good as the next mechanic on a bench. There is neither greatness nor money in that."

"Are Catherine and Gilles better for money?" she asked.

"No," he said, "and we are happy as we are. This is a beautiful place. . . . And yet—it is my one chance of fame, Mignette."

"There is—fame," said Mignette, and nodded towards the girl in mourning.

"Yes," he replied quietly. "She is the triumph of some man's gun. . . ."

He gathered up the papers of his own gun and carried them across to Mignette. But at the last moment he had a better thought. He placed them on the foot of their baby's cradle. . . . An offering, as it were, to the boys that the guns of men like him destroyed.

Then he sat with his arms about Mignette, very quietly and saying nothing, until dusk descended in deep peace, shutting out the sight of even that lonely, mourning figure. They did not move or speak until they became aware of something stirring beside them.

"He is awake," said Mignette.

But Nicholas had heard more than that: he looked down and saw the sturdy hands of his son blindly at work.

"He is tearing up the plans of the gun," he said, and laughed.

The Infirmary

By Ethel H. Butler

WITHIN those gray walls Birth and Death hold sway;
And in the midst of these Life reaches out
Its clinging tendrils to the light of day;
While Healing, tender handmaid, puts to rout
The pangs of pain. The first young cry of life
Is heard upon earth's luring way; the sigh
Of those who, journeying long in mortal strife,
Surrender their spent dreams to God, and die!
Within those walls the body is sustained
And nourished, rest and soothing sleep procured;
And to the souls who in Christ's bonds are chained,
(O willing captives!) daily comes their Lord!
Immortal Bread of Life, Who seeks to bless,
And crown each soul with His Own Loveliness.

The Great Alternative

In This Last Article of His Present Series on Crises in Church History, Mr. Belloc Discusses the Probable Outcome of the Modern Anti-Catholic Attack

By Hilaire Belloc

THE Modern Attack is far more advanced than is generally appreciated. It is always so with great movements in the story of mankind. There is a time-lag. A power upon the eve of victory appears to be but half-way to its goal, even perhaps to be checked. A power in the full spring of its early energy appears to contemporaries to be a small precarious experiment.

The modern attack on the Faith (the latest and most formidable of all) has advanced so far that we can already affirm one all-important point quite clearly: of two things one must happen, one of two results must become definite throughout the modern world. Either the Catholic Church (now rapidly becoming the only place wherein the traditions of civilization are understood and defended) will be reduced by her modern enemies to political impotence, to numerical insignificance, and, so far as public appreciation goes, to silence; or the Catholic Church will, in this case as throughout the past, react more strongly against her enemies than her enemies have been able to react against her; she will recover and extend her authority, and rise once more to the leadership of civilization which she made, and will thus recover and restore the world.

In a word, either we shall become a small persecuted neglected island amid mankind, or we shall be able to lift at the end of the struggle the old battle-cry, "*Christus Imperat!*"

The normal human conclusion in such conflicts—that one or the other combatant will be overwhelmed and will disappear, cannot be accepted. The Church will not disappear because the Church is not of mortal stuff; it is the only institution among men not subject to the universal law of mortality. Therefore we say, not that the Church may be wiped out, but that it may be reduced to a small band almost forgotten amid the vast numbers of its opponents and their contempt of the defeated thing.

Neither is the alternative acceptable. For though indeed this great modern movement (which so singularly resembles the advance of Anti-Christ) may be repelled, and may even lose its characteristics and die as Protestantism has died before our very eyes, yet that will

not be the end of the conflict. This may be the final conflict. There may be a dozen more to come, or a hundred; but attack upon the Catholic Church there will always be, and never will the quarrel of men know complete unity, peace and high nobility through the complete victory of the Faith. For if that were so the World would not be the World nor Jesus Christ at issue with the World.

But in the main, one of those two fates must come; and the Modern Attack is so universal and moving so rapidly that men now very young will surely live to see something like a decision in this great battle.

Certain of the most acute modern observers in the last generation and in this have used their intelligence to discover which way fate should fall. One of the most eminent of French Catholics, a converted Jew, has written a work to prove or suggest that the first of these two possible issues will be our fate. He envisages the last years of the Church on this earth as lived apart. He sees a Church of the future reduced to very few in numbers and left on one side in the general current of the new Paganism. He sees a Church of the future within which there will be intensity of devotion, indeed, but that devotion practiced by one small body, isolated and forgotten in the midst of its fellowmen.

THE late Robert Hugh Benson wrote two books, each remarkable and each envisaging one of the opposite possibilities. In the first, *The Lord of the World*, he presents the picture of the Church reduced to a little wandering band, returning as it were to its origins, the Pope at the head of the Twelve—and a conclusion on the Day of Judgment. In the second he envisages the full restoration of the Catholic thing—our civilization restored, reinvigorated, once more seated and clothed and in its right mind; because in that new culture, though filled with human imperfection, the Church will have recovered her leadership of men and will inform the spirit of society with proportion and beauty once more.

What are the arguments to be advanced on either side? On what grounds should we conclude for a tendency one way or the other?

For the first issue (the dwindling of Catholic influence, the restriction of our numbers and political value to the edge of extinction) there is to be noted the increasing ignorance of the world about us, coupled with the loss of those faculties whereby men might appreciate what Catholicism means and take advantage of their salvation. The level of culture, including a sense of the past, sinks visibly. With each decade the level is lower than the last. In that decline tradition is breaking away and melting like a snow-drift at the end of winter. Great lumps of it fall and disappear.

WITHIN our generation the supremacy of the classics has gone. You find men upon every side possessed of power who have forgotten that from which we all came, to whom Greek and Latin, the fundamental languages of our civilization, are incomprehensible, or at best curiosities. Old men now living can remember uneasy rebellion against tradition; but young men only perceive for themselves how little there is left against which to rebel, and many fear that before they die the body of tradition will have disappeared.

That the mood of faith has been largely ruined, ruined certainly for the greater part of men, all will admit. So true is this that already a majority (I should affirm it to be a very large majority) do not know what the word *faith* means. For most men who hear it (in connection with religion) it signifies either blind acceptance of irrational statements and legends which common experience condemns, or a mere inherited habit of mental pictures which have never been tested and which at the first touch of reality dissolve like the dreams they are. The whole vast body of apologetics, the whole science of theology (the Queen exalted above every other science) have for the mass of modern men ceased to be. If you but mention their titles you give an effect of unreality and insignificance.

We have already arrived at this strange pass—that while the Catholic body (which is now already in *practice* a minority even in the white civilization) more or less understands its opponents, its opponents do not understand

it. The historian might draw a parallel between the diminishing pagan body of the fourth and fifth centuries, and the Catholic body of today. The pagans, especially the educated and cultivated pagans, who then lived on in smaller and smaller numbers, knew well the high traditions to which they were attached and understood (although they hated) this new thing, the Church, which had grown up among them and was about to dispossess them. But the Catholics who were to supplant the pagans understood less and less of the pagan mood, neglected its great works of art, and took its gods for demons. So today the ancient religion is ignored.

THOSE nations which are by tradition anti-Catholic, which were once Protestant and have now no fixed traditions, have been so long in the ascendant as to regard their Catholic opponents as beaten. Those nations which had retained the Catholic culture are now in the third generation of anti-Catholic social education. Their institutions may tolerate the Church but are never in active alliance with it and are often in acute hostility.

Judged by all the parallels of history and by the general laws which govern the rise and decay of organisms, one might conclude that the active rôle of Catholicism in the things of the world was over; that in the future, perhaps the near future, Catholicism would perish.

The Catholic observer would deny the possibility of the Church's complete extinction. But he also must follow historical parallels; he also must accept the general laws governing the growth and decay of organism, and he must tend, in view of all the change that has passed in the mind of man, to draw the tragic conclusion that our civilization, which has already largely ceased to be Christian, will lose its general Christian tone altogether. The future to envisage is a pagan future, and a future pagan with a new and repulsive form of paganism, but nonetheless powerful and omnipresent for all its repulsiveness.

Now on the other side there are considerations less obvious, but appealing strongly to the thoughtful and learned in things past, and the experienced in human nature.

First of all there is the fact that all through the centuries the Church has reacted strongly towards her own resurrection in moments of deepest peril. The Mohammedan onslaught was a very close thing; it nearly swamped us. But the armed reaction in Spain, followed by the Crusades, prevented the full triumph of Islam. The onslaught of the barbarian, of the northern pirates, of the Mongol hordes, brought Christendom to within an ace of destruction. Yet the northern pirates were tamed, defeated and baptized by force. The barbarism of

the eastern nomads was equally defeated. Very tardily, but not too late to save what could be saved, the movement called the Counter-Reformation met the hitherto triumphant advance of the Sixteenth Century heretics. Even the Rationalism of the Eighteenth Century was, in its own place and time, checked and repelled. It is true that it bred something worse than itself; something from which we now suffer. But there was reaction; and that reaction was sufficient to keep the Church alive and even recover for it elements of power which had been thought lost forever.

Reaction there will always be; and there is about Catholic reaction a certain vitality, a certain way of appearing with unexpected force through new men and new organizations. History and the gen-

HILAIRE BELLOC

MR. BELLOC'S article in this issue is the last of his present series describing the attacks which have been made on the Catholic Church and how she has repulsed them.

IN THE AUGUST issue of *The Sign* we expect to announce a new series from the pen of this great Catholic writer.

eral law of organic rise and decay lead on their largest lines to the first conclusion, the rapid withering of Catholicism in the world, yet observation as applied to the particular case of the Catholic Church does not lead to such conclusions. The Church seems to have an unusual organic life and powers of recrudescence peculiar to itself.

Next let this very interesting point be noted: the more powerful, the more acute, and the more sensitive minds of our time are clearly inclining toward the Catholic side.

They are of course of their nature a small minority, but they are a minority of a sort very powerful in human affairs. The future is not decided for men by a public vote; it is decided by the

growth of ideas. When the few men who can think best and feel most strongly, and who have mastery of expression, begin to show a novel tendency to this or that, then this or that bids fair to dominate the future.

Of this tendency to sympathize with Catholicism, and in the case of strong characters to take the risk, to accept the Faith and proclaim themselves the defenders of it, there can be no doubt. Even in England, where the traditional feeling against Catholicism is so universal and so strong, and where the whole life of the nation is bound up with hostility to the Faith, the conversions which strike the public eye are continually the conversions of men who lead in thought; and note that for one who openly admits conversion there are ten at least who turn their faces towards the Catholic way, who prefer the Catholic philosophy and its fruit to any other, but who shrink from accepting the heavy sacrifices involved in a public avowal.

Lastly, there is this very important and perhaps decisive consideration: *though the social strength of Catholicism, in numbers certainly, and in most other factors as well, is declining; the issue as between Catholicism and the completely new pagan thing, the destruction of all tradition, the breaking with our inheritance, is now clearly marked.*

There is not, as there was even quite a short time ago, a confused and heterogeneous margin or penumbra which could talk with confidence of itself under the vague title of Christian, and speak of some imaginary religion called Christianity. No: there are today, already, almost quite distinct and sharing the field between them, soon to be as markedly expressed as black and white, the Catholic Church on the one side, and on the other the opponents of what has hitherto been our civilization.

THE ranks have lined up as for a battle; and though plain division does not mean that one or the other antagonist will conquer, it does mean that a plain issue is before the mind of man at last; and in plain issues a good cause, unlike a bad one, has a better chance than in confusion.

Even the most misguided or the most ignorant of men, talking vaguely of "Churches," are now using a language that rings hollow. The last generation could talk, in Protestant countries at least, of "the Churches." The present generation cannot. There are not many Churches; there is one. It is the Catholic Church on the one side and its mortal enemy on the other. The lists are set.

Thus are we presented by the most momentous question that has yet been set in history before the mind of man. Thus are we placed at a dividing of the ways, upon which the whole future of our race will turn.

Soviet Justice

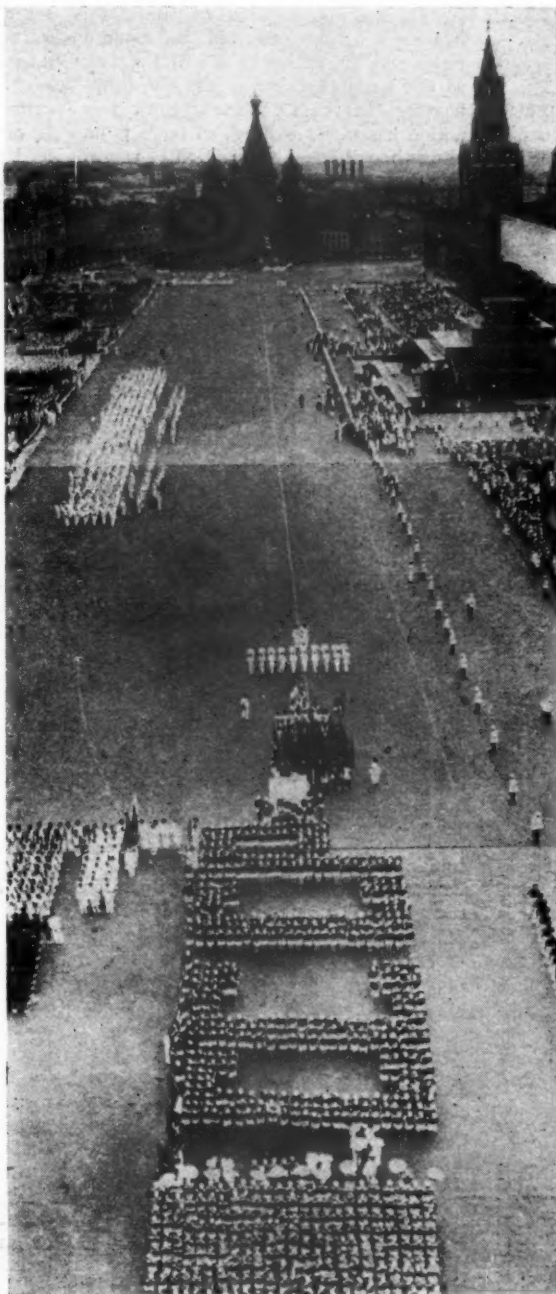
Recent Events in Soviet Russia Bring Out the Fundamental Differences Between the Communist Conception of Justice and That Based on the Christian Moral Code

By George Iensen

THE recent mass trial of the so-called "Trotzkyist parallel centre" in Moscow (January 21-30, 1937) may have come as a surprise to those who had read Stalin's boastful declaration on the draft Constitution of the U.S.S.R. on November 25th, 1936. In this speech the Soviet dictator broadcast not only a complete victory of the Socialist system in every sphere of national economy, but also the "liquidation of all exploiting classes."

Naturally there were still some survivors of these classes but not all of them were hostile to the Soviet government, and the few still inimical to it were so negligible that political rights might safely be restored to them. "The landowning class," the dictator said, "has been liquidated already as a result of the victorious civil war. As for other exploiting classes, they have shared its fate. In the sphere of industry the capitalist class has ceased to exist; the agricultural class of kulaks is no more, also the merchants and profiteers. Thus the exploiting classes have been wiped out. Remain the working classes — workers, peasants and intelligentsia."

Developing the same idea Stalin continued: "In the U.S.S.R. there are no longer such classes as capitalists, landowners, kulaks — only two classes (the intelligentsia being only an élite of both) workers and peasants, whose interests not only do not clash but are, on the contrary, common. Consequently, in the U.S.S.R. there is no ground for the existence of several parties and for freedom for these parties. In the U.S.S.R.



Wide World Photo

MOSCOW'S RED SQUARE, HEART OF SOVIET RUSSIA

there is place only for one — the Communist Party."

Following upon this optimistic declaration the great trial which took place in Moscow in January was intended to show that in the U.S.S.R. political and economic struggle have never ceased and that, if even whole classes were wiped out, class war was still being waged. Indeed, in another speech delivered at the plenary session of the All-Russian Communist Party conference early in March of this year Stalin reproved his high officials for imagining that the class war was over: "This is an error," he said; "our material success only encourages the class enemy to greater activity and malice." These two statements seem surprisingly contradictory: all enemy classes have been "liquidated," eliminated, destroyed, yet class war is still going on, and more surprising even for Communists, the class war will proceed as long as the Communist State exists! For it is obvious to every observer that it is the Communist system which makes class war inevitable and produces conditions under which it becomes possible.

The great trial of Trotskyists in January, 1937 was not the first of its kind. In 1931 there was the spectacular trial of the engineers of the Donetz basin, accused of plotting and wrecking the factories and mines, when a number of men were found guilty, some of them executed. In the spring of 1933 came the turn of the employees of the Metropolitan-Vickers Company at Moscow, saved only by the timely interference of the

British government. August, 1936 saw the trial of the "Trotzkyite-Zinovievite terrorist centre" when 13 men were condemned to death and shot.

Nor is this January trial the last, for following upon it numerous arrests have been made and are still being made almost daily and a new identical trial is being prepared. With the exception of the case of the Vickers employees most of those inculpated in these trials were Communists, many, especially those of the last two, belonged to the old revolutionaries, the so-called "Bolshevik Old Guard," men who had worked with Lenin in exile and helped him to establish Communism in Russia.

New Soviet Régime?

CERTAIN observers have imagined that the recent trials signify the advent of a new régime in Russia: Stalin, they say, is ridding himself of all true Communists; the Russian Thermidor, if not yet at hand, is very near, a fact which is apparent in the new régime established by Stalin's Constitution. As to foreign relations, these optimists affirm that Stalin's policy is the reverse of that of Trotsky who considered that Russian Communism had no chance of survival unless the world at large was converted to the same creed. Stalin, it is affirmed, believes that his régime may survive in Russia independently of the political creed of other countries; therefore he is not interested in the world-wide spreading of Communism and in a universal revolution.

The fallacy of this point of view is demonstrated by the error of the last assertion: never has the propaganda of international Communism been so intensive as from the time that Stalin became virtual ruler of Russia. The admission of the U.S.S.R. to the League of Nations lent support to this propaganda, a fact which Litvinov skilfully used for fomenting trouble among all European nations. The very active and effective interference of Soviet Russia in Spain, her ceaseless stream of agitators, organizers, soldiers, arms, ammunition and food to the Spanish Reds before any other country had begun to help the Nationalists, shows that far from any desire to localize Communism in Russia, Stalin, as his many pronouncements make clear, aims at world-revolution and the establishment of Communism everywhere. Why then were the old Communists brought to trial and of what crimes were they guilty?

In order to answer this question it is imperative to understand the fundamental difference between the conception of justice in the Communist State and in countries based on the survivals of a Christian moral code. Owing to the separation of State legislation from the influence of the Church, in most so-

called "bourgeois" countries the notion of *crime* is that of an act *morally wrong*, something which is in the nature of *sin*. To kill a man, steal his property, perpetrate a sacrilege, and other acts, are not only sinful but also criminal. When the State punishes acts directed against itself, it is because the offender has sinned against the whole community: it is as immoral to harm the commonweal as to harm an individual, and the State's *raison d'être* is the protection of individuals, especially when such individuals are unable to protect themselves.

This lofty conception of the State has been sadly distorted in modern times and the notion of a moral wrong as the basis of crime is rapidly disappearing. In the Communist State this notion has never existed, as there is an altogether different conception of crime. Dialectic materialism, upon which Communism is based, knows no such thing as moral law: in the dialectic process through which matter blindly gropes towards its goal—classless society—everything, whether good or bad, is necessary and merely a symptom of development. In fact all the phenomena of this world, as well as all human acts, are rather good because they all contribute to the movement towards final perfection. Even those acts which at the given moment seem to impede this movement are useful, and therefore good, because the reaction they stimulate causes a greater step forward towards the final goal. Therefore, when judging human acts, Communism has no use for any stable moral laws established by a higher Being who laid them down when He created man.

State Interests

FOR the Communist the State is the highest approach to perfection, therefore everything is judged from the standpoint of the interests of the State, and a good citizen is one who in every way contributes to the fulfillment of the aims of the State even when this involves acting against his conscience. Therefore a crime is not an outrage or a great wrong done to another human being or to society as representing individuals, but primarily a *socially dangerous act*:

"The aim of the penal legislation of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic (R.S.F.S.R.) is to protect the Socialist State of the workers and peasants and the established order therein against socially dangerous acts (crimes) by applying to persons committing such acts the measures of social defense provided for in the present code" (Article I of the Penal Code of the R.S.F.S.R.)

"Every act or omission is considered socially dangerous which is

directed against the Soviet régime, or which violates the order of things established by the workers' and peasants' authority for the period of transition to a Communist régime" (Art. VI of the same Code).

These principles laid down as the foundation of Soviet justice enable us to understand the attitude toward the so-called "criminals." When studying the Soviet Penal Code we are surprised to see how leniently it treats those who offend against the moral law; a murderer who has put his neighbor to death in the most brutal way will get off with ten years' hard labor, for the murdered individual interests the State merely as an insignificant cog in its vast machinery. It is quite the reverse when the crime has been directed against one who is of some importance to the State—a leader, a State official or a prominent member of the Party. In such case the whole weight of the law crushes the culprit.

Soviet Penal Code

IN THE whole world there is no other Penal Code containing so many clauses by which the death penalty may be imposed as the Code of the R.S.F.S.R. Almost every offense, if directed against the State, even such petty misdeeds as the smuggling of goods over the border, the evasion or refusal to pay taxes, propaganda intended to arouse racial or religious enmity, and even the dissemination, preparation or possession of literature of such a character may, under certain conditions, be considered as capital offenses punishable by death. It is not surprising, therefore, that peasant women in the Ukraine have been shot at the time of the famine for stealing from their own fields a few ears of wheat to feed their children; this grain was to be requisitioned by the State, therefore to take it was a crime. It is also clear that those who have plotted or in any way acted against the State were guilty in the eyes of Communist judges of the vilest and most objectionable crimes deserving no mercy whatever.

As an *omission* may be considered as criminal as an *act*, it is also clear that men in the Communist State may be apprehended even when they have *done nothing*, but when their very existence is considered dangerous or harmful to the State. In this case it is a matter of mere expediency and, as individuals have no absolute or intrinsic value in Communist society, their disappearance for the sake of the "common good" may be decreed with the same facility as the destruction of rats spreading pestilence or gnats infecting a territory with malaria.

Yet the State being only an abstraction, it is a group of men, or even one man, who, invested with the power of

the State, represents it and decides what is good or bad for the whole community. Thus it happens that the decision of the general policy of the State finally rests upon the ruler and it is *his* policy which has to be accepted as the final rule of life. All the men who were brought to trial in Moscow in the last two cases may have been zealous Communists but their particular brand of Communism was not that of Comrade Stalin, therefore they were eliminated. No doubt personal strife between these rival leaders had much to do in the wholesale condemnation of Russian Trotskyists. It is said that the vindictive Caucasian never forgave his former comrades the contempt they showed him in past days. But were Stalin to be replaced by another man this new dictator would have to act in the same way as Stalin or be destroyed by his opponents.

The whole structure of the Communist State is based upon the denial of human liberty and free thought, on oppression and tyranny. Trials such as those which have been witnessed in Moscow last August and in January must and will be multiplied in the future. Such trials do not mean the end of the régime of terror but show that this régime is functioning in a normal way. It is said that in the near future other prominent Communists will be brought to trial—Bukharin, the author of the *ABC of Communism*, Rykov, former head of the Soviet government, Yagoda, all-powerful chief of the OGPU or secret police, and many others are on the list.

Will Stalin himself be entered one day in this list, and will this mean the end of Communism in Russia? If Stalin shared the fate of his victims, this would merely signify the advent to power of another rival faction; only when Russia officially and finally rejects Communism and accepts the Christian doctrine and morals as the foundation of the State can a new régime be established in which the individual and the family will have rights recognized and protected by the State.

Recent Mass Trials

THE recent mass trials have raised other questions: was it possible indeed that even the most hardened criminals could have committed such crimes as those to which some of the accused have confessed? Indeed at the second Trotskyist trial (that of the "parallel centre") the accused were found guilty of treason, plotting to overthrow the existing power in the U.S.S.R., abetting a military attack upon Russia by foreign powers by promising to surrender to them Russian territories, attempting to restore capitalism in Russia, spying, carrying on a defeatist propaganda, sabotage, preventing the production of arms and equipment necessary for military purposes by means of arson,

organization of railway disasters, pit explosions and murder, attempting to wreck the Five Year Plan by obstructing the work of industries, causing the manufacture of shoddy goods, attempting to murder Soviet leaders. Even if it were admitted that all the seventeen accused were exceptional criminals, the accumulation of such a number of crimes clearly shows that the case was trumped-up, staged by the authorities to show the masses the wickedness and perversion of the opposition.

Another curious trait specific to all Soviet trials is the confessions of the accused. In the Zinoviev-Kamenev trial, of the 16 accused, 14 pleaded guilty of all charges at the very beginning of the trial; the other two while pleading guilty of organizing the crimes, denied their participation in these crimes. In the Radek-Sokolnikov trial all the 17 accused pleaded guilty of all the crimes imputed to them.

Soviet Court Procedure

THESE amazing confessions of guilt are not confined to Russians—at a recent trial of German engineers the accused also confessed their guilt; at the trial of the Metro-Vickers employees Mr. Macdonald who, during the investigation, had confessed, at the public trial pleaded not guilty, but twenty minutes later pleaded guilty again to all the charges. Another of his companions, Mr. Thornton, though afterwards pleading not guilty, at first confessed certain charges and signed a paper to this effect.

In an American Court when the accused pleads guilty, the case is ended and the Judge pronounces the sentence. Not so in a Soviet Court—the trial goes on, showing the enormous difference between both conceptions of justice. In the West the task of a Court is to find out whether the accused has actually committed the crime of which he is charged, and if his guilt is proved, to impose a punishment corresponding to the crime committed. A Soviet Court is dispensed from the first task—it decides even before the trial that the accused are guilty of all the charges which the prosecution has thought fit to lay upon their shoulders. Therefore the verdict is a foregone conclusion, and the only sensible thing the accused can do is to "play the game" as good Communists and help their judges to carry out the grim comedy of the trial.

It has been wondered by what means the confessions are extorted, and stories of drugging, hypnotizing and other methods of breaking down the prisoner's morale have been circulated. The fact observed by many witnesses of Soviet trials that the accused appear stunned and recite the long litany of their crimes in a toneless, monotonous voice lends faith to such stories. The trial of the

Vickers' employees, better known than the others because of the subsequent release of the condemned men, has shown that nothing is omitted to break the resistance of those accused. The means may vary according to the person. Whereas long solitary confinement in a soundproof padded cell may suffice to shatter the nervous system of one man, stronger men have to be subjected to other methods in order to extort the required confessions.

Then there are such physical tortures as continuous examination during 48 or more hours by relays of examiners, without break or sleep, the ordeal of being forced to stand up in a closely packed cell for days until the veins on the legs swell and burst, the alternate overheating the cell and freezing it below zero. There are also mental tortures—threats to relatives and friends for whose sake the prisoner often prefers to sacrifice his own life. As a matter of fact clever and unscrupulous jailers succeed in extorting from the prisoner any false confession, provided they play upon his dearest affections.

The following question inevitably arises: what is the actual meaning of all these trials; for what purpose are they engineered? The only possible answer is—for reasons of internal policy. At a certain moment those in power find it expedient to impress popular imagination by the demonstration of the existence of groups of men plotting against public security; at another the policy of the day consists in placating the opposition of the Right, too powerful to be suppressed by ordinary means; then a trial is staged where old Communists are implicated in the vilest crimes and executed in the name of Communism.

Recent Developments

NATIONAL and racial antagonism may be at the root of these trials: it is significant that of the 33 tried in the two Trotskyist trials 20 were Jews, a symptom of anti-Semitism growing in Soviet Russia. There is nothing sacred for Stalin, the Red dictator: he clings to power and is ready to sacrifice anyone, his nearest and dearest, to maintain it.

At this very moment great changes are taking place in Soviet Russia—the Army has grown into a formidable factor. The news that eight Soviet Generals have been condemned to death by shooting on charges of treason has shocked a world which has become almost shock-proof as regards happenings in Soviet Russia. New trials will soon follow and no Communist can feel secure. Nevertheless, as we said before, it is too early to speak of any change of régime: men at the top may change but the state of lawlessness will still be there, and until the spiritual value of man and his intrinsic rights are recognized, there can be no regeneration of Russia.

The Constitution's Birthday

For One Hundred and Fifty Years the Constitution of the United States Has Been a Charter of Human Rights and Liberties Without Parallel in World History

By Lawrence Lucey

NATHANIEL GORHAM, a representative from Massachusetts at the Constitutional Convention and the President of the United States under the Articles of Confederation, was a poor prophet. At this Convention Gorham told the members to stop worrying about what would happen to the Constitution in 1937 for he believed the Constitution would be destroyed before 150 years would have elapsed. Nathaniel Gorham was wrong.

Origin of Constitution

THIS summer 150 candles may be placed on the birthday cake of the Constitution. A century and a half ago, between May 14th and September 17th, the Constitution of the United States was written. Fifty-five men deliberated for a whole summer and in the end thirty-nine of them signed a document of less than five thousand words that has weathered wars, a rebellion, financial panics, chaos of every kind, and yet after 150 years of service is regarded as the most important instrument of government devised by the mind of man in the whole history of the human race. Only the Bible which has served as the Constitution of the Catholic Church for nearly 2,000 years is the superior of the Constitution of the United States. And since the Bible was written by the greatest of all Authors, God, it should not be compared with the finite, puny works of man.

These fifty-five men — governors, judges, lawyers, doctors, a President of the Continental Congress, the General of the Continental Army, college professors, authors, financiers and business men—did something that had never before been done. They, as the representatives of twelve States, sat down together and decided what in their opinion was the best way they could be governed. The government under which they were living, the Articles of Confederation, was not working smoothly, so instead of slaughtering their rulers and setting up a new government, these men met in Philadelphia to talk things over and see if they couldn't find a reasonable, peaceful solution for their problems.

To my mind the most remarkable thing about the men who wrote the Con-

stitution was their willingness to listen to the other fellow's viewpoint, weigh it in the light of reason, and then compromise with the other fellow in order that the nation as a whole might profit. When these fifty-five men came to Philadelphia they were really the representatives of twelve independent nations. Under the Articles of Confederation these twelve States could not be coerced into doing anything; each State was an independent nation and would only co-operate with the other States when it felt like doing so. The bond between these twelve States was as loose and ineffective as is the union which now exists between the countries that are members of the League of Nations. The Articles of Confederation merely united the States, as the Articles said, in "a firm league of friendship." Thus when these twelve States met together to form a new government they realized that they had to surrender a great deal of their own individual power and sovereignty in order to create this new government. The rights of each State had to be curtailed considerably in order to create a single nation that would be superior to and more powerful than the States that organized it.

States' Rights

BY going to Philadelphia to the Convention, these men showed they were willing to concede some of the rights of their own little nations in order that one large country might be established. And when they left the Convention these men did not nurse any false illusions about the grandeur of their work. In effect they said: "We have written the best Constitution of which we are capable but it is far—very far from perfect. We do not wish to shackle our children and our children's children with any mistakes that we in our ignorance may have made. Therefore, whenever it is thought that the Constitution which we have written needs to be altered or patched up let the people of the nation do this by amending our work."

Despite the fact that these men rode in horses and buggies and knew nothing about aeroplanes, dirigibles or automobiles they were intelligent—suffi-

ciently so to realize that they could not write a Constitution that would not need to be altered and amended after they had finished their task. These men were so intelligent that they realized the limits of their own intellects.

One of the first decisions made by the members of the Convention was to keep their deliberations a secret from the public until the task of writing the Constitution was completed. Though Thomas Jefferson in a letter from Paris condemned this "tying up the tongues" of the delegates it was a wise rule. Madison believed that the Constitution never would have been written had the public been advised of its proceedings in their newspapers from day to day. It was feared that if a delegate committed himself publicly to a proposition, and later wished to change his mind because he had been persuaded to do so by the other delegates, he would be ridiculed in the press as a weakling without deep convictions.

Alexander Hamilton

TO have thirty-nine intelligent men agree on an instrument of government as far-reaching as the Constitution is a difficult task; in fact, it could not be done unless compromises were made. The secrecy rule made it easier for the members of the Convention to change their minds when necessary. And during the Convention the viewpoints of these men shifted frequently; to err is human, to repent, divine.

Alexander Hamilton, probably the most brilliant of the delegates at the Convention, though he was only thirty years of age, stalked out of Independence Hall in disgust and returned to New York. He called the Virginia Plan, which, after being altered, became the Constitution, a hopeless mess. "The people," he said, "are tired of an excess of democracy—what even is the Virginia Plan, but pork still with a little change of sauce." Later Hamilton returned to the Convention, signed the new Constitution, and by his writings in the *Federalist* and his influence on the people of New York became an important factor in the adoption of the Constitution. Had Hamilton's original viewpoint of the Virginia Plan been

known by the public, they would have laughed at him when he tried to persuade them to adopt the Constitution.

The secrecy rule also prevented half-baked criticism by the press and public of each proposition that was advanced and left the members free to offer their ideas without placing their reputations at stake. This informal, off-the-record atmosphere which permitted a man to say what he thought without fearing that it might be held against him, was an important element in the framing of the Constitution.

Method of Representation

THE most debated topic of the Convention was: How shall the number of legislators that each State will have be determined? The States with the largest populations at this time were Pennsylvania, Virginia and Massachusetts. They wanted the number of members in both the Senate and the House of Representatives to be based on population so that instead of having two Senators from each State there would be, as there is now in the House, one Senator from a small State and forty from a large State.

At this time Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland had small populations and realized that if the number of members of the Congress were to be determined by proportional representation they would have far fewer Representatives and Senators than would the large States. The small States feared that the new government would be run by the large States for their own benefit.

Under the Articles of Confederation each State, whether large or small, had but one vote in the Congress. At the Constitutional Convention each State had one vote. Though proportional representation is well embedded in the American way of living today, it was, during the Convention, thought to be a radical departure from the past. The small States felt that they were as good if not better than the large States and could not see why this trick of proportional representation should be used to deprive them of their rights.

Finally through what is known as "the great compromise" our present system was established. The large States reluctantly yielded on the Senate so that there would be two Senators from each State and the small States bitterly consented to proportional representation in the House.

Prior to the adoption of the Constitution the thirteen independent nations had hampered and restricted trade between themselves and with foreign nations by the erection of Chinese tariff walls and other restrictions. Madison wrote that some of the States "having no convenient ports for foreign commerce, were subject to be taxed by their

neighbors, through whose ports their commerce was carried on. New Jersey, placed between Philadelphia and New York, was likened to a cask tapped at both ends; and North Carolina, between Virginia and South Carolina, to a patient bleeding at both arms."

To remedy the trade condition the Constitutional Convention took the power of regulating interstate and foreign commerce away from the States and gave it to the new government. The commerce clause that was adopted read: "The Congress shall have power . . . to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States." By prohibiting the States from taxing interstate and foreign commerce this Convention speeded the growth of large industries in the country. So successful has been the effect of this clause on both foreign and domestic commerce that no one would think of suggesting that this power should be returned to the States.

But there is another aspect of interstate commerce which has been in the forefront of discussions on the New Deal. Are the men who work on goods that are destined to flow between the States, or already have passed between the States, engaged in interstate commerce?

Interstate Commerce

ONE of the hobbies of law professors is to ask students questions like this: If a man standing in the State of New York, just outside the Connecticut border line, fires a shot across the line into Connecticut and kills a man in that State, what court may try the killer for his crime? When the flight of the bullet is traced by the student he discovers that at the outset it was under the jurisdiction of the State of New York, and then, so he thinks, it whistled into the jurisdiction of the Federal government by virtue of the fact that its flight was between two States, and on piercing the body of its victim the bullet was in the State of Connecticut.

In its present form this question smacks of the academic and has the appearance of something that would crop up only in the mind of a law professor who had nothing more to do than worry his students. But suppose instead of a bullet we substitute a sick chicken, or a share of stock, or a ton of coal, or a group of union workers who have made some steel that entered interstate commerce, what is the result? The National Recovery Act, the Securities Exchange Commission, the Guffey Coal Act, the Wagner Labor Act would all be involved, and arguments would arise that would continue far, far into the night; practical arguments that have split the country into New Dealers and Old Dealers. All of these arguments arise from conflicting definitions of the phrase "commerce among the several States"

which the delegates to the Convention placed in the Constitution.

In a recent book, *Storm Over the Constitution*, Irving Brant insists that the Founding Fathers authorized the enactment of such laws as the Federal child labor laws, the NRA, and the Guffey Coal Act, all of which were outlawed by the Supreme Court. "By every definition," writes Irving Brant, "that can be found in the records of the Federal Convention, the implications of national power in our Constitution are broad enough for national necessity. Accept the words of the framers, regardless of their consequences when applied to the magnified field of modern industry, and there no longer will be a constitutional controversy. The power is in the Constitution. The framers put it there, and when we deny its existence, we deny their work."

At the Convention the labor problems which loom so large on our horizon were not discussed because they did not exist then. There were no large corporations then with thousands of underpaid employees. The era of large corporations began after the Civil War. America at this time was chiefly an agricultural country, and land was so cheap at the frontiers that one became an owner by merely walking in and taking possession of it. The poorest of people owned their own home and tilled their own fields.

The members of the Convention knew nothing about minimum wages, child labor, maximum hour or collective bargaining laws. In writing the commerce clause of the Constitution they said neither "yes" nor "no" to these laws. Labor laws were as completely outside the ken of their experience as was the radio. When Irving Brant says that the Founding Fathers authorized labor laws he is talking nonsense. How is it possible for men to write a Constitution and either permit or prohibit something which to their knowledge did not exist?

Modern Developments

IT is the duty of the Supreme Court to interpret the Constitution and apply it to modern development such as labor laws. The Court and not the Founding Fathers, who knew nothing about labor laws, is the one to whom we must look to find out if the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution authorizes the Federal Government to regulate labor conditions. In its recent decision on the commerce clause, dealing with the constitutionality of the Wagner Labor Act, the Supreme Court held that labor performed on goods destined to flow between the States is a part of interstate commerce and subject to regulation by the Federal Government.

In upholding the Wagner Labor Act in the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation case the Court said that a corporation engaged in interstate commerce

which discharges its employees solely because they have joined a union is following a policy which leads to industrial strife and bloody strikes that stop the flow of commerce between the States. And the Wagner Labor Act, which prohibits a company from discharging its employees for union activities, makes for industrial peace, and therefore promotes interstate commerce.

"When industries organize themselves on a national scale," declared the Supreme Court, "making their relation to interstate commerce the dominant factor in their activities, how can it be maintained that their industrial labor relations constitute a forbidden field into which Congress may not enter when it is necessary to protect interstate commerce from the paralyzing consequences of industrial war? We have often said that interstate commerce itself is a practical conception. It is equally true that interferences with that commerce must be appraised by a judgment that does not ignore experience.

"Experience has abundantly demonstrated that the recognition of the right of employees to self-organization and to have representatives of their own choosing for the purpose of collective bargaining is often an essential condition of industrial peace. Refusal to confer and negotiate has been one of the most prolific causes of strife."

These words of the Court, which are the nub of the Wagner Labor Act decision, are extremely important. Today the chief danger to commerce arises from labor disputes that are the outgrowth of starvation wages. The commerce clause which so effectively removed the tariff walls that the States had erected prior to the Constitutional Convention is now to be used by the Federal Government to cope with the great problem of our era. The Constitution is a living, growing instrument of government that was capable of solving the great trade problem of 1787 and which promises to find a solution for the labor problem of 1937.

The Supreme Court

ONE of the least debated topics of the Convention was the Supreme Court which is so discussed to-day. The powers of the Court were first discussed in connection with the veto power of the President. In the Virginia Plan it was proposed that "the Executive and a convenient number of the National Judiciary ought to compose a council of revision with authority to examine every act of the National Legislature before a Negative thereon shall be final. . . ."

This proposal to grant the Supreme Court power to veto a bill before it became a law was rejected by the Convention. The members knew that the Court would have the right to determine whether or not laws were in keeping

with the provisions of the Constitution, and if not, declare them void. Madison said: "A law violating a constitution established by the people themselves, would be considered by the Judges as null and void." The members of the Convention did not wish to have the Supreme Court pass on a law twice, once in conjunction with the President to determine its wisdom, and again when it came before them to determine its constitutionality.

Underlying this argument on the veto power was the assumption that the Court would have the power to declare laws unconstitutional. Many people believe that the Court usurped this power when Chief Justice Marshall first exercised it in the case of *Marbury vs. Madison*. This is not true. The Constitution is brief in referring to this point but it is quite clear. It says: "The judicial power shall extend to all cases . . . arising under this Constitution." All cases included those in which the constitutionality of a law is to be determined.

Doubtful Laws

SINCE I began to give thought to the Constitution it has been my opinion that it is a bad thing for a nation to have laws whose constitutionality is questioned, laws which hang in suspense for over a year before they reach the Supreme Court. For example, the Social Security Act became a law on August 14th, 1935, and its constitutionality was not decided until almost two years later. From January 1, 1937, until the constitutionality of this law was decided 26,000,000 people paid one per cent of their wages, while their employers contributed the same amount, to the government without any certainty about what was going to be done with this money. This uncertainty breeds disrespect for Congress, the Supreme Court, the Constitution, and for the particular law that is shaded with doubt. During the year and nine months that it took to find out whether the Wagner Labor Act was constitutional this law was ignored completely by many employers who, after consulting eminent lawyers, were advised that the Supreme Court would throw it out.

The reason for the delay between the enactment of a law by Congress and a decision on its constitutionality by the Supreme Court is due to the fact that the members of the Convention only wanted the Supreme Court to decide cases that arose out of a real conflict between two parties. They did not wish to make a debating society out of the Court which would decide all legal questions whether they arose from an actual case or not. The Founding Fathers believed it would be unwise for the Court to be asked by Congress to decide the constitutionality of a law that they were

about to enact or had just enacted. They wished, and so stated in the Convention, that there must be a plaintiff suing for a wrong done to him by a defendant in an actual case before the Court was empowered to act.

Throughout the debates of the Convention on the Supreme Court the chief concern of the delegates was to make this Court as independent as they possibly could. It was proposed by a member from Delaware to allow the President, after application had been made in the House and Senate, to remove a judge from this bench. This suggestion was rejected by the convention because, as one of the delegates remarked, "the Judges would be in a bad situation, if made to depend on every gust of faction which might prevail in two branches of our Government."

To make the Supreme Court financially independent the members declared that the salary of the judges was not to be reduced while they held office. Madison and others thought that the compensation of the judges should neither be reduced nor increased during their term of office. Madison feared that the judges might be unduly complaisant to the Congress if this body of men had the power to raise their pay. However, it was finally decided to permit the salary of the judges to be raised by Congress, for it was believed that the country would grow richer with the passage of years and it would be necessary to raise the salary of the judges.

President Roosevelt's bill to increase the number of judges in the Court to a maximum of fifteen is authorized by the Constitution, for the Founding Fathers did not fix the number of judges who were to compose this Court. This power was vested in the Congress. The first Supreme Court had only five members as that was all the first Congress thought to be necessary.

Franklin's Prophecy

WHILE the Convention was in session during this hot summer 150 years ago Benjamin Franklin riveted his eyes on the President's chair, contemplating a picture of the sun that was painted thereon. During the many sessions Franklin had tried to determine whether the sun on the President's chair was rising or setting. Finally on the 17th of September, when the aged Franklin saw the members signing the large parchment on which the new Constitution had been written, he was able to decide whether the sun he saw was rising or setting. It was a rising sun. This rising sun heralded the birth of a new nation, dedicated eternally to the proposition of the Founding Fathers that a government rooted in reason will long endure while a government founded on revolution will wilt before another, mightier sword.

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Wide World Photo

LABOR SEEKS ITS SHARE IN THE NEW PROSPERITY RESULTING FROM THE GREATLY INCREASED OUTPUT OF INDUSTRY

Labor's Share

Profit-Sharing Offers One Solution of the Problem of a Just Wage

By Joseph F. Thorning

THERE are two procedures possible in the campaign against Communism, both necessary, both effective and both outlined with clear, vigorous recommendations by our beloved leader, His Holiness, Pius XI.

The first phase of the battle is, so to speak, negative. It consists in a detailed, scientific analysis of the errors and dangers of atheistic Bolshevism. The second embraces the positive, constructive steps that are needed to remedy the conditions of social injustice and industrial unrest in which Communism breeds. The time has come for renewed emphasis upon the second and more important part of our program of Christian reconstruction.

Above all, it is imperative, in an era of expanding corporate prosperity, to supplement the living wage as well as the family wage in industry by practicable profit-sharing plans. The features

of some recent innovations in this field merit our attention.

Less than two months ago, Mr. Harmon P. Elliott remembered that he had begun his career in the company as an office boy at a wage of fifteen dollars a week. Calling in his 350 workers, he not only announced wage increases totaling \$85,000 annually but also set up an irrevocable trust fund of \$250,000 (one-half of his personal fortune) invested in 7 per cent cumulative stock of the Addressing Machine Company of which he is the president. He added that women office workers would be awarded higher salaries under a special agreement.

The press reports, unfortunately, did not record the religious beliefs of Mr. Harmon P. Elliott. But it is important to note that this employer of labor was actually putting into effect one of the cardinal recommendations of His Holiness, Pius XI. In *Forty Years After—*

Reconstructing the Social Order the Holy Father urges that every laborer should become a property holder, adding that the most feasible way of accomplishing this end is to provide a share of the management, ownership, or profit for the people employed in industry. This is one expression of the Christian ideal of social justice.

Nor should we overlook the philosophy of reward for labor which the president of the Addressing Machine Company elaborated on the day he welcomed his workers into partnership. He promised that in the event his business is discontinued, sold, or merged, the principal of the \$250,000 trust will be divided among all employees, according to length of service. Then follows a sentence that sounds as if it might have been copied literally from the encyclical of Leo XIII, *The Condition of Labor*. In 1891, the Sovereign Pontiff pointed

out to industrialists that a living wage was "the first charge on industry," taking precedence over dividends for stockholders or bonuses for directors or officers of administration. In 1937, the Cambridge business man announces his practical application of the principle in these words:

"And in case the company's earnings fall off, the trust fund dividends will be paid in full before dividends on any other stock, including my own."

Another recognition of the same correct Christian concept of property was furnished earlier in the year by President Rich of the George R. Rich Manufacturing Company. This concern specializes in the production of automobile valves. Taking his 158 employees into partnership, President Rich offered them \$1,500 worth of stock apiece and the right to elect three directors to the corporation's board of eight. First dividends will go to employee stockholders. Employee directors will act as a permanent shop grievance committee and serve on a wage committee to keep pay in line with living costs. This plan, it was claimed by Mr. Rich, "offers an effective and perpetual solution of the capital-labor controversy."

It is interesting to observe that the Eastman Kodak Company of Rochester, New York, authorized the payment of a dividend to labor in the first quarter of the current year that almost doubled the sum of money distributed to stockholders in the form of dividends. In other words, on isolated fronts of the industrial world, we are witnessing the inauguration of a policy of Labor Shares. It is a policy thoroughly consistent with the Papal program of social reconstruction. Indeed, profit-sharing is instanced by the Sovereign Pontiff as the most effective method of bringing the laborer into the magic circle of the property-holding class.

WHEREVER this plan has been adopted, it has met with overwhelming success. For years the Endicott Johnson Shoe Company has been liberalizing its dividend policy in favor of the worker with results that are happy in the extreme. Every worker in this corporation knows that he and his companions will receive, share for share on the basis of seniority and merit, every dollar that the business earns over costs and dividends to stockholders.

The plan is thorough-going and efficient. Homes are provided at cost. The average weekly wage exceeds \$27.00 with explicit provision for free hospitalization, medical care and recreational facilities. Every worker naturally feels that he has a stake in the company and will participate *pro rata* in corporate progress as well as profits.

Is it surprising then that at a time when troops had been called out to pre-

vent injury to life and property in the automobile industry, the 19,000 employees of the Endicott Johnson Shoe Corporation voluntarily circulated and signed a pledge of loyalty to Mr. George F. Johnson, chairman of the board. The testimonial was couched in the following terms:

"At this time when industrial strife is rampant throughout the nation, when capital and labor are in the throes of suspicion and distrust with each other, each hurling open accusations at the other and attempting to impair the security of industry by their efforts to dominate, we want to stand fast by that old proverb: 'Hold fast to that which is good.'"

MIKE KINGSLEY, who headed the committee of workers, added that his 19,000 colleagues realized what the Endicott Johnson policy of profit-sharing meant to them and as a sign of confidence and loyalty would like to acquaint the public with the details of the Endicott-Johnson plan.

Profit-sharing is not the only feature of the Papal program of social justice. His Holiness, Pius XI, insists that provision should be made for the worker against the hazards of sickness, accident and old age. At this point it should be observed that the Federal system of social security, although providing many benefits for both industrial and clerical workers, does not offer any protection for the millions of men and women in domestic service. Nor do those who are hired for work on the farm enjoy any privileges under the Act. Obviously, a voluntary plan to insure for these employees some measure of security in the future would find strong support in the Papal pronouncements. Indeed, both *The Condition of Labor* and *Reconstructing the Social Order* are explicit in their vindication of the rights of all workers. Since it is estimated that there are about 21,000,000 workers in the United States who are excluded from the provisions of the Social Security Act, this is evidently a matter of large significance, if not importance.

At least one employer has seen the inadequacy of the present law and is endeavoring in the sphere of his own household to remedy the deficiency. Mr. Gerard Swope, chairman of the board of General Electric, has taken the initiative in this respect. After consultation with experts on actuarial figures and others with experience in the insurance field, he has devised a plan which has already been put into operation among the domestic servants of his estates at Ossining, New York. It should be noted at the outset that there is no compulsory feature in the proposal. Each domestic is free to elect or reject the plan. According to Mr. Swope's statement on the subject, the new social security pro-

gram involves the contribution of equal amounts by employer and employee toward the purchase of United States Savings Bonds, computed for both parties to the transaction at the rate of one per cent of the annual salary. The sum accumulated in this manner and invested in United States Savings Bonds will produce a return of approximately 2.9 per cent, which is better than the average savings bank rate.

At any rate, it is heartening to see that a number of employers are anticipating the needs of their employees as well as actively interesting themselves in the practical application of some of the principles that were so eloquently propounded by Leo XIII over forty-five years ago. Everybody knows that the Federal Social Security Act with its tax on industrial payrolls and enormous paraphernalia of administration is cumbersome enough without further extensions to classes of workers not covered by the legislation. For some years in the future, the act will be in the trial-and-error stage. As long as this condition prevails it is the part of wisdom for private employers not to wait for public inspiration to deliver another Omnibus Social Security Act at the front doorstep. The obligation in charity and justice to co-operate with domestic workers and farm laborers in some scheme of social insurance is all the more serious now that other groups in the population have been able to obtain protection.

ONE of the above-mentioned industrialists in a talk to his workmen declared:

"I hope and believe that this idea of mine will be followed by thousands of American manufacturers who feel toward their old employees as I do.

"Why not have the pleasure of handing our own money to those we feel should get it not in our wills after our death, but while we are still active and healthy and can have the satisfaction and pleasure of doing it?"

Certainly, if these business men believe that it is refreshing to the soul to take cognizance of the social implications of their position in life, there will be others who will examine the above plans on their merits and adopt such as fit the needs of the particular industries or households they manage. If so, Communism will recede into the background and both society and religion will be the gainers. Pius XI does more than condemn and criticize Bolshevism; His Holiness in the most significant social document of this generation calls for the reconstruction of society on the basis of a status of owner, or manager or profit-sharer for the worker. *Reconstructing the Social Order* is the best, the complete, the only answer to the new Constitution of Soviet Russia.

Catholics and Peace

World Peace Is an Objective Constantly Sought By Catholics. Marxists Attempt to Give the Impression That They Are the Sole Champions of Peace

By Norman McKenna

WHILE there are Catholics who seek to be more Catholic than the Pope in many questions, few of us are nearly as Catholic as the Pope on the question of world peace. The very word peace has unfortunately been bandied about so carelessly that very little remains of its true meaning. Because the true concept of peace has been lost in the popular mind, peace-making efforts and peace movements have similarly been misunderstood. In face of this misunderstanding of the peace movement, everything said in favor of Christian peace advocacy has to be prefaced by careful explanation that the peace sought by Christians is a true and valid peace, not to be confused with the illusory concepts of peace which others, humanitarians and idealists, have in mind.

Peace, in the Catholic concept, is the tranquillity of order. That is the definition supplied by St. Augustine. Another classic definition is found in the words of St. Thomas Aquinas: "Peace is the effect of which charity is the cause." Coming up to our own day, the Holy Father has made it plain that the peace he seeks is "the peace of Christ in the reign of Christ," and he has spoken so plainly and so often in the cause of peace that he has come to be known as the Pope of Peace.

It does seem strange, then, in view of all the Papal pronouncements, and there have been many, in favor of world peace, to find Catholics shying away from discussions of peace as if world peace were but another snare set by the Third International in the hope of disarming democratic nations for the benefit of world revolution. Is world peace a Marxist dream, or a Catholic objective? The Church claimed world peace for its own long before the Third International was dreamed of. In *Nostis Errorum*, an allocution delivered on February 11th, 1889, Leo XIII wrote: "Nothing, then, is more important than to avert from Europe the danger of war, and thus all that can be done toward this end must be considered as a work of public safety."

What of disarmament? The Communists and other idealists in our midst advocate disarmament. Should we, as Catholics, urge our country to keep its

armaments within defense limitations? Leo XIII in the same allocution warns: "The menacing increase of armies is calculated rather to excite rivalry and suspicion than to repress them. It troubles men's minds by a restless expectation of coming disasters and meanwhile it weighs down the citizens with expenses so heavy that one may doubt whether they are not even more intolerable than war itself."

We could go on quoting from one papal document after another, from those of Leo XIII to the more recent ones of the presently reigning Holy Father, and all would point to the same answer: the Church wishes world peace, and wishes all Catholics to exert every effort to establish and protect world peace. One can read those two wishes plainly in numerous statements by the Popes who have reigned in modern times, but it may be that this assurance is not quite the answer many Catholics seek for the questions which trouble their minds about contemporary peace movements.

The questions asked by Catholics about the peace movement sweeping America seem to rise out of prejudice against the movement because the Marxists and some idealists appear to be leading it, and also because the Catholic position on world peace is so poorly understood.

These prejudices can be disposed of by pointing out that the peace movement is too varied in approach to be under the control of any one group. Strictly speaking, the Marxists have no right to be counted as a peace-making group, for although their organization, The American League Against War and Fascism, says that it wants world peace, yet it preaches and practices class war. The Christian peacemaker does not have to co-operate with such a group, nor even lend it his sympathies.

IF THE Catholic interested in peace, or curious about it, finds the approach of certain humanitarian peace organizations unrealistic, he need not, therefore, condemn the whole peace movement. The naturalistic humanitarians, with their optimistic idealism, their incomplete comprehension of human nature, we will always have with

us. They hope to establish international brotherhood according to the golden rule. But no Catholic has to follow their lead in attempting to make men love one another for purely human reasons.

A Catholic may entertain still another prejudice against the peace movement, based on his refusal to sympathize with those who contend that Christians should be conscientious objectors to all war. Yet such an extreme position is held by only a few Catholics, and the position itself is not an integral part of the Catholic peace effort. Catholic conscientious objectors maintain that all war of today is intrinsically evil, which is a matter of opinion, an issue on which Catholics may justifiably disagree, and further, they are strangely silent on the Christian's civic duties to the State, although Leo XIII devoted a whole encyclical to a discussion of such duties, in *Sapientiae Christianae*.

THE Catholic seeking peace need not sympathize with the Marxists, nor use Marxist methods; neither does he have to follow the reasoning of humanitarian idealists who look forward to a warless, diseaseless world; nor does he have to take any extreme positions, and oppose all war as intrinsically evil. On the contrary, one can be the most orthodox of Catholics, and be the most outspoken, the most active, in the cause of peace. Prejudices can be educated away, but after that negative stage of education has been completed, a positive stage must be entered upon: the Catholic must be taught the Catholic position on peace and war.

The first thing to be learned about the Church's position is that the Church insists that war and peace be made in accordance with moral principles. If war be deemed necessary at any time, then the rulers of the nation are morally obliged to keep the preparations for war within the bounds of moral law, so that war may be averted, if at all possible. Rulers must exhaust every peaceful means; they must have certain, grave cause for making war; the waging of the war must be proportionate in evil to the evil presently suffered; the methods used must be kept subject to the laws of charity and justice—the lives of non-

Classroom

By Mary Fabyan Windeatt



HIS is a face da Vinci would have known—
Lean, quick and dark, with eyes that sweep and range,
And hands so sensitive—a voice with change
And havoc-wreaking challenge in its tone.
Him, thrice a week they gather there to hear,
To glimpse his scholar's wit, his keen-edged tongue;
And oh, how pitiful they are, and young,
These children of our vision, blood and tear!

Somehow their ears are deaf to any plea,
The great world beckons and their feet must go,
The music calls and winds begin to blow
Though Truth be scoffed, and scorned the bended knee.
"God is a fable!" . . . Lo, through passing days
Are pencils busy putting down the phrase.

combatants respected, sacred and non-fortified places left undisturbed. The conditions set forth by Catholic theologians as requisite for a war to be just are exacting and complete. To know the Church's position on world peace, one must know those conditions. They are best explained in Franciscus Stratman's book, *The Church and War*.

The next question in order is: What happened when the Church sought to apply these moral strictures? One of the results was the Truce of God, which successfully suppressed feudal warfare in western Europe. Other good results can be found in abundance in the history of Papal intervention through the ages, even down to modern times, when Leo XIII arbitrated a dispute between Germany and Spain over the Caroline Islands. During the World War Benedict XV made several efforts to find some points of agreement as preliminary to a peace conference, but his efforts were balked by war-minded rulers or their ambitious diplomats.

In addition to Papal intervention and Papal appeals for peace, Catholic bishops and Catholic rulers were most energetic in the effort to keep peace. The Papacy always relied on the episcopacy for co-operation in the maintenance or restoration of peace. In 1930 we find the Holy Father, in his reply to the Cardinals' greeting at Christmas time saying: "The glory and the duty of this apostolate of peace belongs principally to us and to

all those who are called to be the Ministers of the God of Peace; but here is also a vast and magnificent field of action for the whole of the Catholic laity, whom we do not cease to invite and to call to participate in this Apostolate of the hierarchy."

A very able and scholarly exposition of the Church's position on world peace is to be found in John Eppstein's splendid work, *Catholic Tradition of the Law of Nations*. In this monumental work the author traces the development of the Catholic teaching on peace from the first pronouncements of the early Church Fathers to the most recent statements of Pius XI during the Italo-Ethiopian War. Every phase of the peace problem is treated from the Catholic viewpoint, so that if one would talk intelligently about the Catholic peace effort, one must know Eppstein's book.

So much for the principles and the practice in the past; what is the Catholic to think about modern war? John K. Ryan of the Catholic University says that modern war is total war, that is, it involves whole nations, and leaves none to be non-combatants. For factual information about modern war, one must refer to Fr. Ryan's masterly treatise, *Modern War and Basic Ethics*.

But objective moral codes, history, facts and figures will not bring us peace unless we have the peace-making spirit, a spirit of true Christian charity for all men. World peace is something which

demands a unity of hearts and minds, a unity to be found only in "that bond of perfection, charity." For the source of the true Christian spirit, we must go to the liturgy, and for a comprehension of the power of the liturgy, and of the efficacy and necessity of spiritual means, we recommend a recent book, *Peace and the Clergy*, written by a German priest. The value of the liturgy as a source of inspiration for Christian action is unfortunately not widely enough appreciated by modern Catholics. Yet Pius X called the liturgy "the primary and indispensable source of the true Christian spirit," and Pius XI is ever reiterating his plea, "Pray for peace!"

It is noteworthy that the European Catholic peace groups all make provision for the frequent celebration of Masses for peace. The ordinary of the Mass is itself an inspiration to Christian peace-making, while in the proper of many Masses will be found prayers most appropriate to the cause of Christian peace. Of all the Masses in the Church Year perhaps none is more pertinent to the Catholic peace movement than the Mass of Christ the King, in which is found this prayer: "That the families of all the nations, separated by the wound of sin, may be united under His most sweet rule." In that brief prayer the Church analyzes the whole peace problem, and offers its solution: recognition by all men of the Kingship of Christ. The wonderful power of intelligent and devout participation in the liturgy was quickly realized by Catholic peace advocates, and now, as if by common discovery and assent, the Catholic peace movement in America and Europe is centering about this great Feast. Last year some fifty odd Catholic colleges in America held special observances of the Feast on their campuses, following corporate attendance at the Mass of the Feast in the college chapel, and there is indication that a still greater and wider participation will be seen this year.

THERE are, then, two things Catholics can do if they would be as Catholic as the Church in their peace efforts: pray for peace, and study Catholic teachings on peace. The first they can do by participation in the liturgy; the second by study of the peace encyclicals, of books like Mr. Eppstein's, and of the pamphlets issued by the Catholic Association for International Peace. These are the first steps on the road to peace; others will be seen to follow in order, as Catholic advocates for peace turn their attention to economic and political problems. The true Christian spirit, the true Christian attitude toward peace will in time bear fruit in a more just orientation of national policies, and in a saner, broader viewpoint of world problems on the part of the people.



By Joachim Isekes, C.P., Wuki, Hunan

FLOWERED BRIDGE MISSION

By Dominic Langenbacher, C. P.

IT IS usually a lovely place, the mission section of Hwa Chiao, or *Flowered Bridge*, and Holy Week and Easter made our out-mission there all the more pleasing in a new way. This year, for the first time since Christ's Passion and Glorification, the annual services commemorating and re-presenting those mysteries were celebrated there.

Out from Supu Central Mission, along the valley road we went: two altar boys, Peter the muleteer and myself on the mule. Peter is also the cook. We made the ten miles and more in good time, considering there was rain and a heavy March wind blowing against us all the way. But if the weather did not keep the Christians from church the following days, it was all worth while. And it did not keep them away, for there was a record attendance of nearly forty each day, with a good share of Confessions and Communion. And the poor people came from distances ranging from three to ten miles.

There were not very many beautiful things with which to adorn the altar and Repository for Holy Thursday. But surely the dear Lord must have been very much pleased with the fervor of the good people at Holy Mass, in receiving Him in Holy Communion on the day of His giving us the Blessed Sacrament, and in the way they kept visiting the altar of exposition day and night. Surely, too, He must bless this place with an outpouring of grace for

the numberless poor pagans who surround the faithful flock here and for whom our group prayed most earnestly.

Good Friday saw the Christians gather in even greater numbers to commemorate Our Lord's Passion and Death. Of course we could not sing the Passion as you do in your large churches, but while the priest read it at the altar, the local catechists read it most sympathetically in Chinese from the rear of the little chapel. All present, old and young, listened to the story most attentively. As they knew full well the meaning of the *Improperia* from the explanations of the services given before they began, it was edifying to see the way they entered into the spirit of the prayers for all the world on that day of days. Especially did they beseech the Lord for their country, their pagan relatives, their neighbors and our good catechumens.

The unveiling of the crucifix (and would that it could have been one of our large Mission crucifixes) made an evident impression on them; for when they came to kiss its feet, even though their manner of interpreting this was as usual only to breathe on them, their devotion was most touching. The blind, the lame, the sick, young and old, mothers with infants in their arms: all came to kneel at the feet of their crucified Master.

Not long after the Mass of the Pre-sanctified, the *Tre Ore* found them gathered together again from twelve to

three, for the Rosary, the Stations of the Cross, Passion prayers and three sermons. The sermons were preached by each of two catechists followed by the priest. It was most consoling the way these catechists, not long converted from paganism, interpreted the Passion of our Lord and the Sorrows of His Mother, while the devotion of the people was evident throughout the three hours.

Holy Saturday found us in our own humble way trying to vie with the big churches at home in celebrating the Resurrection—preceded by the recitation of the long prophecies, etc. However, the altar was adorned becomingly with all the candles and flowers we could obtain. The meaning of it all was not lost on the people when the bells rang out the message of the Resurrection at the *Gloria* of the Mass.

SATURDAY afternoon saw the Chinese coming in from far and near, as after Good Friday the weather changed from rain, clouds and wind to beautiful Easter sunshine. One of the catechists had remarked during his instruction on Good Friday, that God wanted us to feel just a little of His Passion on that day. In order that all might be reminded of how to make a good confession for Easter, the crowd while sitting out on the lawn enjoying the sunshine, listened to an instruction from a local catechist in their own dialect. The language of this place differs

considerably from the Mandarin Chinese in use in most of our other Missions. After this talk, the priest drove home its lessons with questions here and there, getting the assurance that even the most backward among them knew well what they were about.

As the shades of evening fell we gathered in the chapel for our final Easter preparation, a beautiful instruction on the life of Our Lord with emphasis on His triumph of the Resurrection. The usual night prayers were followed by Easter confessions.

Old cronies who had not met in a long time sat around the charcoal fire till late in the night talking about the local happenings as, for instance, development of the railroad soon to be built from Changsha to Kweichow. They listened to the latest news from the priest about their own and foreign countries. They calculated on how the wheat and vegetable oil plants would turn out etc., while the merry play of the young folk romping about on the lawn in a paschal moonlight sounded cheerily through all the compound.

Easter Sunday began for us at sunrise. Then the Mission bell pealed out its blessed message that the Lord was risen. An hour before, the cooks were up, getting hot water ready to serve the crowd of visitors. And now everybody was out with their towel or piece of some kind of cloth to wash and tidy up in even poverty's best, for all the world to see at least all the world of Hwa Chiao. More and more out of town Christians kept coming in, until we were



A SUNNY SMILE FROM HUNAN

satisfied that all who could come were present. The newcomers went to confession. When the Mission bell rang out joyfully once more, it called to the Church the little congregation of about fifty for High Mass. They sang it with a triumphant gusto, evidently entering into the meaning of Our Lord's Resurrection as they prayed before all their pagan friends who crowded into the Church on this Easter morn. Of their poverty they had given generously towards the Easter collection as well as to the fire-cracker fund, which best of

all would tell the fervor of their hearts.

After Mass and prayers, while we were gathered out on the lawn for twenty minutes, all we could hear was the merry sound of fire-crackers, large and small, the peal of the Church bells and the delighted cries of the little children. This part of the feast over, there was the greeting between priest and people of a Happy Easter, also to the catechists and among themselves until we were brought down to earth again by the announcement that *Tsao Fan*, or the morning meal, was ready. All took their places before a good meal of pork (and how rarely these poor people do get pork), loads of rice and vegetables. Today they could eat their fill and they did, happy and contented with good words all around, happy in the company of old friends, their priests and catechists and the best the Church could give them. Later there was the baptism of an infant girl, for which all the crowd assembled in the Church once more before they started for home.

And now the happy crowd has left the Mission, after a farewell greeting to their priest, catechist and one another. Surely God must have been greatly pleased with them. We shall miss their happy company, as all is quite silent again after four days of it. But in a few days we shall be with at least some of them again, as we travel around the Mission stations and tramp about the country "campaigning for Christ." In outlying villages and at roadsides whenever the good people come out, we take care of their sick and aged.

All Aboard at Chenki!

By James Lambert, C. P.

WITH rattle of drums and blaring of bugles, the little caravan of autos was hailed into old Chenki. Some two hundred officials were making an inspection tour of China's new roads. The Governor of Hunan himself was in the cortege. And the citizens had turned out in great numbers to greet him. But, lest anything untoward should occur while these great officials were in town, the soldiers had blocked the streets leading to the road. And the people had to be content with a glimpse from afar.

This was a few days ago. Once more the townsfolk walk along the fine stretch of level highway or stand about the bus station watching the autos come tearing into town, with honking of horns and clouds of dust. No matter how careful a driver may be along the way, once familiar landmarks tell him he is near-

ing a town he puts on a burst of speed. And the car comes rushing into the station like something that is a cross between one of these fiery dragons of old and the Twentieth Century Limited.

The Governor of Hunan will escort the inspectors to the border town of Hwanghsien, and then return through this town. Well may he be proud of the roads now running through his territory, and the efficient service rendered by the employees of the bus company.

Some two short years ago, an auto road was a thing unknown in this part of Hunan. The highways between the towns consisted of foot paths, worn hard and smooth by the tread of countless travelers through many long years. When a missionary started out on a journey he would gather together his

cooking utensils, bedding, and some extra clothing. He then climbed into a chair or aboard a suspicious looking mule. Usually he spent many days on the road. Now he stuffs an extra shirt into a handbag, steps into a bus and is at his destination in a few hours.

And the scenery along the way is wonderful. In a short trip from this town to Chihkiang, I passed hillsides covered with trees in blossom, orange groves—the picked fruit lying in great mounds beneath the branches—quaint old hamlets, and mountains whose tops were covered with snow.

Nor is the journey without thrills. The road winds along the sides of steep mountains. Many a horseshoe turn is taken along the way. Sometimes one looks out of the front window of the bus, and sees, not the road, but the

tops of trees far below. A false turn of the wheel and one might wake up in another life, to find oneself soaring higher than any tree tops. Or perhaps falling lower than the foot of any mountain!

Riding in the back seat is quite an experience. As one missionary remarked after a particularly severe journey, he was more tired and sore than if he had been riding a mule for three days. I never rode a mule. But if it is anything like riding that back seat, I do not want to ride one. One missionary complains of quite a crick in his neck, from the time he hit the ceiling. The first time that I rode in that seat was an event not to be forgotten. When we started out, the going was fine. Gradually it became rougher. And when I finally climbed out of the bus I found the reason for this was that the springs in the seat had parted company. After that I kept nearer the driver.

TRAVELING in a bus is very new to the people of western Hunan. And many of them develop symptoms similar to those of seasickness. They are in real agony before the trip is ended. More than one dignified gentleman has lost face; and his dinner too. But, as one old lady remarked in so many words, "It does not matter! This is a bus!"

A rare sight indeed was an auto in the early days. Some of the country folk, seeing the bus speeding down the highway, would run far out into the fields on either side of the road or hasten to a telegraph pole and cling to it. The people became accustomed to the autos, however, and in time paid little attention to them. Sometimes the bus passes a company of mounted soldiers on the way. Then the driver must proceed slowly. The soldiers must dismount and take firm hold of the bridle reins. I have seen army mules take one good look at the queer thing coming up the road and then try their best to climb a cliff.

An old water buffalo decides that the auto road is a fine place to promenade. It is then that the driver of the bus must use extra precaution. The water buffalo is usually so gentle that a little child may ride upon its back, and lead it where he will. But let such a beast go on a rampage and a dozen men could not handle him. Hence the driver slows down. He honks the horn. At first the old buffalo pays no attention. Then it dawns on him that some strange creature is following him. He starts off on a slow jog trot, keeping, however, to the center of the road. This goes on for some time, much to the disgust of a few passengers who are in a hurry, and the amusement of the many who are not. Finally this grotesque sort of race begins to tell on the old buffalo. He



CONTRAST THESE ROADS WITH THE TRAILS OF FR. BASIL BAUER'S ARTICLE.

steps aside puffing for breath, while the driver, with a clear road ahead, endeavors to make up for lost time.

There are so many people wishing to ride in the bus that at times there is not enough room to accommodate them when the car passes through town. The usual custom is to register one's name at the ticket office beforehand. If your name is fourth on the list, you are entitled to the fourth ticket to be sold. Perhaps there are only three vacant seats when the auto arrives in Chenki. If that is the only bus to go through that day, then you must live in hopes of being more fortunate another day. Some people have waited three days and more. Gradually new cars are being put on the road, however. We may soon hope to make the trip to the station confident that we shall not have to wait for hours before getting a bus.

Not long ago, two people boarded the bus at the terminal town. Evidently it was their first experience in this method of travel. They had quite some baggage and promptly proceeded to pile it in the aisle, to the annoyance of other passengers. Then they looked at the number on their tickets. Numbers one and three. When they went to claim their seats, they found them already occupied. Then and there an argument started. That only annoyed the passengers more. The occupants of the seats produced tickets, and they also read "one" and "three"! This was strange. A bus man was called. He was perplexed. Then he decided two busses must be starting, and one pair of tickets was for the second bus. Just then a bright young man asked if he might look at the tickets. He discovered that in the heat of argument, everyone had neglected to look at the destination. The folks with much baggage had tickets for the Huayuan bus. But this happened to be the Chihkiang bus. Much subdued

and beginning to feel smaller than the tickets, they disembarked. By this time the other passengers were so aroused that no one would help them.

THE other day a priest passed through this town. From early morning until noon, he had been waiting for a bus at a town down river. He could secure passage only as far as Chenki. Fortunately there was another bus starting from Chenki, and going in his direction. But there were also many people anxious to ride in that bus. So elated was the missionary at finding that second car, however, that he hastened aboard and secured a good seat. Then he remembered the baggage on the first auto. A fine predicament to be in!

If he stayed where he was he might lose the baggage. If he did not stay there, he would lose the seat. But a sagacious individual was this missionary. He told me to come in and sit down, while he looked for the baggage. When he returned the seat was still reserved for him. I have often bewailed my inability to comprehend everything folks were saying. Such inability was a blessing that day. What some of those folks, who were looking for a seat might have been saying, was probably very interesting.

The bus windows are covered with canvas, instead of glass. If you close all the windows you are enveloped in darkness. If you open all the windows you are covered with dust. But do not grumble over a little thing like that. The driver is skillful and courteous. The scenery on the way is fine. As for the bus:

We pay our fare,
It gets us there,
So
Why make a fuss?
That's all, dear folks!

Beatings and Bandits

By Basil Bauer, C. P.

RUMORS—and more than rumors, float around this town. Some of them remain poppycock rumors, but more often than not they turn out to be stern, ugly reality. Always from lip to lip, with no newspapers and no placards to spread the word, events in the nation as well as happenings in the village, are passed on. If you keep your eyes open and have someone posted to report the items of talk, you'll have enough facts for many days of sober thought.

There lives—or rather, there used to live—next door to our Mission one of the town's most flourishing merchants, a Mr. Yang by name. Three months ago his store was entered but very little was stolen. Evidently the thieves could not find what they were after so they bided their time, and one night, two months later, they decided they knew where their prize was and how and when to get it. At midnight they got through a small window, passed the sleeping help and entered the room of the merchant himself. Silently they took with them a box containing all the family heirlooms and quite a bit of money—three thousand dollars to be exact.

No one saw the robber or robbers and hence nothing much could be done. That was what we thought. But the merchant thought otherwise. He pointed out to the military that he suspected his water-carrier and one of the help in the store, together with the watchman paid by the people to sleep near the spring outside our Mission gate. (You see, there had been rumors of other springs being poisoned and the people here were not going to risk having their drinking water spoiled.)

So these three men were taken to the jail and questioned. The usual order was reversed . . . the questions were asked later. First there came a beating, on the backs of the thighs—a severe beating, not just a mere tapping. A hundred strokes of the bamboo usually leave the flesh in ribbons. Then the men were questioned. For several days questions were put to them but all three continually persisted in proclaiming their innocence and things were left at this pass.

Then a week later word came from a place twenty-five miles away that the real thief had been caught. He was flush with money and his wife had been wearing more jewelry than a rich man's wife could afford. When the people of the

locality first tried to capture him he swam the river and almost got away. But finally he was held and brought here together with his wife.

When he was led into the prison and saw the three other suspects he singled out one, the night watchman at the spring. He glared at this fellow: "So," he said, "you weren't with me, eh? You know as well as I do that when I passed the spring I gave you a thousand dollars to keep your mouth shut!" The other two men, he agreed, were innocent and the merchant had to pay each of them a hundred dollars for being wrongly accused and beaten.

And now came the beating of the thief himself and the questioning. He was

beaten and asked where he had hidden the rest of the money, for he did not have the full amount on his person. After different kinds of torture, he finally told them that if they carried him to the hill he would show them where he hid the box. A soldier carried him on his back, and he directed them to where he had placed the box in some bushes, but no money was found—only some silk cloth. That night, despite the terrific torture that he had undergone and his contention that he could not walk, he climbed over the wall and started his get-away. But he was seen escaping, and was chased almost a half-mile before he was again captured.

This time the soldiers were not going



A GRIM WARNING TO THE LAWLESS. FR. BASIL BAUER, C.P. TELLS THE STORY OF OUTLAWS IN HIS DISTRICT

to chance his getting away. They made a chain of wire and looped one link through the ligament of his foot above his heel, and fastened the other end to the wall. Now and then they would give it a yank and demand where the rest of the money was. Finally he told them and they found the hiding place of most of the money, though some was still missing.

THE chap, who admitted that he had received the thousand dollars from the thief, claimed that he had given it to this and that person, until the soldiers knew that he was lying. After some more severe torture he finally said, "All right, I'll tell you, but don't torture me any more." He then named his uncle, who had a hotel just below the Mission. His uncle was taken into custody and questioned, but denied it absolutely. He was beaten, but persisted in his denial.

Shortly after this, the three of them were taken to Yungshun, and are still there. Just what the outcome will be, no one can say. Some say that the thief will be imprisoned for life, others say that he will be executed. A thousand dollars is still missing, but the merchant has given up all interest in the case. He had to pay out over half of what he recovered, and told the military that he was finished with the case. The military, however, want the rest of the money, and will stick to the case until they can get something further out of it.

Justice up here in the country is still of the old kind. Nanking, of course, has laws that resemble the best in other countries, but it will take time to have their influence felt all over the country. I have hesitated somewhat, I admit, in describing some of these details. They could easily be offensive to delicate feelings at home while giving an exaggerated idea of ordinary conditions over here.

Still, what an answer our own Chinese can make to horrified Americans by pointing to your big metropolitan dailies which favor groups whom they know to be committing unpardonable atrocities with Catholic Christian civilization. The Chinese know that many newspapers are encouraging by their free publicity the Reds whom their own correspondents have acknowledged as the executioners of hundreds of non-combatants in Spain, with an inhuman brutality of torture that would shock the worst pagan soldier here.

Rumors about bandits are persistent, and will not give us peace. Ever since the Chinese Reds came through this place and robbed it right and left, killing indiscriminately, the local people have now and then dug up their old rifles, or taken their spears and gone on a rampage themselves. Gangs of from



THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME! BOYS FROM A MISSION SCHOOL GET READY FOR A SWIM

five to fifteen, sometimes more, roam the countryside. They usually stay near to their houses, so that in the event the soldiers should come they could easily skip home, and show themselves busy about their farming when questioned. But these bandits are not the most damaging ones. When the provincial troops came up to drive out the Reds, they stayed here. The local troops were gradually being disbanded. Among them were several generals who did not like the idea of having their guns taken from them. So they took to the mountains, doing what they pleased and going wherever they could, just avoiding the provincial troops.

Efforts were made by men from Nanking to bring them back into the regular army. Two or three of them submitted and were given posts, though not in this section. Then one of them was killed and his guns destroyed. Half of his men got away with their guns, and joined with the men who wouldn't have anything to do with the government. Now in this district we have a gang of about three thousand ex-soldiers who are bandits. These men, traveling from place to place, bring havoc and terror among the people. They take what they want. Usually they kidnap some man or woman who has plenty of money or fields. This is usually a sure source of revenue for the bandits.

Three weeks ago half of the gang were five miles from Wangtsun and robbed a city there in broad daylight. Rumors were flying thick and fast that they were going to raid Wangtsun that night. All the men of importance and those who had money went down to the river and hid themselves on boats, so that at the first sign of any danger they could slip downstream and be safe. What was I to do? The idea of running away was distasteful to me. I guess I was too lazy to get a few things together and slip off to the country.

I reasoned the whole thing this way.

That very morning they had robbed and cleaned out Nieh Hsi, taking with them over twenty people for ransom, so if they came here they could not carry away very much with them. As regards fighting when they got here, that was out of the question. There were less than a hundred soldiers in town, who would go to the mountain-tops just as soon as the bandits showed themselves. Otherwise they would surely be beaten and lose their guns. This would not be good policy, as it would make it more difficult to defeat the bandits in the end.

THAT evening all was quiet and I went to bed, giving my gateman instructions that as soon as he heard anything he was to call me. If the bandits came I wanted time to consume the Blessed Sacrament, and to get out the back gate. Strange to say, I lost little sleep that night. I did wake up three times, but since all was quiet I figured my reasoning was correct. The next day dawned without a disturbance.

It was these same bandits who held up a convoy of boats and robbed them. Some provincial troops were escorting the boats up the river to Wangtsun, when the bandits came upon them. The soldiers were only one hundred in number, and were inexperienced. The bandits numbered seven to eight hundred. As their ammunition was very scarce they threw stones down on the soldiers. The road being very narrow along the river the soldiers had nothing to do but run. They left the boats to the mercy of the bandits who did a complete job of plundering. What they could not carry away, they piled up and set afire. Incidentally, the pay for the soldiers of this district was on the boats. That was the main reason for the attack.

Orders came from headquarters to get these men. The soldiers, converging on them from three sides, finally surrounded them on a high mountain. It had but one road leading to the top, a

level plateau ten miles in length. There was no going up or coming down. It appeared that the only method was to starve them out. To surround the entire mountain meant to spread out the soldiers, which required the enlistment of some of the local militia. This was the mistake, for ten days later the men on the mountain were let down at night. A few of them had a conference with a local chap, who threw in his lot with the bandits, and allowed them to get away.

THE business of getting down the mountain was hard. They fastened seven bolts of cloth together as an escape rope. Each bolt is about forty-eight feet long. Allowing forty feet for each one after a knot was tied, the drop was well over two hundred and fifty feet. It took all night. No less than thirty-five men dropped to their death, either through the cloth slipping, or their inability to hang on. The chap who engineered their escape decamped with the bandits. The soldiers guarded the place until the next evening, before they learned that their birds had flown.

The latest report is that all of the bandits have joined together and are making for the province of Hupeh. They will not be able to stay there long, for the Hupeh soldiers are after them, and our Hunan soldiers are on the march after them from this side. But even with soldiers in back and in front of them the probability is that they will slip out in the end. They usually do.

I have just come in from a trip to one of my stations. I have been wanting



TWO OF FR. BASIL'S HELPERS. THE COOK IS PROUD OF HIS WHITE APRON

to go there for months, but the roads were too bandit-ridden. This time it was safe for awhile, so I made the visit. From the Mission station I intended to go five miles further on, but found it was impossible. The road was safe only as far as I had travelled. Had I gone off the road a mile, I would have run into bandits. I wanted to see several Christian families, and some children I knew wanted baptism. But no luck this time. Even now, the road I just travelled is not safe. The bandits are spotting all the people who use it. It would not be well for me to take a chance, for while some of the bandits would not molest me, I might run into the wrong gang.

My catechist had an experience recently with the bandits. Having gone home for the marriage of his son, he returned by land, while the women folk came up by boat. The bandits (local soldiers out on their own it is believed) boarded their boat at midnight and took all money, and the bride's ring and earrings with a few other things. The travellers were fortunate in not losing everything.

Adversity can be capitalized by crooks as well as by saints. We have some thieves here, you know, in spite of the usual reliability of our Chinese. Just before the catechist's boat came up, some kerosene oil was sent from Yüanling for Fr. Gregory, C. P. The boatman came to me when he reached Wangtsun and said that the bandits had taken the oil. After some investigation it was found that he had sold some of the oil. He then went down to his boat and got out three tins that he had hidden. He still has to make good the three that he sold. He imagined that when he told me of the loss I would believe him, and he would be ahead of the game by six tins of oil.

* * * * *

Since writing the above I have been to Yungshun and, in company with Fr. Nicholas, C. P., who makes a daily visit to the jail, I saw the chaps who had done the robbing in Wangtsun. Both of them were tied hand and foot and their necks were fastened to the wall of the jail, held there immovable. I learned that they had done something that had never been attempted in the Yungshun jail before—tried to escape. They broke down the inner door of the jail, but could not get outside. For their pains they are now made to suffer still more.

Fr. Nicholas is doing great work in the jail by giving medicine and teaching doctrine. Many of the people are thrown in jail without being guilty. He has some such who, since their release, have been coming to the Mission for instruction. He has had six baptisms of men condemned to death. They received the blessings of the Church immediately before execution.



ANOTHER OF THE WANGTSUN CATHOLICS WITH HER GRANDCHILD

It is getting on towards the Chinese New Year, and the bandits are still active. The large bands have split up, due to the soldiers being hot on their trail. With their groups divided it is harder to catch them. Small bands can more easily hide in the mountain country. On the trip back from Yüanling I got through safely, thank God, but I dared not stop along the river, except in places where the soldiers were stationed. It seems that the robbing there is done only at night. Some merchants who were with me on the boat and who had their goods with them, were terribly frightened till we neared Wangtsun.

Such is the humdrum of life here in the North River section of our Vicariate where as yet no roads have been pushed through. It is a background as ordinary as the cry of "Peanuts, Candy and Popcorn" at an American baseball game. But the real game is going on through it all. We thank our Crucified Saviour for the honor given us in letting us have a part in it. I do not say: "Cheer for us," but, "Pray for His blessing, and a victory."

We feel that we are moving a little nearer to that victory. Though we have been used to an atmosphere of unrest and uncertainty these many years, we must confess that such conditions have impeded our work for souls. We look forward to an era of peace that will leave us free to go about amongst our people. With the help of our friends at home we may do constructive work that has long been postponed. Without that assistance, I fear we shall lose many splendid opportunities.



Wide World Photo

NATIONALIST TROOPS AT AN OUTPOST NEAR TOLEDO JUST BEFORE THEY ENTERED THE CITY AND RELIEVED THE ALCAZAR, WHOSE BATTERED WALLS ARE VISIBLE IN THE BACKGROUND

The Besieged of the Alcazar

A True Story of the Terrible Seventy-one-Day Siege of the Alcazar Told By a Red Cross Nurse Who Spent Seven Months in War-Torn Spain

By Aileen O'Brien

THIS is the story of Juan Cabala as told to me by a friend of his who spent seventy-two days working and fighting by his side in the Alcazar of Toledo. God help both his friend and me if this should ever be brought to the notice of Juan, who spends a great part of his life in a state of speechless indignation at the unfair treatment of the world. Why, he demands, should he be picked upon to be written and talked about when thousands and thousands of other soldiers in Spain are allowed to go about their business unmolested and in decent obscurity?

I visited Juan in the hospital and let him suppose that I knew neither his name nor his history. His head lay quietly on the pillow and his gay laughter echoed through the white-washed room as he spoke of that great wit, St. Teresa, and one felt that the lady of Avila and Juan were intimate friends.

My visit at an end, I walked out into the corridor, but turned back in order to ask him a question. Juan lay very quietly and his eyes were like deep smiling pools, fixed on a small dark crucifix on the wall. He did not hear me when I spoke, so I left him, my question un-

asked. I shall always remember the sickening wave of loneliness that broke over me as I watched his face—the loneliness we feel in the presence of a special friend of God.

When Juan Cabala entered the Alcazar of Toledo with Colonel Moscardó and close on two thousand other Spaniards, men and women, he was merely a boy in his early twenties ready to be blown up or starved to death rather than give in to the Reds.

His luggage was not great. It consisted of a Roman Missal, and for some days, until the motley crowd of refugees

got to know each other, no one noticed the boy who stood calmly at his post, relieved tired comrades during his hours off duty, and prowled about the huge rooms and long corridors of the fortress taking mental note of the most dangerous positions.

The children soon came to know him well and would crowd about him in the evening asking for stories about the *Santa Virgen* and her life in Nazareth with the *Niño Jesús*.

IT WAS grilling hot during those days of July and August and the sun fell mercilessly on the gaunt building perched high on its rock overlooking the golden plains that shimmered in the scorching air. The pounding of guns against the stone walls, the deafening rat-tat of machine guns slowly eating away the carved window ledges with a constant rain of bullets, and the dull explosions of bombs filled the burning air with smoke, sand and dust. Long streams of blue smoke writhed about the columns of the courtyard and penetrated even the cellars as the defenders fired and loaded, fired and loaded, day in and day out. But there was only a half litre of water a day for each in the Alcazar and throats and tongues were like leather. Voices soon became harsh croaks.

One day someone found Juan giving water to a child whose lips were cracked with thirst. He was told that it was against the rules to give anyone, even a child, extra water. Juan explained that it was not extra water but his own. It was queer, he croaked, but somehow he never felt really thirsty, so he thought it was a good idea to give his water to those who did. He found that if one sucked pebbles it was just as good and more economical.

Wheat was rationed also and pounded into a semblance of flour. This was baked into little round pancakes which, in order to be eaten, had first to be broken by an energetic stamp of a solid boot. That also Juan was in the habit of giving away.

"I suppose you eat pebbles too?" he was asked.

"Sure, they're easier on the teeth," answered Juan. "Not that you don't do the same unawares. I distinctly saw the cook slip that bit of Charles the Fifth's pedestal into the pot this morning. You know, that bit the Reds blew off yesterday." He walked jauntily off grinning at the cook's clamorous indignation.

It was soon discovered that the most dangerous post was up in one of the four great towers—the one overlooking the Plaza Zocodover. On it were trained the big guns and the machine guns of the soundest Red barricade, and someone was asked to volunteer to undertake the working of a machine gun on its summit.

Juan beat everyone by ten seconds and Colonel Moscardó agreed to let him have the job.

Next morning, Juan climbed to his post festooned with cartridge belts and his pockets bulging with a bottle of water, a piece of bread and his Missal. Arriving at his destination he showed himself to the Reds and immediately dropped to the floor as guns of every description were turned on him. From his reclining position he saw where the bullets were hitting and edged himself into a spot where none would actually touch him. Settling down comfortably he took out the Missal and blessed himself.

"Introibo ad altare Dei . . ."

And for twenty minutes no more was heard from the tower.

"Ite, Missa est," he murmured, closed the book with a snap, took a sparing drink of water, rolled up his sleeves and, very carefully, maneuvered his machine gun into position.

This soon became a ritual, and day by day he became more absorbed in his Mass and surer of his aim.

WHEN he came down in the evenings for a few hours rest, the Alcazar would cheer him and ask whether from his point of vantage he could see the troops advancing across the plain. People would crowd about him in the gathering dusk and under the flaming sunset sky listen to his "sermons." Old men, young men, women and children would hang on his words as he told them of the glory of Spain. Of the Cid, greatest warrior of Spain and first governor of Toledo, whose famous cross, always borne before him into battle, hung in the Cathedral at Burgos, under the protection of Franco. Of Ignatius who had reversed his sword and, holding it by the blade, had turned it into a cross. Of Isabella whose sharp tongue flailed lukewarm Christendom and who took on her slender shoulders the burden of holding in check the enemies of Christ. Of Don John of Austria with scarlet cloak and golden hair floating in the salty Mediterranean breeze, who had broken the might of Islam and saved a sneering Europe from the fate it humanly deserved. Of Charles the Fifth whose statue stood untouched in the centre of the great courtyard, who had built the greatest empire on earth and the Alcazar they were defending, who had died some miles to the north of Toledo, lying on a hard monastery bed with his eyes on the Tabernacle. His last words had been: "Jesus, Jesus." He told them of all the conquests of Spain and how every inch of conquered ground had first been touched by the bended knee of the conqueror and the cross he drove into the soil.

They had heard, over the radio from Portugal, of the burning of churches,

the sacking of palaces, the slashing of images of the great men of Spain, the shooting of the giant image of the Sacred Heart with its arms outstretched over Madrid. But they must not be sad. He told them that the only monument that mattered, the only sign that counted, was a rough-hewn wooden cross streaming with the blood of God.

"That Sign is placed so high that no hand will ever touch it except in love. That which they destroy has been made by us, but the Cross was made by God. Nothing can ever harm us if we love Him, and if He allows us to die for Him here in the heart of Spain He will have more pity on those who hurt Him only because they don't know what they're doing."

The black Spanish night would creep over the plains and the merciless thud and crash of shells would beat unheeded against the fortress, where a man, madly in love with God, communicated that folly to men and women who, even if they were trapped like rats, felt gloriously free.

Tap . . . tap . . . tap . . .

It was a mine. There could be no doubt about it, and faces were anxious. Juan climbed out on a pile of ruins.

"Olá, comrades at the barricades!"

"Olá, Alcazar!" someone answered.

"What are you doing over on the other side by the river. Tap dancing?"

"We're going to blow you up," came the cheerful answer.

"Thanks."

Juan slipped down and squatted beside a group of watchers.

"Well, it looks as if we're in for it," he said. "What shall we do? Sit tight, cross our fingers and hope for the best?"

BUT a young engineer volunteered to study the question and mark out a section of the fortress where everyone could take refuge and possibly, be safe. He could do it if others would volunteer to sally forth at night and report to him on the progress and exact position of the tunnel.

A more dangerous job could not be imagined, and beads of sweat stood out on all foreheads as Colonel Moscardó, tall and gaunt in the flare of a torch, called for ten men. One stepped forward, one more, a minute passed, two more advanced, five more, one more. And night after night the colonel's eyes would rest on a face streaked with dirt and two calm eyes that looked straight into his. Juan became an expert at reporting the progress of the miners.

But he was never touched. When he was asked how he did it he simply said:

"I slither down there, take one scared look, and slither back as if I were wearing roller skates on my stomach."

He was always ready to expatiate on the feats of others, but the only occasions on which he ever lost his quick

temper were when he would discover that someone had been "informing" on him. Then he would refuse to speak to his comrades on the grounds that he was a soldier and would have nothing to do with people who were mere gossiping old women "even if they do wear beards two feet long."

Juan himself was the only man who shaved religiously every day, wetting his chin with his fingertips.

The fatal day when the tapping noise ceased and the mine was scheduled to go off finally arrived. A thundering stream of fire from all guns tried to drive the defenders over the spot where 30,000 pounds of dynamite were waiting to be touched off. But under the direction of the engineer and in spite of the deathly barrage of fire everyone was herded into another quarter.

Suddenly, there was a roar that stunned the whole city and half the Alcazar rose into the air, cracking and splitting into huge slabs of granite and masonry that fell crashing into the river and onto the town, burying beneath them houses, streets and men.

There followed a ghastly silence and in one corner of the smoking building lay huddled the defenders of the Alcazar, unconscious but alive.

Groggy men scaled the ruins to be met by men deaf, blind and dumb, who fired and re-loaded their guns automatically, and with robot-like movements hurled the assailants down the heap of ruins that still heaved and jerked and rolled, like a living thing, mortally wounded.

The life of the Alcazar took up where it had left off.

Juan's tower became even more difficult. Part of it had been blown up and one great wall had fallen, but he could still reach his post. One day, while he was busily engaged in machine-gunning the barricade a powerful shell came tearing by carrying with it another wall and the staircase. Juan looked cautiously down into the dismayed faces of his friends and asked whether anyone could find him a ladder.

AFTER that he used the ladder going up in the morning and, in the evening, slid down by means of a rope.

Both the Reds and his friends began to believe that Juan lived under a spell of some sort. He was always in the most exposed positions, fasted for days at a time, drank hardly any water and withal, seemed to thrive. During his hours off duty he would play with the children, attend the wounded and help with the printing of the daily paper, *The Alcazar*, of which he liked to style himself "society editor." When he was needed for anything special and was not at his post no one thought of looking for him anywhere but in the tiny chapel, where he would kneel at the feet of Our Lady with

Death Intervenes

By Sister M. Paulinus, I.H.M.

But yesterday I shared my meager board—
A slender loaf of learning I had stored
With travail, and water earthen-cupped
From quiet hills of thought—with one who supped
Till late with buoyant relish of the fare.

Today, he knows how coarse the bread my care
Set forth, how dim the sparkle at my cup's crude brim.
From his substantial, well-appointed place
At Wisdom's feast, he breathes his word of grace
Above a clearly luminous wine
(The cordial of a heavenly vine)
And breaks white bread of fine effulgent wheat.

I sit, a hopeful beggar, at his feet.

his arms held out in the form of a cross, the beads of his improvised Rosary slipping slowly through his fingers. Oftentimes he would fall asleep, lying quietly at her feet.

One evening, as Juan was preparing to slide down the rope, he paused for one last glance at the glorious panorama. The sky was a flaming vault of color, the plain a wide lake of purple and gold.

"The most glorious sunset in the world!" he shouted to the people who were waiting below, smiling up at him.

He swung himself out over the parapet and started on his way down. There was a whistling sound and a shell burst near. Suddenly Juan felt a jerk and looked down to see his right arm dangling from a bit of muscle. The red blood gushed forth like wine from a smashed bottle and sprayed the walls of his tower. There was an agonized cry from the crowd below and Juan slipped down, hanging to the rope with his left arm. He reached the ground, looked at his friends, dumb in their sympathy, and stepped out onto a wall in full view of the Reds.

Grasping the bloodstained arm firmly in his left hand he tore it off and threw it wide, out towards the Red barricades. "Hail Christ the King!"

The clear cry echoed far out over the roofs of the city, ringing in utter silence.

The infirmary, a cellar that stank of dried blood and rotten bandages, was lit with a torch, and Juan lay on the table. Around him knelt as many as could fit

in the room without impeding the work of the doctor. A man approached with a rag in his hand.

"Here, bite on this, it won't hurt so much."

Juan shook his head with a smile. "I can't say the Rosary with my mouth full of rag."

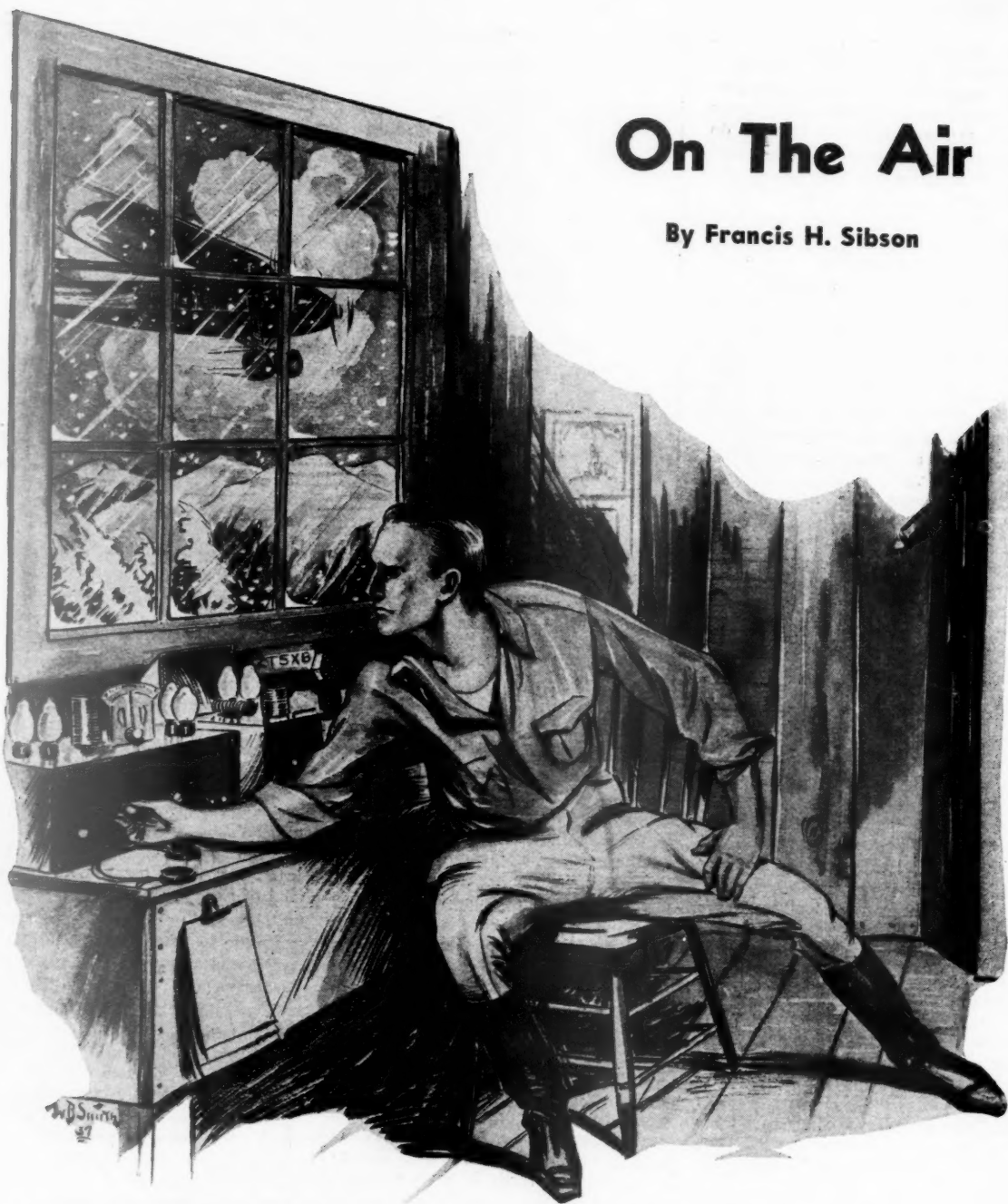
The smell of burning flesh mingled with the sound of voices quietly answering the prayers of the boy who lay on the table.

From that day onward, and in spite of the agony he must have been suffering, Juan radiated such intense joy that no one could speak to him and not feel the same joy of life. The children would gaze from his bloody stump of an arm to his radiant eyes and smile. As days grew longer and food scarcer, as the assailants pounded at them with ever-increasing fury, every man and woman looked to him for courage and laughter in the hell that was the Alcazar of Toledo.

One day he came out of the chapel to announce good news.

"We'll be relieved. I know it." And everyone believed him.

A few days later the Legion blew a hole in the tremendous walls of Toledo and poured in unchecked, taking street after street until they reached the Alcazar. And when the first soldiers entered the courtyard and sobs of joy echoed through the ruined city, Juan was found on his knees before Our Lady with his left arm stretched out in prayer.



On The Air

By Francis H. Sibson

"THAT WAS AN AEROPLANE! I SAW HIM THROUGH THE WINDOW. MUST BE HAVING A BAD TIME IN THIS WEATHER."

WOULD-BE holiday-makers said it was the worst week-end they had ever known. What the uncomfortably cruising boats outside the impassable entrance of Durban harbor had to say about it had better be censored entirely. "Sunny South Africa" was not used to this sort of thing.

All Natal and the Southern Transvaal lay shuddering under the chill, sodden shadow of the flurrying cloud-masses, blasted by an unwearying gale

that seemed to pierce to the very bones. Discharge after discharge of ice-cold rain came pelting. The colossal silent might of the Drakensburg mountains, natural frontier between the two provinces, was hidden behind a whirling mantle of snow, whose flapping hem flicked out eddies that settled deep in the path of held-up mail trains. Rivers roared in spate, roads were reported impassable, down came telegraph and telephone wires: in a day the isolation of

savage past centuries had come back to cut the pumping arteries and linking nerves whereby a stripling civilization had united the scattered towns and villages and homesteads of half a sub-continent. Nearly—but not quite.

Robert Jones, for one, felt it very little if at all. He was used to isolation by now. Ten years ago he had deliberately sought it, and had found it here at Mount Amanzi, lonely eyrie of the Berg. In a measure he had found himself as

well, partly in the re-building of the derelict native trading store—but mostly in the lean-to shack he had built on to it. He was in there now, starting up the little engine that drove his dynamo and gave him the power to laugh at loneliness.

Mount Amanzi is over five thousand feet above sea-level, and enjoys the advantage of that unknown factor in radio which is known, for want of a better name, as "good local conditions." On good days he could hear most of the amateur stations throughout South Africa and Rhodesia and his own phone-signals had been heard over an equal area.

He waited until the engine was well warmed-up, switched in the load, sat down in his chair and drew his log-book towards him. Flick-flick-flick—and the gauges in front of him started to life.

OUTSIDE, the wind roared, shaking the shack and beating occasional flurries of snow-flakes against the closed window. Inside:

"Hello, hello, hello! This is ZT5XB of Mount Amanzi, calling all phone-stations on the 40-meter band. Hello-hello!"

This he repeated, with variations, for three minutes or so, to give anyone seeking such signals up and down the wave-band the chance to pick him up. Then:

"Now going over for replies. Over she goes!"

His hand went out to the tuning-knob. His eyes took on the absorbed, absent look of one who listens for what the ether may at any instant bring him. Strange eyes, eyes with a flinch in them, curiously out of place in the big-boned, Berg-wind-tanned setting of his face, a face which his tall and well-muscled body matched exactly, a body that many a man might envy. But those eyes—they gave him away.

All over the world, even to-day, such eyes look out in thousands, with just that flinching look—but they are not easy to find. Their owners tend to hide from their fellows, like sick animals, waiting in vain for health to come again, that health of the mind which the War blasted away. Shell-shock it is generally called, but war-shock is a better name, for the impact of 1914-18 was felt far beyond the shell-bursts.

Robert Jones had felt it, was still wincing from its echoes. The hell of war had taken his youth and most of his joy of life: he had lost the rest on his return from hell, only to find another hell where people did not know, could not understand, and did not seem to want him. So, in the end, he had turned his back on it all. Lucky to be able to!

Outwardly there was little sign of his trouble now. It had little chance to come

out. In casual conversation with the travelers who occasionally came to his store to solicit orders, it only appeared in a certain hesitancy of speech which they put down, naturally enough, to his lonely life here. No one but himself knew of the barrier that kept him from friendships. He had almost got beyond any desire for human contacts. His wireless gave him what seemed a sufficient substitute. He could chat quite easily, via the microphone and the ether, with Sandy in Johannesburg, Harry at Durban, Jack away up Wankie way and others. These were mike-friends, whose eyes he would never have to meet, whose hands he would never need to shake—whose sisters and wives would never get the chance, thank heaven, to make him feel hot and awkward and miserable. To these he was simply ZT5XB, Old Man Bob of Mount Amanzi.

To-day he was particularly anxious to get hold of someone, because Sandy had told him, last time they had worked, that he had got rather an obtrusive "hum" in his carrier-wave, and had suggested various ways of curing it, which he had since been trying out.

Here was somebody!

"... to ZT5XB," came a voice as he steadied his tuning. "ZU5AS of Durban answering ZT5XB and now going over! Come in, old man!"

"Hello, ZU5AS! Hello, Harry! All O.K. You're coming through far better than last time. I've been chasing a hum, but I think I've got it now... Good Lord, what's this?"

SITTING at his instrument down south in the Durban suburb, Harry pricked up his ears. A deep-toned buzzing roar rose crescendo in his receiver. He had never before heard a "background-noise" like it—yet it sounded oddly familiar. To a climax it rushed, then died rapidly away. The whisper of Bob's carrier-wave continued, but Bob himself was silent.

"If that's the hum he was talking about," muttered Harry, "I'd say it's worse than ever... By Gosh, so that's it, is it?"

Bob's voice had come back again.

"Hello, Harry old man! Hello! That was an aeroplane! Came suddenly at me out of the clouds—straight at me—I saw him through the window. Flying very low—must be having a bad time in this weather. It's terrific here... The Drakensberg's no place for a plane to be playing about. By George, he's coming back again..."

Again Harry heard the familiar roar of engines, and in spite of the cold in his garden-shack there was sweat on his forehead. A little man of indeterminate middle-age, he had been in the old Royal Flying Corps, and knew only too well that the snow-veiled Berg, with

its chaos of ranges and valleys and foothills, was the last place on earth that an aeroplane should be playing about in, in this weather. The Rand-Durban route lay well to the east of Mount Amanzi. Then why...?

Bob on the air again, excitedly:

"I say, Harry, he must be lost! I went outside that time—he came so low and close that I could read the lettering on his plane—I saw his passengers looking through the windows—only for a moment, though. Then he was gone again. The mist's simply choking here—we're right in the clouds, right in the middle of 'em..."

Pause.

GOD! Passengers! She must be the south-bound mail-plane! What time was it? Yes, the big Junkers machine. Trying to see where she was. But what about her wireless? Why didn't she just get her position from the direction-finding stations of South African Airways and proceed on her course? She had blind-flying gear. All the mail machines had it.

"QSN, Harry, stand by and wait," came Bob's voice again quickly. "I'm going to try to get her." And then, in a tone most carefully steadied:

"ZT5XB to aeroplane overhead! Amateur station ZT5XB calling aeroplane ZSRGC! If you are lost, this is Mount Amanzi trading store, and Dundee aerodrome is about twenty-six miles to the east, east and a bit south!"

Half a dozen times he repeated, then: "Going over to see if you've got me. Over!"

Harry tuned gently for the reply, but all he heard was the unconcerned voices of other amateurs. If the plane was answering at all, then he was not getting—

No; the plane had not answered. Here was Bob again, with the same message, repeated a little faster now—and the boom of engines still waxing and waning and waxing again in the background. Patiently the call went on, then Bob switched over to listen again. Still no reply.

"CQ!" cried Bob now. "ZT5XB calling all stations! What frequency can I get a plane of S.A. Airways on? I can't get her on this, can't get her at all, and she's circling round my masts, lost, obviously lost—she's come round a dozen times already! CQ, urgent! What frequency do S.A. Airways use? Amateur station ZT5XB going over for replies!"

Quickly Harry cut in, in a voice that revealed a sudden relief.

"If she's circling round you," he said, "then she's probably in communication with the D/F stations and just staying put while they work out her position. That'll be it. In a moment or two she'll be off on her course again."

He could not have known the effect of his words. Bob slumped back from his microphone and his eyes were flinching again. Had he been butting in—perhaps even interfering with the plane's own working with the official direction-finding stations? Yes; he'd butted in, and as usual he wasn't wanted. When would he learn to leave the world alone, to keep out of where he didn't belong?

But subconsciously his hand moved the tuning-knob, and this is what he heard:

"..... to ZT5XB! Urgent! Division Five Headquarters, S.A. Radio Relay League, to ZT5XB! Your calls to plane heard here from beginning. We 'phoned Stamford Hill aerodrome at once and they've just replied. Headquarters S.A. Airways can't get ZSRGC! Can't get him at all and think his wireless may have cracked up. They say will you go on calling him. His frequency is" Here followed technical details. "It's just possible he may hear you though he can't hear them—he's right on top of you. If you're getting this, QSL at once and then carry on calling ZSRGC! Over!"

And so the voice of Robert Jones began again: "Hello aeroplane ZSRGC! Hello ZSRGC! Hello, aeroplane overhead! If you're lost, this is Mount Amanzi trading station you're circling over, and Dundee aerodrome is twenty-six miles east-sou'-east of here!"

On and on it went, monotonous yet vibrant now, with a passionate will to help, to be of some use at last to the world which had not needed him, had not wanted him, had sent him away to hide himself . . .

* * * * *

"HELLO, ZT5XB! Hello ZT5XB! Headquarters, Division Five, Radio Relay League calling amateur station ZT5XB! Come in, old man, if you're on the air! Over!"

It was late afternoon now, but with nothing to show for it in the sky, which was the same as ever, and the wind if anything worse. The plane had long since gone from Mount Amanzi, but where?

At last the Durban station got its answer, an eager answer.

"ZT5XB replying," cried Bob. "I'd have been on the air before, only my window blew in, and my transformer got wet, and I've been cleaning up. What happened about the plane? She left me just after one o'clock and I've heard nothing at all. Over to you!"

"Aeroplane ZSRGC," answered Headquarters, impressively, "reports through Wally of Dundee, station ZU5YA, that she has landed there all O.K. She says she heard you—she just heard you—had to keep circling round picking up bits of your message and piecing them together. She had been up

over twenty thousand feet trying to fly over the weather, but she didn't have a hope. It got too hard to breathe up there and she had to come down again, and her wireless and blind-flying gear were frozen nearly solid. Operator says he stuck to your transmitting-masts the moment he saw them and told the pilot to fly round them hoping you'd tumble to it and give him a call—as you did. But he couldn't answer you. Anyway, he's all O.K. now, and very fine business . . . Wally tried to get you directly after she'd landed, but you weren't on the air, so he reported to me and I've been calling you half the afternoon. Very fine business indeed, Bob. I expect you'll hear more of it . . . Division Five Headquarters closing down to ZT5XB."

The carrier-wave died away. Bob Jones put his head down on to his arms. He felt he wanted to cry.

* * * * *

The next Saturday a car came to the trading store, and the two men in it—the pilot of ZSRGC and an Airways official—made him lock up the place for the week-end, despite his protests, and took him down to Maritzburg. And in the whirl of all that followed he forgot to stammer, forgot that he could not meet the eyes of his fellow men, forgot even that women despised and pitied him—for, to his amazement, they didn't. Robert Jones was cured.

Thy House

By Norbert Engels



I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house,
Whose masonry was drawn in the gold-sheathed cars
Of the sun, and mortared with the fire
Of far, invisible stars.

I have loved the place wherein Thy glory dwells,
Whose windows have been fashioned from the lace
Of timeless vapors, and whose spires
Were once the shafts of space.

And I have loved a tree, a simple thing
Like water, a field of wheat, the grass, a bird;
And I have loved the infinite worlds
Encompassed by the Word.

The Problem of Suffering

The Cross Is the Center and Heart of Christianity and Christianity Alone Offers Man an Acceptable Motive and Reason For Suffering

By Hugh Blunt

WE may be sure that the reason for suffering is the love of God for His children. He wishes to save the work of His hands from perishing, to make man crush down his proud body that wars against the spirit and to allow the soul to come forth triumphant. In a word, we the children of God must suffer because our God is a good Father, Who never ceases to love us. And just because He loves us, He does not allow us to sink into forgetfulness of Him by letting us have our Heaven on earth. He keeps prodding us all the time to keep us awake to the issue of life. He makes us find ourselves by losing ourselves. Life is a probation. We cannot expect to understand it all, for we live between the seen and the unseen.

There is a goal which only a true vision can get, and that is why God gives us the gift of tears which may blind our eyes for a moment, but yet wash them out and make their vision clearer. It is a good thing that a land of exile has its discomforts; otherwise there would be no yearning for deliverance, and we should truly be men without a country. There are some great calamities which we try to explain by calling them an "act of God." All pain is a visit, not a visitation, from God, if we only have the eyes to see it that way.

François Coppée tells us in that beautiful book of his—*La Bonne Souffrance*—that he had left God in his youth but that he found Him again when he was ill and in danger of death. He had asked the old questions: Why life? Why death? and especially, Why suffering? Why tears? Then he read the Gospels. He learned to love his suffering. He exclaimed: "A hundred times blessed be the suffering which has brought me back toward Him!" What a year, that year of pain! Was it not the worst of his life? But he answers: "No, it was the best!"

It is no new doctrine. It is as old as Revelation. All through the Old Testament this manifestation of God's mercy through pain is a primary thought. Here are a few of the most striking passages: "But the souls of the just are in the hand of God, and the torment of death shall not touch them. And though in the

sight of men they suffered torments, their hope is full of immortality. Afflicted in few things, in many they shall be rewarded: because God hath tried them, and found them worthy of Himself. As gold in the furnace He hath proved them." (Wisdom 3.)

"For whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth," says Proverbs. (3:12). And the Psalmist cries out: "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a contrite heart; and He will save the humble of spirit. Many are the afflictions of the just; but out of them all will the Lord deliver them. The Lord keepeth all their bones, not one of them shall be broken." (PS. 33).

ONE of the most beautiful things on suffering is the appeal of Judith to the ancients: "Abraham was tempted, and being proved by tribulations, was made the friend of God. So Isaac, so Jacob, so Moses, and all that have pleased God, passed through many tribulations remaining faithful. But they that did not receive the trials with the fear of the Lord, but uttered their impatience and the reproach of their murmuring against the Lord, were destroyed by the destroyer and perished by serpents. As for us, therefore, let us not revenge ourselves for these things which we suffer, but esteeming these very punishments less than our sins deserve, let us believe that these scourges of the Lord with which like serpents we are chastised have happened for our amendment and not for our destruction." (8).

But, clear as it is in the old Dispensation, it is a luminous pillar in the New. As one writer puts it: "The powerful religion that we call Christianity exercises a perpetual dominion throughout the world—a dominion that is greatly owing to an advantage which it alone possesses. That, namely, of having given a motive and reason for suffering." Christianity! What else is Christianity but the Cross? You say Christ, and you mean the Cross. Still Christ is hanging on the Cross. You cannot get Him to descend. Christ and Him crucified!

He was the Man of Sorrows. All His life was a life of pain: To redeem us, He died on the Cross. And He was not

content to die alone on the Cross. He insists that we die with Him. Pain is the only coin of His Realm. The apostles preached nothing else. They preached it in word and they preached it in deed. And God's Church was cemented by the blood of martyrs.

Christ preached pain. Blessed are the poor, the mourners, those that suffer persecution for His sake. "Amen, amen, I say to you that you shall lament and weep but the world shall rejoice; and you shall be made sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy." (St. John 16:20) Pain He loved for Himself. By that pain, too, would He accomplish the spiritual formation of His saints.

"Christ's primary mission with respect to the sufferings and sorrows of life," says one writer, "was not to relieve them, but to teach men to bear them, to value them, to thank God for them." Yes; to teach men to bear pain, rather than to lessen it for them as would some pagan philanthropist who talks and thinks about pain as if God's creation had somehow got out of control and Providence had lost His Vision; to show forth pain as an elixir of life, a tonic for our moral strength, rather than as a decomposing disease. Where the head is in pain, there is no place for painless members. There is no place in the Kingdom of God for anyone who is not like Christ. And how can you be like Christ if you do not share His Cross?

SO, EVEN the ordinary, workaday Christian must bear his share of the load. It may be hard work at first, as the first touch of the Cross was to the unwilling Simon of Cyrene who had to be constrained. But the first touch of the Cross opened the eyes of Simon. He saw that it was God Who led the way in pain. His eyes were opened to what he could accomplish by suffering. It took him away from the world, and perhaps from damnation. It purified his soul and made a saint out of him.

And Christ wishes Simon to be the type of us all. It was a lucky day when Simon met the Cross. And if we had his eyes we would know it to be a lucky day

when Christ asks us to walk the way awhile with Him. God knows we all need it, if for no other reason but to expiate our sins. That ought to be enough to get us used to the idea. But it is more than that. It is not merely the act of God's justice. It is, too, the act of His goodness and mercy, to preserve us from sin and save our souls.

"If any man will come after me"—

The more like to Christ you are, the more you will suffer; and the more grace will be given you.

Most of us are far from being heroes in suffering. God does not expect too much from us. Yet, as Saint Gregory says: "We can be martyrs without the sword and fire, if we truly preserve patience in our soul." Perhaps for us it is enough of a cross to fight and conquer our temptations, to put away from us the evil delights of the world; enough, to bear in patience the little trials God sends us.

But we do not deserve any more of the Cross because we are not good enough. For, strange to say, the closer men are to God, the more He makes them suffer, the more intimately He associates them in His Passion. It is an essential to great sanctity. "Which of the saints," asks Saint Jerome, "was crowned without the fight?"

The footsteps of Jesus Christ are always a trail of blood. His first soul-harvest was a harvest of pain, that day on Calvary when the good thief elected to have his pain sanctified. The good thief and the bad thief suffered equally. One was willing; the other was not. To one suffering was a grace, to the other,

a curse. As Saint Augustine says: "His faith began to flower when the faith of the apostles withered. Thus he is worthy to take place with the martyrs since he is almost alone near Jesus to do the office of those who should be the chiefs of this triumphant army."

The apostles, however, reclaimed themselves. They had fled the Cross once, but at last they went seeking it and preaching it. What a harvest of pain was theirs. Every one of them suffered the pains of martyrdom, even John, though he did not die a martyr. And how they preached pain! They rejoiced that "they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus." (Acts 5:40-41).

Saint Paul cried out, "I exceedingly abound with joy in all our tribulations." (II Cor. 7:4) "We glory also in tribulations, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience trial, and trial hope." (Rom. 5:3-4). . . . "Heirs indeed of God and joint heirs with Christ, yet so, if we suffer with Him, that we may also be glorified with Him" (Rom. 8:17). No Cross, no Crown!

PAIN was the joy of the apostles. "None can find more joy than those who suffer for Christ," says Saint Francis Borgia. They were the beloved of Christ, yet their names are synonymous with pain. So it has been through all the ages since. The Church thought more of her martyrs than of any one else, so essential were they to the building of the Kingdom. "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians." It was their glory to suffer with Christ.

As Saint John Chrysostom says: "If anyone would give me the whole world or Paul's chain I would choose the chain." And again: "I believe the virtue of the suffering man greater than signs and wonders." So thought, too, the Lucys, the Agneses, the Teresas, the great army of the stigma bearers. So, too, Thomas à Kempis, in that wonderful chapter of the *Imitation* "Of the Royal Way of the Cross." He sums it all up in a few words: "So that when we have thoroughly read and searched all, let this be the final conclusion 'That through much tribulation we must enter into the Kingdom of God'."

The more love, the more pain. Mystery you may call it, but it is the plain truth. God the Father loved His Son; yet He made Him suffer. He made Him drain the chalice of pain. It is no surprise then that the more one is like to the Son, the more suffering is to be endured. Thus beyond all martyrs was she who was the closest to God, the Queen of the Seven Swords. To her especially can be applied the words of Saint Paul—"If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him" (II Tim. 2:12). She who reigns with Him as the Queen of Heaven, the Queen of Angels and the Queen of Martyrs, is Queen of Joy because once she was Queen of Pain. Therein is our hope, that if we too suffer with Him we shall also be glorified with Him.

The Swords of Pain marked the way to Mary's glory. May our swords of pain mark the way to that goal where we shall be eternally glorified together with Him and her.

The Herald

By Clarence E. Flynn

He longed to be a prophet of the Lord,
A mouthpiece of the everlasting word.
He held his rapt lips to the cleansing flame,
And called himself a herald of the Name.

He prophesied of the avenging rod,
The consequences of the wrath of God.
But still, in spite of all he had to say,
The great world went unheeding on its way.

He flung the ringing challenge of the truth
Into the face alike of age and youth.
With faultless logic did his message fall,
But no one stopped to hearken to his call.

One day he looked upon a rose's grace,
And saw God's love reflected on its face.
Then he preached mercy down the weary years,
And lo, men heard the word with eager ears.

THE SIGN-POST

QUESTIONS ♦ ANSWERS ♦ LETTERS

The Sign-Post is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent.

WEARING SCAPULARS: PRIEST CANNOT CONFER HOLY ORDERS

(1) Is there any obligation to wear a scapular and are there any benefits derived therefrom? (2) I read that the Sacrament of Holy Orders cannot be conferred by a Catholic priest. I have been taught that the only Sacrament impossible for a priest to administer is Matrimony. Which is correct?—PARSONS, KAN.

(1) There are many indulgences and other spiritual benefits which derive from investiture in the various scapulars. Those so invested become participants in the good works and privileges of the religious communities which promote the scapular. Many devout persons in the world desire to be united in spirit with the religious communities and to live, in so far as they can, according to their rules of life. The scapular is the badge of such affiliation. The Church approves the practice of wearing scapulars and has shown her approval by granting many indulgences in favor of those invested in the scapulars and who fulfill the rules enjoined. Lately the Holy See has sanctioned the use of the scapular medal in place of the cloth scapular. There is no obligation for a secular to be invested in any scapular.

(2) A Catholic priest cannot confer the Sacrament of Holy Orders. This Sacrament is reserved to those with the episcopal character. Priests are not the ministers of the Sacrament of Matrimony; the parties to the marriage administer the sacrament to each other. The priest is the official representative of the Church, who blesses the marriage and whose presence is necessary for the validity of the contract by virtue of the Canon Law.

EXTREME UNCTION AND UNCONSCIOUS RECIPIENT

I have read that the Sacrament of Extreme Unction forgives and removes sin, if the recipient be guilty of any, even though he is unconscious when the Sacrament is administered. Will you please explain more fully?—C. J. S., PATERSON, N. J.

One of the effects of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction is the forgiveness of sins and the taking away of punishment due to sins. This Sacrament can be administered only to the baptized who are in danger of death from sickness, and who have the intention to receive it. Those who have attained to the use of reason are not to be sanctified and saved without their co-operation. According to the Council

Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters.

Questions should be kept separate from other business.

Questions are not answered by personal letter.

Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor.

Anonymous letters will not be considered.

of Trent, justification in regard to such takes place "through the voluntary reception of grace and gifts." It is the general teaching of Catholic theologians and also that of Canon Law (Canon 943) that an habitual intention of receiving this Sacrament is sufficient for its valid reception, in case the dying or unconscious man is not able to manifest his actual and positive desire to receive it. Every Catholic, at least, is presumed to have the habitual intention to receive this Sacrament, which intention is made morally certain if he has lived after the manner of a good Catholic. Only when it can be clearly established that the unconscious person refused the assistance of a priest and the administration of the Sacraments of the dying, when he was in his senses, and that he lapsed into unconsciousness in this disposition, must the priest refuse to administer to him. But where there is a reasonable doubt, as said above, the benefit of the doubt is given in favor of the one in danger of death. This is an application of the recognized theological principle—*Sacramenta propter homines*; Sacraments were instituted for the spiritual benefit of men. The ordinary procedure is to absolve him conditionally and then administer Extreme Unction. Of course, in the case of the conscious, Viaticum is included, provided the dying man can receive it. The last minutes of human life are fraught with gravest issues. It is possible for the Divine Mercy to change the heart of an unconscious dying person, who by the help of grace can arouse the necessary disposition to profit from the Sacraments.

CREMATION FORBIDDEN BY CHURCH

In the March, 1937, number of The Readers' Digest there is an article condensed from The Forum called "Light, Like the Sun," which is more or less powerful in convincing its readers of the wonderful advantage of cremation over that of burial. The fact that the Church is against cremation is enough for me, but I would like some strong reasons against cremation and in favor of burial in a cemetery.—L. J. B., BISBEE, ARIZ.

The article in question appears to be propaganda in favor of cremation. The lady who wrote the article first turned in horror from the thought of burning the body of her beloved father, but when she passed the cemetery in her town she noticed how bleak and repellent the tombstones looked, with smudgy streaks running over them from the melting snow. You see it was winter. Nearly everything in the great outdoors looks ugly at times during winter, even crematories. But in the spring and summer, ah! how differ-

ent, especially if the grass on the graves is nicely cut and the walks with their borders kept in good condition. When she went to witness the process of cremation, the manager talked about the flames enveloping the coffin—the flowers, except those in the deceased hands, were removed—and the whole process of burning corpse and coffin was “light, like the sun.” The sun is beautiful. It gives life to all on earth. So, we cannot dispute the assertion that the sun gives light. But when it comes to comparing the burning of the corpse of a beloved parent or friend and declaring the process to be beautiful, we say, hold on!

Cremation is a *violent* disposal of the human body. It is contrary to the most profound instincts of human nature. It is certainly contrary to the immemorial custom of Christians and of the Jews before them. This custom of burying the bodies of the faithful rests on motives of faith and charity. The body, according to Christian teaching, will one day rise again and share in the happiness or misery of the soul. The natural way among most peoples is to let the corpse dissolve into dust; to hurry that process by artificial devices is repugnant to sound instinct.

The argument from the expense incurred is exaggerated. The lady said that a plot in the cemetery she wished to bury her father in would cost \$1,000, whereas the process of burning his corpse would be only \$40. The actual incineration of the casket and corpse is only one item in the process of cremation. The price of a lot in most cemeteries doesn't cost anything like \$1,000, even with perpetual care. It is important to note that sponsors of cremation are urging better and more expensive provision for the ashes of the dead. In some cases the urn is interred in the ground and headstones and monuments erected on the spot. We think that when all items are considered there is not much difference between the cost of cremation and burial. Of this we feel pretty sure; if cremation becomes more common than it is now—which we hope does not happen—the price of cremation and its accessories will go up. That is the way prices behave.

About the Church's attitude, it is well to know that there is nothing in the mere burning of corpses which conflicts with Catholic dogma. In times of war and pestilence, when there is no time for inhumation and there is danger of infection, the Church allows cremation. But normally the Church insists on burial in consecrated ground. The Catholic cemetery is “God's acre.” In Italy the cemetery is called *Campo Santo*—holy ground. All the burial rites of the Church suppose interment. In modern times the movement in favor of cremation was revived by Freemasons in Naples and by other anti-Christians, in order to destroy faith in the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body. The Freemason Ghisleri in *Almanacco dei Liberi Muratori* (Freemasons' Almanac) gives the reason for the movement: “Catholics have good reason to oppose cremation; this purification of the dead by means of fire will shake to its foundations Catholic predominance, based on the terror with which it has surrounded death.” Another anti-Catholic Freemason, Gorini, wrote in his *Purificazione dei Morti*: “Our task is not confined to the mere burning of the dead, but extends to burning and destroying superstition as well.” To many Freemasons belief in the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body, together with the belief in the judgment by a just and omniscient Judge after death, are regarded as *superstition*.

The Holy See, having had ample time to ascertain the real bearing of the movement, pronounced its formal condemnation, declared it unlawful to join cremation societies and that those who did so, if the society were affiliated with Masonry, incurred the same penalties as the members of that sect. It was also declared illicit to command that one's own or another's body be cremated. Those who had commanded that their bodies be cremated and persevered in this choice until death, were to be denied ecclesiastical burial according

to the prescriptions of the Roman Ritual. The present Canon Law embodies these prohibitions.

Not only the Church, but also many jurists, physicians and insurance men are opposed to cremation because it obliterates all traces of crime. There can be no autopsy on a can of ashes. Hence, hurried cremation would allow a criminal to escape detection in the case of death by murder.

There is no disputing about tastes, but the normal religious mind and the mind which cherishes the memory of departed relatives and friends sees in the grave with its headstone a beautiful symbol of the sleep of death, which will one day be broken when “all that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God” and shall rise, in imitation of the resurrection of our Saviour, Who rose triumphant from the tomb on the third day. There may be some who can feel these sentiments in the presence of a “storied urn” standing in a niche in a crematory, but we believe that they are not many and that not many will be convinced by the article “Light, Like the Sun.” Rather, Christians would say “Risen Like the Saviour, Who died and was buried,” and Who, by the way, is the Creator of the Sun—the sun which veiled its “light” when He died on the cross, but which, they say, dances on the anniversary of His resurrection from the grave.

SOVEREIGN CONTRITION

Instructions on Confession state that contrition must be sovereign; that is, one must hate sin as the greatest evil and be willing to suffer death or any other evil rather than commit sin. How can one have this kind of sorrow, especially when one habitually commits only venial sins, and lacking it, how can one avoid making bad confessions?—IND.

The “sovereign” sorrow which one must have for his sins is that sorrow which arises from an appreciation of the holiness of God and the wickedness of sin in contrast to that holiness. Surely, one who believes that God is all-holy and all-good should not find it difficult to conceive of sin, which offends and injures His dignity and rights and contemns His goodness, as the greatest evil in the world. This attitude of mind should be cultivated, without at the same time instituting comparisons between sin and other evils. The important thing is to revive our faith in the goodness and kindness of God our Saviour. A better realization of these perfections will enable us to see how worthy, therefore, He is of our best service and deepest love. Then our sorrow, when we have the misfortune to offend Him, will have all the qualities it should have.

DID JUDAS RECEIVE COMMUNION: BOOKS OF E. BOYD BARRETT: ST. ANNE'S BEADS

(1) Did Judas receive Holy Communion with the other Apostles at the Last Supper? If so, why did our Lord permit it, since He knew that Judas was in the state of serious sin? (2) Have the books written by Rev. E. Boyd Barrett, the former Jesuit, been placed on the index? (3) What is the method of saying the Beads of St. Anne?—T. R., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(1) This is a much disputed question among interpreters of Holy Scripture. The point at issue rests on the correct sequence of events. St. Matthew and St. Mark do not agree with the order of the Last Supper given by St. Luke. The first two Evangelists record the prediction of the betrayal before giving an account of the institution of the Holy Eucharist, while St. Luke reverses this order. It is not certain, therefore, whether Judas was present when our Lord administered His Body and Blood to the Apostles. If Judas

did receive Holy Communion and in a sacrilegious manner, Jesus permitted him to do so, just as He respected the free will of the Scribes and Pharisees of the Sanhedrim, who declared Him worthy of death, and the Roman Governor, Pontius Pilate, who capitulated to their demands and executed the sentence. God tolerates wickedness that He may bring good out of evil.

(2) The writings of Rev. E. Boyd Barrett published by him after leaving his Order have not been listed in the Index of Forbidden Books, but we think that all those of a religious and moral character are implicitly included in the general prohibition, which forbids the faithful to read anything dangerous to their faith and morals.

(3) The chaplet of St. Anne is composed of three Our Fathers and fifteen Hail Marys divided into three parts. The first part (1 Our Father and 5 Hail Marys) is said in honor of Jesus, the author of grace; the second in honor of Mary, the channel of grace; the third in honor of St. Anne, our great advocate.

POOR MARRIED PARTNERS AND CHILDREN: MATTER HAD BEGINNING: BOOK ON COMMUNISM FOR CATHOLICS: PROTESTANT CONVERTS

(1) *What alternatives have married people, other than mutual restraint, who are economically unable to rear and support a family?* (2) *An atheist scientist who, when he was told that God always was and had no cause, answered that matter also had no beginning and is indestructible, and therefore has no end; that we are solely matter and hence our intelligence is matter; therefore matter was its own cause.*

(3) *Since converts to the Catholic Church have had numerous Protestant forebears, their descendants often have Protestant leanings. Has the Church any special safeguards against this?* (4) *Please recommend a book for a Catholic with Communist tendencies.*—J. B., MILTON, MASS.

(1) Married partners should remember that marriage was never intended by nature, and by God the Author of Nature, to be an uninterrupted honeymoon, but that the assumption of this state carries with it many burdens and responsibilities. God has not left those who receive the Sacrament of Marriage without sufficient helps to bear these burdens. The reception of the Sacrament confers on them a title to those graces which are necessary to fulfil their duties, and which will never be denied to those who ask in all humility. The economic condition of many families is undoubtedly a severe cross, but this condition does not absolve them from their obligations to be true to their state. It is necessary in such cases to invoke God for the graces of the Sacrament, which marriage is, and to utilize these graces to strengthen their mutual love, to exalt their association to a higher plane, and to ennoble their life with the salt of sacrifice. If they feel that they cannot trust Providence to provide for their children, they must observe mutual continence, either continuously or at certain times, as Pope Pius XI suggested in His Encyclical on Christian Marriage. God never allows anyone to be tempted above that which he is able to bear, with the help of divine grace.

(2) If the atheist scientist is reported correctly, he is a learned fool. Self-existent and eternal matter is an impossibility. To say that "matter is its own cause" is to talk nonsense. It would be the same as holding that a man could make himself. Matter is indestructible only in the sense that it changes its form but remains in being. But there is nothing contradictory in the idea of all matter being annihilated by the power of God. The very sentence in which the scientist declares that we are solely matter is proof that we are not; for this sentence—though ridiculous in its import—contains ideas, which are *not* matter. And, therefore, the mind, which conceives spiritual ideas must likewise be

spiritual. The effect cannot be greater than its cause. And to think that a man like this is called a "scientist" and that he is allowed to teach and influence the minds of youth!

(3) Conversion to the Catholic Faith should be the result of intellectual conviction, which is a spiritual operation. Religion does not abide in the blood, the Nazis notwithstanding, but in the mind and the will. Converts who manifest Protestant traits of mind after conversion imbibe them from their association with Protestants in their maturer years. Conversion changes the convictions of the mind and should have an effect on previous habits of thought, though it is possible for a residue of Protestant thinking to remain. They can assist themselves to "think with the Church" by devoutly fulfilling their duties as Catholics, by associating with Catholics, especially Catholics who know their faith and can talk intelligently about it, and by consistently reading Catholic literature. "Reading maketh a full man."

(4) Every Catholic, whether Communistic or not, should read and try to understand the Encyclicals of Pope Pius XI,—*Quadragesimo Anno*, on The Reconstruction of the Social Order; and *Divini Redemptoris*, on Atheistic Communism. Also that other superb defense of the working man, *Rerum Novarum*, on The Condition of Labor, by Pope Leo XIII. These may be obtained for a nickel each. There are lots of other books and pamphlets of instruction on this and similar subjects, which may be obtained from The Paulist Press, America Press, The International Catholic Truth Society, Our Sunday Visitor, etc. A special Catholic magazine, *Wisdom*, 32 West 60th Street, New York City, has recently appeared, the object of which is to combat Communism.

DETRACTION AND CALUMNY: OBLIGATIONS ARISING FROM THEM

Two women have spread gossip and slander about another woman, which meant loss of reputation and position. Are they not bound by the law of God to make atonement and clear this poor woman's name; and are they not guilty of sacrilege every time they go to confession?

If by "gossip and slander" you mean the unjust relation of secret facts destructive of her character, the sin of detraction was committed. If by the same words you mean the imputation of false sins or crimes to the person in question, the sin of calumny was committed. In the first case, something true but hidden was made known without justification; in the second case something false was imputed.

Calumny and detraction are two of the worst sins against charity and justice, for they destroy what is more valuable than all other goods. There is a special difficulty about repairing the sin of detraction, for, since the matter revealed is true, it cannot be denied. In the case of calumny, the offender must repair the damage done by confessing that what was said was false. The retraction must be made in such a manner that it will come to the knowledge of the persons who were informed of the false charge. If one has lost his or her reputation because of detraction, the guilty person or persons must repair the damage caused by asking pardon of the offended one and repairing the temporal damages resulting from the detraction, in so far as they are responsible for these temporal losses and in so far as they are able to make them good. Cardinal Gasparri in his *Catholic Catechism* says in this connection: "Those who have injured their neighbor's reputation by words are bound in justice to repair it so far as they can, and to make compensation for the damage done. If the damage done is great, the obligation to repair it becomes grave."

Regarding confession, it would, indeed, be sacrilegious were persons guilty of detraction or calumny to conceal it. Where the sin is grave they must confess it and carry out the command of the confessor with reference to reparation.

CHRISTMAS AND EASTER

Why is the birth of Christ given a set day, December 25, but the commemoration of His death and resurrection varies each year? How are these days set and by whom?—A. T., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The New Testament does not reveal either the month or the day of our Blessed Saviour's birth. Hence it is not surprising that there was diversity of opinion in the early Church on this matter. Clement of Alexandria mentions the opinions of some who placed it on the 20th of April and of others who thought that it occurred on the 20th of May. For a long time the Greek Christians had no special feast corresponding to our Christmas. They merely commemorated our Lord's birth on the Epiphany, January 6th. That part of the Church which follows the Latin rite began to celebrate the birth of Christ on the 25th of December about the middle of the Fourth Century. An ancient tradition, which St. Augustine said was well established in his day, held that Christ was probably born on this day. From the year 380, A. D., this day began to be observed, not only in Rome and the Latin Church, but also in Oriental Churches.

Easter is a movable feast because its date depends on the phase of the moon. It is observed on the first Sunday following the fourteenth day of the full moon, which occurs after the vernal equinox, or the first day of spring (March 21st). Good Friday varies with the date of Easter. The Jewish Pasch, which commemorated the liberation of the Jews from Egypt (Ex. 12:13) was celebrated on the fourteenth of the month Nisan (our March-April) which date was determined by the full moon. The Christian Easter, which supplanted the Jewish feast, followed the same rule (since Christ died and rose again at the time of the Jewish pasch) but in order not to have the Christian Easter coincide with the Jewish Passover, the Council of Nicea in 325, A. D. decreed that Easter should be celebrated on the first Sunday following the full moon after March 21st. The other movable feasts depend on the date of Easter.

**WEALTHY CLERGY: SINGLE PEOPLE AND BIRTH CONTROL:
TOTAL ABSTINENCE: CHURCH AND ASTROLOGY**

(1) Why are there so many comparatively wealthy priests and bishops, considering that there is so much poverty? Do not those in Holy Orders and high Church offices take vows of poverty? (This is from a Communist). (2) Do single people by not marrying practice birth control? (3) Can total abstinence from intoxicating liquors in any sense be called intemperance? (4) Though astrology has no scientific basis, how does the Church regard it?

(1) The vow of poverty is not taken except by professed members of religious communities. Priests and Bishops of the secular clergy, therefore, are not bound by the religious vow of poverty. All the clergy, both religious and secular, should by virtue of their state give a good example to the faithful of detachment from riches and endeavor to imitate, in so far as their state allows, the apostolic poverty of the first ambassadors of Christ. The great majority of the clergy do this. Since it is not the possession of money that is condemned by Christ, but undue attachment to it—many holy persons and saints were wealthy—and since the secular clergy are not forbidden to have money and worldly goods, it does not appear that they fail in their duty by having them, though it is patent that their influence would be greater were they all to be noted for their simple lives. The Catholic clergy are without families and hence have not as great expenses for personal needs as the married.

(2) Birth control is an equivocal term in itself. Its usual sense is the artificial frustration of the marriage act. Con-

traception is a better term for this. The unmarried, whether with or without vows, as priests and religious, truly practice birth control, in that they do not have children. But in the case of the Clergy and religious it is a laudable and meritorious plan of life. And the same may be said of those without vows, who do not avoid the married state for selfish reasons.

(3) Every virtue is the mean between two extremes, excess and defect. Hence, the axiom *virtus stat in medio*. Temperance, or the moderate use of alcoholic liquors stands midway between immoderate use and total abstinence. The latter is good if the conditions warrant it, but it would not be a good thing if they do not. For example, if one observed total abstinence because of the erroneous belief that alcoholic liquors were evil in themselves, or if he decided to do so without due regard to his strength of will. In this sense he would be guilty of intemperance in a very wide sense. The better term would be imprudence.

(4) Astrology, in contradistinction to astronomy, is a pseudo-science, which attempts to forecast the future free actions of men from the position of the stars. The Church condemns it as a form of superstition and forbids the faithful to have anything to do with it. Besides it is a great racket, as the pamphlet *Tell My Fortune* brings out very clearly. (Price 5 cents; postage 2 cents.)

METHOD OF MAKING STATIONS: THEIR ARRANGEMENT

(1) Is it necessary to kneel at each station while making the Way of the Cross and to say "We adore Thee, O Christ, etc.," and one Our Father, Hail Mary, etc.? (2) Must the stations always start on the Gospel side, or may they start on the Epistle side of the church?—S. S., WATERVLEIT, N. Y.

(1) It is well to distinguish between making the Way of the Cross in private and in public. When making the Way of the Cross in public common sense dictates that the faithful act in harmony. The priest with cross bearer and acolytes begins with prayers at the foot of the altar, then proceeds to the first station, saying "We adore Thee, etc." A short meditation is read and one Our Father, etc., are added. When making the Way of the Cross privately this same method may be followed, but it is not essential. The essential things are (a) movement from station to station, and (b) reflection on the Sacred Passion of Christ, according to one's time and ability. No special prayers are prescribed. One may genuflect at each station, saying "We adore Thee, etc." and add one Our Father, etc. But, as said above, this is not required. The essential thing is to go from station to station and think in one's heart of what the Passion meant to Christ our Lord and of the share that we had in it.

(2) The stations may begin either on the Gospel side or the Epistle side. How they begin depends on the direction that the figures on the station have, so that they may not seem to be going backward. It is well to be reminded that the stations are the blessed wooden cross, not the pictures or images.

"THE CATHOLIC GIRL"

Could you tell me the publisher of "The Catholic Girl"?
F. C., CAMDEN, N. J.

The Catholic Girl is published by the Buechler Publishing Company, 332 Main Street, Belleville, Ill. It is a monthly magazine "for grown girls and young women." A complete list of Catholic newspapers and magazines is published annually in *The Catholic Press Directory*, by Joseph H. Meier, 64 West Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill. A similar list can be found in *The Franciscan Almanac* published by St. Anthony's Press, Paterson, N. J.

Letters

LETTERS should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

Light on Interracial Marriages

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I express my gratitude for the kind attention given my inquiry on the Negro Question printed in the March issue of THE SIGN. The two responses in the May number—one by no less an authority than Rev. Paul Hanly Furfey, and the other signed "A Priest"—are timely, enlightening and deeply appreciated.

Farther Furfey's *Fire on the Earth* had cleared up various points already, and the excellent work which his letter recommends, *Interracial Justice*, by Father LaFarge, S. J., is proving most instructive and helpful. Leave it to THE SIGN to offer the best.

It was surprising to me to find that my inquiry had been noticed by readers in several distant cities, most of them readers of THE SIGN through my efforts. These friends, at least, are awakened and are sure to give serious thought to the replies and references which appear in the May number. SYRACUSE, N. Y. VERONICA C. BURKE.

A Corporative State

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

For many years I have subscribed to THE SIGN. I greatly admire your editorials, and always read them first. For a long time I have not read an article which made so deep an impression on me as "A Corporative State in Action" by Father Michael Kenny, S.J., in your May issue.

I was so impressed by its importance that I immediately made a German translation of it with the intention of publishing it in a Catholic daily of my home country, Switzerland, and also in one of the Catholic German weeklies in this country.

Knowing that your articles are copyrighted, I hereby ask your permission for this translation and publication. CINCINNATI, OHIO. ALBERT KLUSER.

More and Better Preaching

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

We have heard from several quarters of the necessity of more and better preaching. Some will say that this is "a voice crying in the wilderness"; but so long as the realization of the necessity of "more and better preaching" is not made more general in our churches, just so long will the average Christian remain where he is today, floundering from one theory to another and in the end getting nowhere. We often wonder how the normal Catholic will acquire the intelligent appreciation, even the mere glimpse or insight into the sublime mysteries of his Faith, if he is not instructed in these same mysteries from the pulpit. The majority of Catholics, sincere and conscientious though they may be, either lack sufficient education to inform themselves, or necessary work absorbs their time. At any rate they are not inclined to spend leisure hours in serious reading, even

though there is ample and even fascinating reading matter available. Necessarily they depend on other sources of enlightenment on the mysteries of their Faith; and that is primarily the instruction received through the medium of the spoken word.

Father John A. O'Brien in his book *The Priesthood in a Changing World* makes this very clear. "No phase of our priestly ministry is more important or more urgent than preaching the Gospel of Christ." Further on he says: "We are bound in conscience to prepare for this difficult task to the best of our ability. Thus, if a priest is so situated that he must choose between the alternatives of using the only hour available to recite his holy Office or to prepare his sermon, he must use it for the latter purpose." Naturally, the faithful turn their eyes to the pulpit to discover the reason for their Faith, and to learn about the wonderful things of their religion. To quote again from Father O'Brien: "Preaching effects the sanctification not only of one person but of many. . . . Not less than pardoning the sinner and offering up the Holy Sacrifice of Calvary is preaching a divinely appointed duty of the priestly office."

It is a notorious fact that many of the faithful are not in touch with the spirit of the Church and lack a realization of the value of their religion because of this apparent lack of instruction. There never was a time when Catholics were so interested in their Faith, when they hungered so for a few crumbs of spiritual truth, when they realized how vital and necessary their religion is in daily life, just because it is so difficult to profess and practice it in the face of modern unbelief and immorality. It is only through the truths of their religion that they can live in accordance with the Gospel of Jesus Christ and avoid the pitfalls so carefully planned by evil doers.

The most necessary and most important knowledge that man can possess is that which gives him an understanding of God and an appreciation of His infinite perfections. The supreme command of God is that we love Him. Yet, what one does not know, one cannot love. Thus, religion, which provides the only capable and reliable principles whereby the individual may bring unity and order into his life, is either unknown or is so misconstrued that he does not know how to subject all his activities to it. It stands to reason, therefore, that the necessity exists for "more and better preaching," especially today, when the average Catholic is being bombarded on all sides by fanatical theories on life and religion.

RIDGEWOOD, N. J.

WILLIAM C. KAY.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your editorial in the May issue, "The Holy Father Speaks Again," thrills the hearts of your readers, and your sympathetic understanding encourages us to approach you upon a matter of intense Catholic interest.

During past years there always has been a small Catholic element which grumbled when there were no sermons or poor sermons in their parish churches, but the present era—in which Catholic Action is giving the laity a different status—is witnessing a more articulate laity, in which grumblings have been succeeded by earnestly voiced appeals for "increased preaching." This is really a compliment to the clergy—and is only misconstrued when viewed as a hurtful criticism.

Your editorial states: "The Holy Father does not fail to remark upon the human shortcomings which are found amongst the members of the Church. He acknowledges the cockle which grows with the wheat. For this reason he emphasizes the need of priestly leadership and good example. To reform existing abuses and to strengthen the whole Catholic body, he appeals for the full expression of Catholic Action by the laity."

There is an "existing abuse" when on a Pentecost Sunday, during five Masses in a large church, the time for the sermon is utilized in exhorting the congregation to sell tickets for a circus. It is "an abuse" of the sacred privilege of preaching when upon the Sunday that solemnly celebrates Corpus Christi a priest spends twenty minutes upon inanities—then waves his hand airily and blandly advises "be good Catholics and go to Holy Communion"—with not a word about that most exquisite subject, Our Divine Lord in the Most Blessed Sacrament. Similar incidents are legion.

Despite the fact that certain priests state that there are those in the pews who do not desire a sermon, I firmly believe the Catholic laity is always swayed by a priest who honestly endeavors to permit the Holy Ghost to speak through him and "give testimony" of Christ.

As one of the least in Holy Church, I appeal to you for another brilliant editorial: one that will awaken our clergy to the fact that there is this popular trend, a clamor for increased preaching.

Please tell the clergy that there are thousands of Catholics who are storming Heaven for conversions of relatives and friends—but who tremble at the thought of taking prospective converts into Catholic churches during Mass, for fear that all their "years of prayers" will be nullified. (I know one case where a non-Catholic was taken to Mass—and there was no sermon, but there were *three* collections). Tell the priests this request is made because the hearts of the laity yearn that the pulpit doors be closed to materialism and that full reign be given to the Holy Ghost—the Spirit of Love, the Sanctifier!

A CRUSADER.

Columbus' Son Fernando

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the April issue of *THE SIGN*, p. 550, there is a statement concerning Christopher Columbus that may be found in a score and more of learned volumes, but in none of them, it seems to me, is it so out of place as in the almost sacred pages of *THE SIGN*. We there read without any qualification that Columbus was the father of an illegitimate son, Fernando (whose mother was Beatriz Enriquez).

Let me say that I feel confident that I've read all the arguments that are advanced to show that Columbus' second marriage was no marriage in any honest sense of the word; but I am not at all convinced. I am equally confident that the many writers who accuse Columbus have not heard the arguments on the other side. Most of these defenses of his innocence may easily be found in R. H. Clarke's *Old and New Lights on Columbus*, a fine work that came from the press shortly after the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. My recollection is that Clarke advances no less than 28 arguments for his position; some, no doubt, are weak, but not a few are apparently invincible. Unfortunately the most telling of these may be unintelligible to the non-Catholic, even though he be thoroughly honest and a scholar in some lines of scholarship.

At least your clerical readers who know that the Council of Trent began its session almost half a century after Columbus' death will appreciate the weight of this fact. James Laynez, the Pope's theologian at the Council, spoke before that learned body on one occasion for two hours maintaining that the Church does not have the power to declare clandestine marriages invalid. The Council, it is true, declared otherwise. But it is clear from the position taken by the Pope's theologian, that a clandestine marriage was not invalid in the eyes of the Church. (See the word "Clandestine" in *The Catholic Encyclopedia*). Columbus' union with Beatriz Enriquez merits at least to be designated clandestine, hence valid, as we have seen, in the eyes of the Church at that period, although possibly forbidden by some civil laws.

But it is the codicil to Columbus' will—written, by the way, eight years before his death, and consequently not, as several writers put it, a dying man's compunction—that seems to many a confession of Columbus' guilt. It is mysterious. But the ugly blackguard solution fails to fit the facts. Clarke offers better theories.

To Catholics who know Columbus' over-propensity towards binding himself to vows, the view that after he put on the Franciscan habit, he vowed chastity and won Beatriz perhaps reluctant consent, seems not unreasonable and would solve the mystery perfectly.

Finally let it be borne in mind that every man has a right to his good reputation until certainty takes it away. There can be no certainty in Columbus' case. He has a right to his good name. To noble minds—and by every test Columbus' was such—life itself is not dearer than a good name. How criminal, then, are they who would rob him of this "immediate jewel of the soul."

DETROIT, MICH.

JOHN K. LAWRENCE.

From Two Subscribers

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Flattery is deceiving but well-earned praise for something well done is not amiss, so I say that of the three missionary magazines, my diocesan weekly, a Catholic fraternal monthly, and two or three other Catholic publications, I place *THE SIGN* at the top in all departments. I cannot understand how the Passionist Fathers can edit such a publication as *THE SIGN* for so small a subscription price. Surely it is worthy of entering every Catholic home in the country. I am afraid we do not give sufficient publicity to what *THE SIGN* offers us, especially we laymen whose working hours are occupied with the cares and strife of a hectic world gone crazy with Godlessness and Communism. Every department of the magazine is of inestimable worth. Would that your subscription list was increased seven times seven.

SIERRA MADRE, CALIFORNIA

LEWIS J. KRIBS.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Enclosed is my check for renewal of my subscription to *THE SIGN*. In the vernacular, "it's a wow!" It has given me many hours of mental and spiritual recreation, and I hope to have successive copies on hand as long as I can use my eyes.

THE SIGN has been carried a long way from its initial issue, and as a veteran newspaper man I tip my hat to those who have been responsible for its brilliant advance to a pinnacle which is perhaps the highest in the realm of Catholic literature.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

CHARLES B. MOLESPHINI.

Devotion to the Holy Ghost

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I wish to bring to the attention of your readers the existence of a Confraternity whose purpose it is to foster devotion to the Holy Ghost. This organization, the *Pious Union in Honor of God the Holy Ghost*, was founded by a zealous Capuchin, Father John Mary, and was approved by His Holiness Pope Benedict XV in his Brief of December 30th, 1920. As there is no centre of the Pious Union located in the United States, applications for membership must be made by sending full name, residence and a small offering to the following address: The Father Director, Franciscan Monastery, Olton, Birmingham, England.

I am asking you to print this information in the belief that many of your readers will be pleased to enroll in this confraternity, "that piety may increase and be influenced toward the Holy Ghost, to Whom especially all of us owe the grace of following the paths of virtue and good works." (From the Apostolic Brief).

BROOKLINE, MASS.

(REV.) WILLIAM J. MCCARTHY.

Azaña's Role in Spain

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have just read Doctor Grimley's article "Back Stage in Spain" in the June issue of *THE SIGN*. The background is very good, but the author is confused with regard to some events and especially their sequence since the revolution of 1931. He is especially so regarding Azaña, although we both agree that Azaña and his like were to blame for the anarchy that succeeded. For instance, on page 663, third column, paragraph beginning "Because of his hatred," he is mistaken. This is of great importance and is the main reason why I blame Azaña. From the beginning his object was to destroy Lerroux and his party. Hence he never collaborated with Lerroux after he got the premiership for himself. He did not, therefore, "form a coalition" with Lerroux after the elections of 1933. In fact he first tried an alliance with the Socialists to intimidate the President into dissolving Parliament and holding a new election. When that failed he and all the Leftists published a proclamation declaring that they would not recognize the government and were withdrawing from the régime until the Republic was restored to authentic Republicans. Then he never entered Parliament even for one session during the two years that succeeded.

ELMIRA, N. Y.

OWEN B. MCGUIRE.

From a C.C.C. Camp

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Since my copy of your magazine was taken, I'm depending on memory for your correct address. We need good, clear and intelligent reading matter. This I have found in *THE SIGN*. I'm sending a dollar as half payment on my subscription. The balance will be sent you when we receive next month's pay. May your magazine and the missionaries whom it supports prosper!

NO. THETFORD, CONN.

WILLIAM L. CORBETT.

Editor's Note: The letter from this C.C.C. youth urges us to remind our readers that we still have a long list of "worthies"—persons whose means prevent them from subscribing, but who are eager to receive *THE SIGN*.

Kipling's Poem "If"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Mr. Padraic Colum's severe castigation of Kipling's famous poem, *If*, in the January issue of *THE SIGN* recalls the violent criticisms levelled at many great works of the past by contemporary critics—even those of Shakespeare, including his masterpiece, *Hamlet*, which Voltaire termed "the work of a drunken savage, and a piece so gross and barbarous that it would not be endured by the vilest populations of France and Italy." Samuel Pepys said of *Romeo and Juliet*: "It is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." Hume called Shakespeare "a disproportioned and misshapen giant." Keats was driven to a watery grave by the cruel and unjust criticisms of his now famous poems. Byron, himself criticized plenty, characterized Wordsworth's masterpiece, *The Excursion*, as a "clumsy and frowzy poem." Lincoln's little masterpiece, the Gettysburg Address, was derided by many of his contemporaries as contemptible, and was not appreciated in America until its fine qualities were discovered and proclaimed in England. Pages could be filled with further quotations of such criticism, but the above ought to be sufficient to prove that the disparaging remarks of hostile critics have little or no effect on poems, etc., of real worth.

Kipling wrote *If* about a quarter of a century ago. It created a sensation at once among all classes of people, and has continued to grow in popularity ever since. Millions have yielded to its spell; and moreover it has been translated into

twenty-seven languages. Surely there must be merit in this poem that has such universal appeal. Every stanza of the poem holds up for admiration and emulation the noble things of life, the "things that are more excellent," that all of us find so difficult to attain—and sets them forth in good poetic style. Had Kipling written nothing else, *If* would have made his fame secure; and I venture to say that it shall be read when other poems and those of his contemporaries have been forgotten.

KONGMOON, SOUTH CHINA.

M. J. HOGAN.

Remedy for Birth Control

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

During the past few years we have heard quite an amount of talk on the subject of birth control, but we have heard little if anything regarding a possible remedy for this most pernicious practice. While it is generally admitted that birth control was indulged in over one thousand years ago, it is only since the World War that widespread notice has been given to it. Why?

Since 1914 men have been replaced by women in most all industry and particularly in offices. Women were tolerated purely as an emergency, but have been and still are retained for so-called "economic reasons."

If we were really interested in putting an end to birth control we would follow the example of Rhode Island, where a recent law was passed which states that from July 1st all married women whose husbands are gainfully employed will be prohibited from holding any public position. If the Rhode Island law were put into effect all over this country, peace, happiness and prosperity would once more prevail; until it does we need not expect anything but hardship. When the employer realizes that efficiency is more valuable than lipstick and rouge, then and only then can we hope for better results.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

H. P. C.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M.A., Baltimore, Md.; M.G.C., Lawrence Mass.; M.C., Dorchester, Mass.; C.L., Framingham, Mass.; T.O'D., Saxonville, Mass.; M.A.K., Quincy Point, Mass.; I.C., Rosebank, S.I.; K.C.V., Union City, N. J.; R.McH., Massillon, O.; E.F.F., Bayonne, N. J.; S.L.P., Maplewood, N. J.; F.A.W., West Philadelphia, Pa.; J.J.C., Buffalo, N. Y.; M.W.B.K., Cincinnati, O.; M.G., Bronx, N. Y.; A.C.S., Philadelphia, Pa.; J.G.St.C., Hartford, Conn.; R.D.S., Holyoke, Mass.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Poor Souls, M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, St. Anthony, A.M.S., Portland, Me.; Poor Souls, M.J.J.R., Buffalo, N. Y.; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, H.H., Milwaukee, Wis.; Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Joseph, C.L., Framingham, Mass.; Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, St. Teresa, T.O'D., Saxonville, Mass.; Poor Souls, M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; St. Anthony, M.S., Lawrence, Mass.; Poor Souls, M.G.W., Jasper, Ind.; Souls in Purgatory, M.K., Brighton, Mass.; St. Ann, M.K.M., Amagansett, L. I., N. Y.; Souls in Purgatory, C.F.W., St. Louis, Mo.; Poor Souls, A.G.W., Chicago, Ill.; Poor Souls, M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; Blessed Mother, M.F.C., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, M.J., Jersey City, N. J.; Poor Souls, J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; Souls in Purgatory, G.M., Nutley, N.J.; Poor Souls, M.M., McKeesport, Pa.; Poor Souls, M.J.H., East Haven, Conn.; M.C., Hollywood, Cal.; V.M.P., Dubuque, Ia.; L.McL., Medford, Mass.; M.C., Elizabeth, N. J.; R.M.F., Lancaster, Pa.; B.V., Kaukanno, Wis.; W.M., St. Louis, Mo.



Woman to Woman



By Katherine Burton

The Story of Habacuc

MY READING during the last weeks has been various. Straying through a copy of one of the "modern" Bibles, I came across the story of Habacuc and the angel. I had forgotten the charm of the telling. The prophet, you may remember, was all ready with a meal to take to the reapers. Suddenly before him appeared an angel with definite instructions to take it instead to Daniel in Babylon in the lions' den. Habacuc was naturally surprised, not at seeing the angel, but at the orders. He remonstrated. "Lord, I never saw Babylon nor do I know the den." The angel, not at all pleased with this moment of doubt, took him by the top of his head and set him down in Babylon—"by the force of his spirit." "Here," said the abashed prophet to Daniel, "is your dinner that the Lord sent you." It is all related with that charming directness of Scriptural narrative. There is no record, however, of what the reapers said to Habacuc the next time they saw him.

The Labor Question

I HAVE had some letters from annoyed readers who do not like the fact that I said in a recent column that sit-down strikes may be a fair way of getting a decent wage. I did not state it very firmly, for it still seems to me that all employers *could* have a wonderful change of heart and become decent to the men who work for them. One of these correspondents happens to have a really good employer and she is angry because he is being sat-in by strikers when most of the employees, she says, don't want to strike. But the difficulty with her reasoning is that she ignores the fact that her next employer may be a very bad one—very hard on his workers—and then she might easily become a sit-in striker on her own.

I do not feel competent to discuss this matter, even impersonally, but it seems to me that unless something of authority comes into the hands of the workingmen and women of the country, so that they are able to get a decent living not only granted them voluntarily by good employers, but involuntarily given by bad employers, there is going to continue to be a lot of poverty and unfairness. Mr. Sloan, using the all-mine-and-none-thine tactics, lost out with them. The United States Steel Company changed their minds about their methods and gave collective bargaining rights to their employees. In neither case, however, was there the old horror of strikes that took toll of life.

It is often a cause for wonder to me that employers who want great, unreasonable profits and make them at the expense of the people who give them all the partnership they can—the work of their heads and hands—don't see that if they let go some they may keep a good share, but if they don't let that some go, they stand to lose all, in a terrible cataclysm like Communism.

I think it might be a good idea for Catholics who are so satisfied with things in general because they happen to have a good employer, and for all other Catholics too, to have one more day set aside as a day of obligation, and that day to be devoted to reading the present Pope's Encyclical on labor.

It would make them really think, I hope—these people who sit down to a good meal in a nice house because they happen to work for a man who believes in Christianity and its teachings. These people don't seem to realize that if that employer died or sold his business they might lack meal and room fit to eat and live in. What will keep it for them is organization of some sort on the part of the employees.

Of course there are bad labor union employees. There are always people who take advantage of others in the world and I imagine God will take care of them when their time comes. But in the meantime He has left us a definite command—to love our neighbor as ourselves. And a contented employee of a good employer must by the law of his Master consider also the plight of the man who has not a good employer, and perhaps, if need be, help him to get a fair wage.

Of course, there has been violence among strikers. But there is nothing very edifying in the accounts of strike-breakers, many of whom have prison records, being hired to break up strikes. During the recent great upheavals there has been a surprising lack of violence. For this the new method of the sit-down is certainly responsible.

Matters Educational

FROM two men high in educational circles come words to hearten the old timers who feel that the classics and tradition ought to be allowed to refuse to be pushed to the walls, as the progressive educators feel they must be so that youth may march better with the present.

Dean Weigle of Yale urges parents to teach religion to their children and speaks of the failure of the "vague hope," that is the idea that children will later on pick up a good theory of religion. He points to the adults who "sensible in other respects, are in religious matters ill informed, credulous, crude, and are evidence of the failure of the vague hope." And President Hutchins of Chicago University pleads for the classics, for the return of good reading and the tradition of our fathers, ending thus, "In this tradition it is our duty to educate ourselves and our pupils to the end that the virtues, moral, intellectual and theological, shall not disappear altogether from our country."

And meantime, just to even the scales, up at Columbia University a professor of English wants to rewrite Mother Goose. He thinks it very bad to have little girls hear themselves compared to sugar and spice and everything nice and be flattered by it. And that rhyme about the wise men who went to sea in a boat—silly stuff. But I am very distrustful of the professor's scheme when I read some of his proposed substitutions.

"This little pig went to T.C. (note: Teachers' College)

This little pig stayed home;

This little pig had S.R. bonds,

This little pig had none;

This little pig cried I.Q.I.Q.I.Q. all the way home."

Can you bear just one more?

"Fee fi fo fum,

I taste the Forhans on my gums,

Be it alive or be it dead,

I can still manage whole wheat bread."

The Anti-Fascist Front

A Survey of Recent Events in Europe From the Catholic Viewpoint Reveals an Anti-Fascist Front That is Often Little More Than Anti-Catholic

By Denis Gwynn

TO SURVEY affairs in Europe from a Catholic standpoint, at the end of twelve months of inconclusive civil war in Spain, is by no means an encouraging task. But it may be useful to try to establish a perspective of the crowded events of the past year.

Change Toward Italy

IT WAS good news to hear from the editor of THE SIGN that there is a reaction of feeling in the United States in favor of Italy, and that many Catholics believe that they are always given news or comment colored by anti-Italian prejudice. There was a similar reaction in England in favor of Italy when the Ethiopian war was over; but that change of attitude was largely due to a resentful feeling that British public opinion had been misled by official propaganda, and that the British Foreign Office ought to have known that Italy had at least a reasonable chance of winning the Ethiopian war. It would be a great mistake to assume that the increased respect for Mussolini and for the success of his régime implies any sympathy with his general program among non-Catholics.

On the contrary—and it would be interesting to know whether the same tendency has been growing in America—the fundamental antipathy towards Catholic Italy and Catholic Spain has been consolidating steadily. One of the most remarkable changes in the past year has been the widespread adoption of the term “anti-Fascist” to suggest a general sympathy among all the countries whose interests conflict with those of Mussolini and Hitler. Mention the word “dictatorship” to any ordinary man or woman in England, and they immediately think of Mussolini, Hitler and Franco. Stalin is no longer thought of as a ruthless dictator but as a reliable anti-Fascist.

This method of speech has affected public opinion to a surprising extent. Geneva is regarded as one pivot of anti-Fascism. Another is London; another Paris; and Washington is another. They are all supposed to be the strongholds of “democratic” and parliamentary government, where differ-

ences of opinion are not only tolerated but welcomed, and where men and women can think, talk and act freely, instead of being obliged to think and act according to the lines laid down by an arbitrary government.

To some extent that belief is of course well founded. The whole civilized world is becoming divided between those countries where people can still choose their own rulers and criticize them freely, and those where—as in Russia, Italy or Germany—they are certainly not free. The Pope himself has had ample experience of this difference in actual fact. The Catholic Church has neither rights nor freedom in Russia, and in Germany the Concordat has been strained to very near breaking point by the increasing restrictions on religious rights under the Nazi régime.

Even in Italy there has been acute conflict between the Holy See and Mussolini over their respective claims to control the education of the young. No Catholic outside of Italy can possibly feel that the Holy See was not justified in resisting the Government as it did on the education question. But it is a tragic position that in this matter the Church should have been obliged to quarrel with Italy as its natural ally. It cannot be emphasized too often that the very existence of the Vatican City State as an independent sovereignty rests directly upon a Concordat with Italy in which the first Article declares that the Catholic religion is the official religion of Italy.

Anti-Catholicism

IT IS undoubtedly an important factor in the coalition against Italy, and also against General Franco's Spain, that they are both regarded as Catholic countries. In previous articles I have shown how the old friendship between England and Italy in Queen Victoria's reign was directly due to English sympathy with the anti-clerical and anti-Catholic program of Young Italy. It culminated in the downfall of the Temporal Power of the Papacy in 1870; and the Italian Governments with which England maintained such friendly relations up to 1914 were

definitely anti-Catholic. In fact the secret treaty between England and Italy which induced Italy to side against Germany in 1915 contained a clause expressly providing that the Vatican must not be admitted to participation in any Peace Conference when the war ended.

The same spirit is very much in evidence today in regard to General Franco's attempt to restore the Catholic and religious traditions of Spain. France, with a Popular Front Government and a Socialist Jew as her Prime Minister, is absolutely hostile to Franco's program. And the British Government is scarcely less hostile to Franco, largely for reasons of imperial defense, but most certainly also because it dislikes and distrusts what Franco stands for. The usual explanation of this antipathy to Franco is that British interests in the Mediterranean would be endangered if his success should produce an alliance between Franco and Mussolini. But there would be no reason to regard Mussolini with so much suspicion if he were not so closely identified with Catholic tradition.

France and England

IT WOULD seem natural that as between the conservative reaction under Franco and the Bolshevik tyranny of the Valencia Government, countries like France and England would be in sympathy with Franco. Yet in fact they are not. Every success for Franco's side has caused nervousness in both France and England, and every reverse inflicted on his forces has produced a feeling of relief.

Since the outset of the Civil War in Spain I have put forward the opinion that Franco would never be allowed by the British and French Governments to conquer Catalonia. I believe that opinion is now held generally in England, for in the meantime propaganda against General Franco has been ceaselessly at work. The British Government's attitude has been one of ostensible neutrality towards both sides. But it has become increasingly evident that the British Government desires that neither side should win. It certainly does not wish to see Spain pass under Bolshevik control; but it is equally de-

sirous to prevent Franco from gaining full control in Spain.

Whether France and Britain together will be able to prevent either side from winning remains to be seen. It is certainly not impossible that the Valencia Government will yet win, and the day may come yet when both France and England will bitterly regret their present attitude. For the present, however, the combined policy of both countries appears to be aimed at preventing a victory for either side, so that Spain will be divided in two parts—the actual dividing line being a matter of small importance—either of which can be encouraged or discouraged according to circumstances in the future.

British Intervention

A FURTHER development seems to have become evident in the past month. General Mola's campaign for the subjugation of Bilbao had shown every prospect of succeeding when it was suddenly frustrated by the intervention of the British fleet. A blockade had been virtually established when British ships, chartered for the purpose by a newly formed commercial company, proceeded to the neighborhood and demanded naval protection in running the blockade. Official statements denied absolutely that the British fleet would assist in protecting them on such a mission, but within a few days protection was given to such an extent that no serious risk was involved.

The blockade was broken and General Mola was compelled to undertake the desperate task of fighting his way through the mountains to the coast. His skilful strategy and the valor of his troops was succeeding by decisive stages when the British fleet intervened once again. Having assisted in bringing supplies to a town on the verge of surrender it then—in the name of humanity—assisted in evacuating the women and children in such numbers as to avert all further fear of starvation, while greatly strengthening the morale of the defenders.

Only a few weeks later the death of General Mola in a flying accident brought one of the greatest tragedies yet suffered by General Franco's side. Bilbao is still holding out, at the time of writing. Meanwhile, Britain and France persist—as everyone must wish they would—in trying to strengthen the machinery of non-intervention in order to prevent the danger of a general conflagration in Europe.

In principle, the non-intervention policy must command the active sympathy of everyone. The alternative would be to make Spain the cockpit of Europe, with men and munitions being poured in from all sides until passions became inflamed and the supporters of each side declared war openly against

the other. But in practice non-intervention provides every opportunity for preventing a victory for either side; and there are many indications that this is the policy now being pursued deliberately in both London and Paris.

It is even possible—and recent events have encouraged such suspicions—that both France and England wish that Bilbao should become the permanent centre of an independent Basque Republic. General Franco and his followers have, not without reason, developed strong sympathy with Germany and Italy, and a deep resentment towards France and Britain. The defenders of Bilbao, on the other hand, are full of gratitude towards France and Britain for having assisted them. They occupy a port which is of great importance for naval strategy, and it would not be surprising if the Foreign Office and the Admiralty, both in London and in Paris, are by this time really anxious that Bilbao should not fall into General Franco's hands.

Looking forward, therefore, one must regard it as being at least possible—and as being probably the hope of the French and British Governments—that General Franco will fail to conquer all Spain, and that the Civil War will end eventually in the partition of the country. It would be rash to assume that any such partition could endure for long. Communist agents are already engaged all over Franco's Spain in organizing sabotage, in spreading defeatism and in creating as much mischief as they can by every means behind the lines.

Destruction is incomparably easier than reconstruction, and there is far more likelihood of an internal collapse in some part of Franco's territory than of a successful revolt against the Valencia Government within the territory where it has established a ruthless dictatorship. The Communist technique is simply to spread anarchy and panic, whereas the Nationalists have to create order in a demoralized country. Yet if Franco were seriously threatened by such disaster, it is most unlikely that either Italy or Germany would allow the Bolsheviks to gain control. The alternative would appear to be a patched-up peace; and both France and Britain have been attempting in the past month to initiate peace negotiations.

Franco's Good Work

IF FRANCO, with Mussolini's and Hitler's help, has succeeded in regaining half of Spain from the Bolshevik régime of a year ago, he deserves to be remembered forever as one of the saviors of Christianity in Europe. It is beyond dispute that his military revolt forestalled, by a very narrow margin, the arrangements for a Communist

revolution last August which would have established Bolshevism irrevocably in Spain. The destruction of churches, the massacre of priests and nuns, and the wholesale execution of conservative leaders and of those who resist the revolutionary excesses, would have occurred on the outbreak of revolution with no less violence and savagery than they occurred when the military revolt began. They would have happened all over Spain, instead of being confined to those districts where the Bolsheviks gained control.

Were it not for the courage and the devotion of General Franco and his friends, the Church would have been extinguished throughout all Spain, as it is extinguished in almost every province now under Bolshevik control. The fact that the Basque Nationalists are Catholics and that they have not attacked the Church has been exploited everywhere to suggest that the Catholic clergy are fighting against Franco. But no Catholic who takes the trouble to read the Catholic newspapers can have any honest doubt concerning the true position. The Mass has been abolished wherever the Communists retain control, and that section of the four Basque provinces which is alone under the control of Valencia is in a wholly anomalous position. No one can believe that if the Valencia Government should succeed against Franco the Church will receive any kinder treatment among the Basques than in the rest of Spain.

Position of Church

PEACE concluded under present conditions would confirm the control of the Valencia Government in the eastern half of Spain; and we must presumably expect that the Church under such a Government would in that case lose its freedom no less than it has been lost in Mexico. It is no wonder that General Franco and his friends are unwilling to negotiate on that assumption. But it is unfortunately true that both France and Britain definitely desire such a settlement for their own reasons, even though they have no sympathy with the Communist program.

Italy alone among the Great Powers is a definitely Catholic State; and among the lesser States the Church's position has been seriously weakened. Spain was still the most important Catholic country in Europe until the revolution abolished the connection between Church and State. Of the others, Poland, Austria and Portugal alone are definitely Catholic States. Belgium is in practice scarcely more Catholic than Holland; and France has in recent years relapsed under the control of Governments which are actively anti-clerical and would enforce the old anti-religious laws as soon as conditions in Europe ceased to be critical.

Poland and Italy today are the two leading Catholic States in Europe, while in Spain the Church is fighting desperately to save what can be rescued from destruction. Portugal, under a Catholic "dictator" whose government has been one of the most successful in modern Europe, cannot escape the anxiety and risks inherent in her geographical proximity to Spain. If Franco should fail, there would be practically no hope of stemming the tide of revolution at the frontiers of Portugal.

In Austria also the position of the Church has become much less secure than it was a few years ago when Chancellor Dollfuss inaugurated the new Constitution on a definitely Catholic basis, directly reflecting the principles of the Papal encyclicals on social justice. In those days Austria could count on the fullest protection from Italy against any encroachment upon the freedom of her institutions. But events have since forced Italy into revising her whole position in Europe. The necessity of intimate co-operation with Germany has compelled Mussolini to abandon his former policy of guaranteeing Austria's independence. The incorporation of Austria in a pan-German union has become almost inevitable, and it is now generally understood that Mussolini has promised Hitler that he will offer no objection to any development which establishes Nazi control in Austria.

Italy and Germany

THE alliance between Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany is not only natural but the direct and inevitable outcome of the opposition against them from both Russia in the East and the great democracies of the West. Both Mussolini and Hitler rose to power in direct revolt against the advancing tide of Bolshevism. Both triumphed where Franco, in more difficult conditions and faced with a Bolshevik Government as an established fact, has only half succeeded. And there is nothing more natural than that all the countries and institutions which have been threatened by Bolshevik anarchy in the past, should combine into the closest coalition to resist a common enemy.

Yet the present position is much more complicated than that simple and straightforward conflict on first principles. Nazi Germany has not only declined to accept the Catholic Church as its natural ally; it has become so much affected by the virus of anti-Christian doctrines, disguised as the cult of German racialism, that it is already in open conflict with the Church. Even in Catholic Bavaria and in the Catholic Rhineland the imprisonment of prominent ecclesiastics has be-

come a frequent occurrence. The Catholic bishops are not allowed even to propagate an encyclical especially addressed to Germany by the Pope himself; and the mere fact of distributing the secretly printed copies of the Pope's encyclical has been treated as a crime against the State.

These facts are a matter of daily report in the world's newspapers, and there is no attempt to conceal them. Dr. Goebbels, as Hitler's Minister of Propaganda, has lately launched a new attack on the Church with accusations of wholesale immorality which is alleged to exceed any previous corruption in the history of Christian civilization. Other commentators will have dealt with these matters in detail and I only mention them here as factors in the general situation which is now in process of developing.

The Catholic Standpoint

FROM the Catholic standpoint that situation can only be regarded as tragic. On the one hand Germany is becoming uncompromisingly anti-Catholic, to such an extent that even the great Catholic provinces of Germany are suffering acute religious repression which may before long develop into ruthless persecution. But still more tragic is the fact that Catholic Italy is being forced by circumstances—partly as a result of her own political ambitions and partly because of antipathy to her ideals in other countries—into such a close alliance with Nazi Germany that she cannot even protest against Germany's new campaign against the Church.

Surrounded by anti-Fascist States which dislike both their systems, obsessed with the conviction that they are being prevented from any opportunity of expansion abroad, Italy and Germany are becoming absorbed in a combined effort to subordinate everything to the pursuit of a political program which antagonizes the rest of the world. And in such conditions Red Russia may well rejoice at the prospect of difficulties increasing for both Germany and Italy, while the anti-Catholic countries maintain and increase the pressure which they believe will accomplish the downfall of Fascist Italy.

Meanwhile every effort is being made by France and Britain to detach Germany from Italy by inducements which would leave Italy isolated unless she abandons her imperial ambitions. Material inducements, in the shape of loans or commercial agreements or security pacts, have been offered time after time to Germany if she would conclude a separate agreement in the West which would leave Italy virtually isolated. Under such pressure Mussolini has been compelled to abandon his rôle as pro-

tector of Austria's independence. He is no longer able even to exercise his influence in mitigation of the German campaign against the Church.

The future will turn, obviously, upon whether Germany decides to abandon or to renew the Christian tradition of Europe. Without Christianity, the Nazi system would be scarcely different from the Soviet system under Stalin. A totalitarian State in Germany which openly suppresses the Christian churches in the name of German racial advancement would be scarcely different at all from a totalitarian State in Russia which suppresses Christianity in the name of class revolution. And in alliance with such a Germany, Italy would indeed be in a strange position in attempting to maintain the integrity of its Catholic traditions.

On a basis of anti-religious politics even France might yet find common ground with the new Germany, whereas it would be implacably hostile to a Catholic Italy. Amazing changes have occurred in France during the past twelve months while the Socialist Léon Blum has been consolidating his new régime. At the time of writing there are signs that parliamentary government in France is approaching a stage of complete impotence, overridden by the dictation of the Socialist trade unions. Their leader, M. Jouhaux, now claims boldly that they can never tolerate any parliamentary vote that would overthrow the Popular Front. By rapid and methodical steps Blum has led France towards a new régime of proletarian dictatorship extremely similar to that which drove General Franco into revolt in Spain. Before this year is over France may have travelled far along the same path as Spain.

A Christian Revival

YET it would be foolish indeed to assume that the coalition of anti-Christian governments will triumph even though all the advantages appear now to be on their side.

The Church in Germany has lived through one *Kulturkampf* under Bismarck, and the Christian tradition has at least as much vitality today as it had sixty years ago. Political discipline can be carried far, but there are limits in any country to the power of a dictatorial State to enforce an unnatural system upon a kindly people who have inherited a Christian tradition dating back for many centuries. The age of miracles is by no means over, and even in Russia the possibility of a triumphant Christian revival is by no means out of the question. Both in Germany and in France a Catholic revival even now is no less conceivable than the extraordinary changes which we have witnessed in recent years.

Personal Mention



LAWRENCE LUCEY

FAMILIAR to readers of *THE SIGN* is the name of LAWRENCE LUCEY. In writing this month of *The Constitution's Birthday*, he has chosen a subject which is hotly discussed throughout the country. Defended, attacked, variously interpreted—the Constitution's meaning and scope are no longer a matter of mere academic interest. Our citizens are conscious, as never before, of how closely this one hundred and fifty year old document affects their lives. The not-too-well-known history of the Convention which debated the Constitution's original form, as well as personal comments on it are given in the present article.

Brooklyn-born, the author is a graduate of Seton Hall Preparatory, Fordham College and Fordham Law School. In 1935 he was admitted to the New York Bar by the Supreme Court, Appellate Division. His principal contributions to Catholic magazines have dealt chiefly with social subjects. Of these, crime is his chief concern since he claims it is "the sounding board which echoes the social ills of the nation."

SELDOM do we give our writers' pet peeves. Lawrence Lucey's, however, may be of interest: (1) Catholic writers who refuse to use the literary props that arouse the interest of the reader solely because they are discussing a serious subject. (2) Writers on economic subjects who refuse to face the facts of life, keep their tongue in their cheek, and their fingers on the pulse of the advertisers. (3) Catholics who said that Father Coughlin's place was in the pulpit and not on the radio.

Leagues in great number have been formed to prevent war or to work for its indefinite postponement. Every sincere effort toward such an end is to be encouraged. If Catholics have been cold to some of these societies, it is because they are suspicious of the motives inspiring them. Informative to those who are following such movements is NORMAN MCKENNA'S presentation of *Catholics and Peace*.



NORBERT ENGELS

Editor of *The Christian Front*, a magazine of social reconstruction, he has written for many of our leading Catholic periodicals. He is grateful for the splendid schooling he received from the Christian Brothers. Familiarity with the literature of anti-war organizations in America and abroad and correspondence with their leaders has fitted him well to compare these with Catholic principles on peace.

Brief is the biographical note

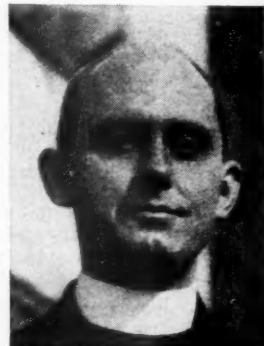
submitted by NORBERT ENGELS. Our own readers and those of *Ave Maria*, *America*, *Commonweal*, etc., have enjoyed his verses, stories, critical essays for a number of years. A wider audience has been his through the re-publication of his verse in several anthologies. He is an associate professor of English at the University of Notre Dame. His contribution in this issue is *Thy House*.

Unfortunately we do not have detailed information about two authors whose stories appear in *THE SIGN* for the first time. *On the Air* by FRANCIS H. SIBSON and *The Besieged of the Alcazar* by AILEEN O'BRIEN will please fiction lovers.

Miss O'Brien, who did Red Cross work in Spain for seven months, informs us that her remarkable story is true. It is a tale of the magnificent courage of one of the Alcazar's heroic defenders. If her plans to lecture in the United States go through, some of our readers may have the opportunity to hear personally the fascinating account of her experiences.

Altogether refreshing and heartening are the examples of progressive and intelligent employers cited in FR. JOSEPH THORNING'S suggestions on *Labor's Share*. The plan of employees sharing in the profits of their labors is not new. It was strongly urged by Pope Pius XI. How it has been worked out to a practical and satisfactory conclusion is described here. The adoption of such a policy by other companies would go far toward eliminating the causes of strife between labor and capital.

Years of study preceded Fr. Thorning's position as professor of sociology and social history at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md. Marquette Academy, Holy Cross College, Catholic University, Georgetown, St. Louis and Oxford Universities have contributed to his education. He served as foreign correspondent of the N.C.W.C. News Service. He was the first associate editor of *Thought* and is now the Vice-Chairman of the Social Relations Committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace. As an author and lecturer he has travelled widely abroad and in this country. Among his books are *Religious Liberty in Transition*, *National Security and International Peace*, and *Communism in the U.S.A.* He is now in Spain to interview Generalissimo Francisco Franco on the Civil War.



FR. JOSEPH THORNING

THOUGH a greater measure of peace is now enjoyed by our missionaries than was formerly their lot, sections of the Passionist mission field in Hunan are still unsettled. *Beatings and Bandits*, by FR. BASIL BAUER, C.P. is not a slogan that advertisers would use to encourage travel.

Patience and hope are necessary virtues for the priests and Sisters who labor in the Vicariate of Yüanling. It is astonishing that they have made progress during many years of hardships and difficulties. When normal life is fully restored, they believe that their harvest will be great.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

The Crisis of Civilization

by Hilaire Belloc

For years the work of historians has been hampered and restricted by the narcotic of Kantian metaphysics. Protesting the inability of Mind to know the inner nature of things, they have restricted history to the realm of phenomenal knowledge—a mere superficial cataloguing of events, without any serious penetration of the deeper motivation of life.

Comes Belloc with a fundamental postulate that history is shaped by Mind, and Mind is governed and formed by Philosophy, or more correctly, Religion. It is not surprising that Belloc has been called dogmatic, in the pejorative sense of the word. He is dogmatic, just as everyone who accepts the direct testimony of reason and common sense is a dogmatist.

The present work, Mr. Belloc's Fordham lectures, is a synthesis which is at the same time a keen analysis. The lectures group themselves, more or less naturally, into five heads: The formation of our civilization from the Greco-Roman culture; the siege of Christendom during the so-called dark and middle ages; the disruption of our culture during the Reformation; the growth of moral and social evils in the wake of the Reformation, particularly Communism; the remedies which will save our civilization.

The more deeply one considers the questions which these lectures raise, the more completely is one conscious that there is no vantage point from which to view the world as it really is save from the vantage point of revelation. The Incarnation and Redemption are not pretty, speculative theories; they are the very rock-bottom truths of our existence. To discard them in practice spells ruin. The chaos towards which we are headed is a factual confirmation of the truth that there is no other salvation save in Christ. He has redeemed the whole of life and not merely one department. It is because we have apostatized from our only salvation that the destruction of our civilization impends.

It is in the light of such truths that these lectures were written. Behind every word that Belloc writes there stands the Philosophy of the Cross—which is the Philosophy which shaped Christendom.

It is in the remedies he proposes that

ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE OR ANY BOOK YOU WISH CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE SIGN. ADD TEN PER CENT OF PRICE FOR POSTAGE

Mr. Belloc reveals his profundity of thought and soundness of judgment. There must be a complete return to the Catholic Church. Our salvation does not lie in any rapid-fire formulae, but rather in firing every avenue of human life with the age-old formulae. Using a two-fold strategy, Print and Program, we must fuse the new blood of Truth into veins hardening with error. We must let the world see the Church for what it really is. It saved the world from destruction once; it saved all that could be saved. It will save us again. Without it, we are lost.

Fordham University Press, N. Y. \$2.50.

Bulwark of the Republic

by Burton J. Hendrick

The fascinating story of the conception of the idea of a Constitution at Mount Vernon, its birth at Philadelphia, and its 150 years of service as the unifier of the States is told by Burton J. Hendrick in a book that grasped the interest of this reviewer at its opening page and kept him perpetually excited through its 460 pages of rather fine print.

The history of the Constitution is not the dull, legalistic, dry-as-dust thing that is entombed in the many decisions of the Supreme Court. There is drama in the lives of the men who wrote and developed the Constitution, and the author always has his eye alert for the biographical details that played so large a part in the formation of the fundamental law of the nation.

Shortly after the Constitution went into effect Jefferson and Madison, desirous of checking the power of this new national government, suggested that each State should have the power to determine the constitutionality of a law enacted by Congress. This heresy, which would have established 14 Supreme Courts with chaos as a consequence, was not finally downed until General Lee surrendered to Grant at the close of the Civil War.

At the Jefferson dinner of 1830 the advocates of secession, notably Calhoun and Hayne, toasted Jefferson as the

originator of the constitutional right to secede. Andrew Jackson, then President, hated Calhoun and, though "Old Hickory" was not a student of the Constitution, he realized that it was the bulwark of the Union. His toast was: "The Union—it must be preserved." He meant every word of it and later sent the army to South Carolina to back up his belief that a State could not leave the Union.

The swiftness with which Jackson acted was responsible for postponing the Civil War for 30 years. During these 30 years the North grew in wealth and population so that it was stronger than the South when the rebellion finally broke out. Had Jackson hesitated or offered any sympathy to South Carolina in its threat to secede, there would probably be no Constitution today.

Until the year 1866 the great constitutional crises were not settled by the Supreme Court. Only two laws of Congress were outlawed prior to this time in the decisions of *Marbury v. Madison* and *Dred Scott v. Sandford*. Wars or political feuds gave way to the Supreme Court so that in the past 70 years the prestige of this Court as the protector of the Constitution has increased tremendously.

Your reviewer recommends this book with one reservation. It does not tell enough about Theodore Roosevelt's attitude toward the Constitution. Theodore was not only Franklin Roosevelt's blood relative but his political, economic and constitutional relative as well.

Little, Brown & Company, Boston. \$3.50.

The Following of Christ

by Gerard Groote

Next to the Bible, probably no book has been so widely read and enjoyed as *The Following of Christ*. During more than five centuries it has been a "golden book" for saints and sinners of all countries and well-nigh every creed, so much so that it might almost be called an appendix of the Gospels. It is one of the immortal classics of Catholic literature.

Translations and publications of these inimitable colloquies have been made without number, but this latest and typographically very beautiful edition by the Jesuits is in several important respects unique and remarkable.

First of all, this is not merely another translation of the Latin work of Thomas à Kempis, who until quite recently was

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almost universally regarded as the author of *The Following of Christ*, but a translation from the original Dutch of the real author, Gerard Groote, who founded the "Brethren of the Common Life," of which Thomas à Kempis later became a member. An interesting foreword surveys the lives of both Groote and à Kempis, and explains how the latter came to be regarded as the author of his spiritual father's writings simply because he was chosen to compile and publish them. Also included in the introduction is a brief history and summary of the work.

Above all else, however, the designer and editors of the book-size publication of *The Following of Christ* are to be commended for the remarkable purity and beauty of their text which makes its reading a veritable delight.

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America Press, New York. \$2.50.

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by George Stuart Brady

Materials Handbook contains a thoroughly up-to-date arrangement of most valuable information on manufacturing and construction materials. Information which is at once reliable, timely and a clear guide toward an intelligent judgment of materials is presented in a time-saving arrangement by one who is well-qualified.

The author, Mr. George Stuart Brady, is Technical Adviser to the President's Co-ordinator for Industrial Co-operation. He is a graduate mechanical engineer; has been in engineering and executive positions for prominent manufacturing concerns; was a United States Trade Commissioner, and was managing editor of two outstanding trade publications.

This volume is invaluable for those requiring a condensed arrangement of information on materials, and is presented for the convenience of those who appreciate time-saving basic data.

McGraw Hill Book Co., Inc., N. Y. \$5.00.

Hero Breed

by Pat Mullen

Here is a story that will thrill you with its very intensity. It is a tale of the constant struggle of the rugged fishermen of Aran, in their efforts to snatch a livelihood from the treacherous seas which surround them. Mr. Mullen, himself a "Man of Aran," has caught every emotion of these heroic island people.

Hero Breed is the story of Hugh O'Donnell, his mother and his uncle

Shawn. The tale opens with a catastrophe—Black O'Donnell, the boy's father and the best poteen maker in the district, is drowned in a terrific battle with the sea. Brought up in the "art" of distilling poteen, the youth knows no other way of making a living, and follows in his father's footsteps.

Attending a mission, he learns for the first time of the devastating effects of his trade, and decides to forego it to become a fisherman. It is then that his great battle with the sea begins—a battle in which he is to gain the respect of even the hardiest of the fisherfolk. Herculean effort, thrilling rescues, exciting chases and breath-taking escapes fill the pages with a tenseness that is relieved at times by the ready wit of these hardy Irish people.

Interwoven in the tale is a tender and somewhat wistful romance between Hugh and Orla, the daughter of a "witch," in which the author brings out the many superstitions of a simple and honest people living close to the elements.

It is a powerful, fast-moving novel of an heroic and lovable people.

Robert McBride, N. Y. \$2.50.

Catholicism in New England to 1788

by Arthur J. Riley, Ph.D.

This book might better have been entitled *Anti-Catholicism in New England to 1788* since it is in reality a study of the origin, growth and solidification of Puritanic prejudice and hatred for all things Catholic or savoring of Catholicism.

Puritanism (and under this general designation we can include the Pilgrims) was Protestant in the fullest sense of the word. Grounded in the fanatical religious conviction that Catholicism was of the devil, it set itself to protest against it in season and out of season. It sought to protect its own sturdy life and culture from every vestige of Catholic thought and influence. Because it felt itself incapable of escaping the contagion of Catholicism in England and on the Continent, it removed itself and its cherished convictions to America.

New England was the land of liberty; that is, of escape from Romanism. But, alas, even in the sacrosanct and God-dedicated colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay they again found the breath of Catholicism stirring on their borders. The Canadians were Catholic, as were many of the Indians in Maine. The exiled Acadians crowded in upon their refuge. The official Protestant conscience was still further dismayed by the Catholic pretension to the throne of England.



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Torn by such fears and tortured with its own premonitions, an avalanche of sermons, lectures, catechisms, school-books, almanacs and pamphlets was unloosed to discredit the Catholic Church, its ministers and members. Harvard College was the Protestant watch-tower and the main arsenal for defense against the insidious Catholic inroads.

Feasts like Christmas, decidedly Roman, were ignored and their observance condemned. Even the calendar was changed, lest certain dates remind the loyal Protestant of facts in Catholic history. Priests were outlawed; the Mass forbidden; Catholics hounded out or at most tolerated, but as suspect of evil to the commonwealth.

Such is the burden of Arthur J. Riley's *Catholicism in New England to 1788*—an interesting and fully documented account of New England hatred for Catholicism.

Dr. Riley is especially to be commended for his excellent appendices and exhaustive bibliography.

The book is one more in that splendid series of *Studies in American Church History* being sponsored by the School of American Church History at the Catholic University in Washington.

Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. \$3.50.

Spurs to Conversion

by Rev. Edward M. Betowski

This is a volume of sermon sketches covering the period of the entire liturgical year.

The most striking impression about the book is its noticeable difference from the stereotyped sermon outline. There is an up-to-dateness, an originality and an ingenuity of thought which makes Father Betowski's presentation most interesting and attractive.

The author takes the word "conversion" in a broad sense as inclusive of any turning or returning to God. The prime purpose of the volume is, how-

ever, to make Catholics "convert-conscious," eager to share the good things of their Father's house with those outside the fold. As the author puts it, "the instructions and comments of *Spurs to Conversion* appeal to priests and people to do whatever can be done prudently to increase conversions to the true faith."

Father Betowski's admirable work brings home to all readers, clerical and lay, one striking, thought-provoking lesson: for the conscientious Catholic there can be no selfishness as regards the gift of Faith. The grateful Catholic, recognizing the treasure entrusted to him, will be eager and alert to enrich therewith those still outside the household of God. Father Betowski's book will be an invaluable aid in mapping out and carrying through so urgent a campaign.

Benziger Brothers, N. Y. \$2.75.

Mary—A Study of the Mother of God

by Fr. Canice, O. M. Cap.

This is not just another book on the Blessed Virgin Mary, but one that seems destined to become a classic in Mariology. It belongs to the class of the very best, and its high character justifies the three impressions made within three months. The severe simplicity and didactic method of the opening chapters may repel the casual reader, but interest mounts steadily, culminating in sheer enjoyment.

It is a study of the stupendous realities involved in the Divine Maternity,—solid, plain and direct developing of the truth of Mary's grandeur from theological principles. The author's professed object is a greater love and honor of the Mother of Christ through a fuller knowledge of her extraordinary perfections. Mary's part in the Redemption, her virtues and the character of true devotion to her stand forth clear, concise, convincing.

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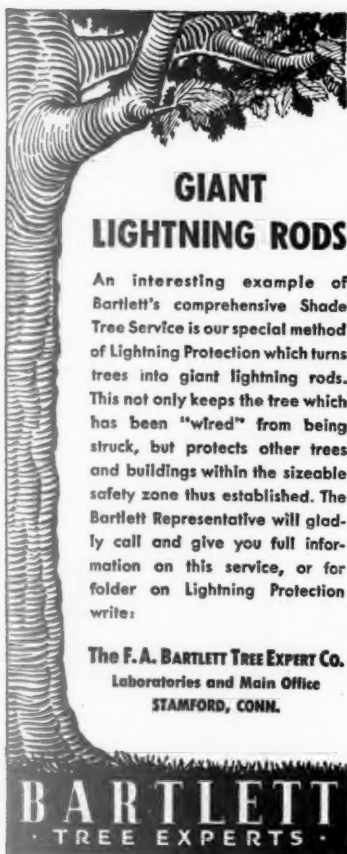
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It is a fine exposition with argument subtly interwoven that will not only enlighten the mind but warm the heart whilst its gentle persuasion invites to a greater devotion. Each chapter is a thesis to be proved; definitions are exact, distinctions are clearly drawn with logical sequence everywhere manifest. Throughout the book, the teachings of the Church are deftly presented, whether the certain doctrine or the more commonly accepted teaching; authorities and reasons for disputed points and the author's preference are given with a fine sense of discrimination and balance. Though well documented, in some instances more definite references may be desired. An excellent index completes the book.

The thought and art of the book are one, and it is no dry-as-dust study, for its style, in harmony with its theme, is simple, chaste, compelling. "The mystery of the Divine Maternity is a many-faceted gem," and this book sparkles with its beauty. Though not a book of meditations it will be a distinct aid to meditation. It is a fine example of interesting, readable theology, is in no way imaginative but truly romantic and fascinating.

M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd., Dublin, \$3.00.

The Life of Christ

by Isidore O'Brien, O.F.M.

The purpose of the author of this book is, primarily, to place at the disposal of study clubs a Life of Our Lord suited to people without the advantages of a training in Holy Scripture. For that reason, he tells us, he has omitted "prolonged discussions of the countless moot questions in archeology, chronology and textual criticism, and detailed analyses of Christ's Messianic consciousness, His eschatological discourses and the psychological problems with which the subject abounds."

A prefatory chapter entitled *Digest of Pre-Christian History and Religion* lays down the historical setting for the incidents of the Gospel story. Copious questions at the end of each chapter summarize the matter treated and suggest topics for further research. The many literal quotations from the Gospels and the detailed references to the Gospel text will enable the reader to acquire a familiarity with the inspired accounts of the Evangelists which, as Lagrange reminds us, are the sources of our knowledge about the life of Our Lord.

The author has written, not merely to supply the needs of study clubs, but also to satisfy the demand of many who want to know the plain story of Our Saviour's life on earth. The book will have an appeal to this latter class of readers.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., Cloth \$2.50. Paper \$1.00.

Prayer in Faith. Thoughts for the Liturgical Seasons and Feasts. 2 Vols.

by the Reverend Mother
Janet Erskine Stuart

This publication is not the usual book of "meditations for every day of the year," hence prospective readers will be disappointed if they seek in these volumes such mechanical completeness. The author of these short and suggestive papers on the Christian and spiritual life prepared them originally for the religious of the Sacred Heart. They are the product of her routine duty as Superior General and were prepared with an eye to the needs of her limited audience and probably without any intention of composing a book. Since the material was gathered from an accumulation of the author's writings and from notes taken down from her conferences, it has something of the fragmentary character to be expected from its casual origin. Still the two volumes are a creditable monument to the author's commendable zeal in breaking the bread of

the divine word to her subjects. The arrangement of the contents was suggested by the source of their inspiration—the seasons and feasts of the liturgical year.

The themes of these short devotional essays are taken from the current texts and leading ideas of the liturgy. There is a brief exposition of the subject with the gospel or liturgy as guide and then the theme is immediately turned to the practical uses of the perfect Christian life. There is no attempt to build on technical theology or achieve literary embellishment. Yet the thought is the product of living faith and the unction of charity. The style, while not literary, has the charm of intelligent conversation and the clearness that is the result of knowing exactly what one wants to say and the direct and simple effort to say it.

Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y. \$1.40.

The Tenth Man

by Edward F. Murphy

A decidedly worth-while book on a subject which, sooner or later, Americans must face squarely and fully, to undo the Government's wretched blundering, especially during the earlier decades after the Civil War—a blundering from the wrongs of which the South, both white and black, has not yet recovered.

The title of the book is startling. How many citizens are aware of the fact that conditions justify the use of the title? The Tenth Man is a Negro, notwithstanding that his blood may be almost that of the white race!

In a series of interviews, the author presents the attitudes of friends and enemies of the color line. The interviewer is a brother to his host, a priest who has labored for years among the colored of the Southland. The brothers address each other in the ways of home familiarity. The priest calls his brother "Tom" and the latter calls his priest-brother "Dick."

Tom is a graduate from northern schools of higher learning. The enthusiasm, energy and daring of vigorous young manhood put him at odds with Catholic methods of working for colored people, as he sees them illustrated in his brother's ministry. To induce Tom to test his forceful methods, Dick suggests to him to get first-hand information by interviewing Southerners of both races, white and colored.

The results of these interviews are forceful statements, either in favor of or against the color line. Not all the interviewed of the white race favor it. All the colored are against it, as in reason they should be. Instructive lessons are taught by both groups. The

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series of interviews closes with the story of Tom's presence at a lynching orgy and his forceful methods to stop it. He succeeded, but at the cost of his own life. Romance too is in the offing.

It would be slight praise to say that the author has done his work well. Other publications of his prove that he has mastered his material to the point of familiarity with it. Both friends and foes of the color line can test the sanity of their attitudes by careful reading of the book.

The Dolphin Press, Phila., Pa. \$2.00.

Grace and the Sacraments

by Rev. Clement Crock

Many Catholics view life as a weary struggle against sin and temptation. They realize only too well the serious duties that are theirs—but they know little or nothing of the helps which they are invited and expected to make use of. They have received from Christ, Grace and the Sacraments as a powerful means of spiritual strength. Yet many try to carry on without them, never suspecting the influence God's grace and His Sacraments could have in their lives.

Father Crock, a pastor of many years' experience has long seen this tragedy, and he has done his part to remedy it. He has produced a book in which Catholic teaching with regard to Grace and the Sacraments is set forth with all the vigor of clear and simple expression. Points, which are grasped with difficulty even by the trained mind, he has illustrated with well-chosen anecdotes taken from his own experiences, from the lives of the Saints, or from Sacred Scripture.

Grace and the Sacraments is written as a sermon book. It contains enough discourses for all the Sundays of a year. It is written for priests, but it will also be of great benefit to religious and to those of the Catholic laity who realize how intensely interesting and how immensely profitable the study of their religion can and should be.

Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., New York City.

Restoration Carnival

by Maurice B. Jones

Much can be learned from the sub-title of a book; for, occasionally, the title has no other purpose than to attract the eye. Under the broad title *Restoration Carnival* Maurice Bethel Jones has written a sub-title that adequately sums up the contents of his work, *Catherine of Braganza at the Court of Charles II.* This romantic biography begins with Catherine's slightly hysterical farewell to Portugal as she leaves for the court of her royal husband-to-be. Many years later Charles' coffin is slowly carried from his chamber, and Catherine prepares to leave England. On this note the book ends.

The plot is based on the "eternal triangle." Charles and Catherine form two of the angles, and Lady Castlemaine, Francis Stewart, Nell Gwynn with an unending procession of court ladies, form a constantly shifting third angle. Catherine came as an amazingly innocent young lady to enter a court notorious for its riotousness. She immediately fell deeply in love with her husband, and he with her. The trip from Portsmouth to Hampton Court was made in a roseate dream. Then Catherine began to wonder. Her disillusionment was quickened when Lady Castlemaine was recommended by Charles to be her lady-in-waiting. All her latin fury did not help Catherine to keep this "loud-voiced cow of a woman with an obvious body" from the court. Thereafter Catherine failed to notice this side of her husband's character, but a gulf was opening between them. Only when she showed by repeated miscarriages that she could not give him an heir did that gulf yawn wide.

Maurice Bethel Jones has written an objective and highly interesting book. In general he has written good history, though in a few places he is anticlerical. In a casually listed bibliography there are missing several important works such as the eighth volume of the Hunt, Poole, *Political History of England*, and John Lingard, *History of England*. Too much importance is given

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to personal memoirs which generally need careful interpretation. Again the author, who gives not a date in the narrative, should have supplied a chronological table; and a map drawn especially for this work should have been added. Withal, *Restoration Carnival* is creditable history and entertaining reading.

Julian Messner, Inc., N. Y. \$3.00.

I Remember Maynooth

by Don Boyne

Maynooth, the most frequently mentioned in America of all the ecclesiastical institutions of Ireland, is perhaps the one seminary that most American born priests would be drawn to visit on a trip to the Emerald Isle. A graduate to this seminary can usually cause the ears of most priests to perk with interest should he be in a mood to recount his recollections of his Alma Mater. In five essays covering one hundred and thirty-one pages, the raconteur paints his recollections for the purpose of entertainment. Some American born seminarians and some American born priests, if they found themselves with time on their hands and this little volume handy, would have happy pastime as they paged this book. The reactions of fel-

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low Maynoothers and other Ireland-trained soggarths as they turn the pages will make some smile, while others will probably mold their countenances in a way that might not make the author happy that he spent his time in composing the essays.

The author of this collection of essays undoubtedly is qualified to write well on more serious subjects; his mind, as revealed in his essays, appears to be well equipped and gifted with the power of expressing itself creditably. A close follower of the unfolding ideas he conveyed to paper always wonders if his treatment of Canon Sheehan, when he explains Luke Delmege, as an individual who attended Maynooth, rather than a typical product of Maynooth, was not a designed effort to rehabilitate the Canon, even though criticizing what was open to diverse judgment.

Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y. \$2.00.

Shorter Notes

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROME by MOST REV. ARTHUR HINSLEY (Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London, \$2.00) is an abridged edition of Cardinal Wiseman's *Recollection of the Last Four Popes*. The present edition omits nothing of importance to the general reader since the omissions are largely confined to accounts of public works carried out during Wiseman's stay in Rome. The period covered is that of the author's permanent residence in Rome from 1818, when he arrived to enter the English College, until he left to re-establish the hierarchy in England in 1840. These were stirring times and the brilliant English ecclesiastic was keenly aware of all movements in the religious, intellectual and political spheres. As a result he was able to write a book which is not only interesting as a volume of personal memoirs but one which makes an important contribution to the history of the period.

THE PALACE WONDERFUL, by REV. FREDERICK A. HOUCK (Frederick Pustet Co., N. Y. \$1.25) is a popular treatise on the theological virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity. Fundamentally the book of necessity rests on the dogmatic teaching of the Church, but it is Father Houck's happy faculty to be able to bring this dogmatic teaching within the range of minds untrained in technical theology. He compares the task of developing the potentialities and infused virtues of the soul to the work of the architect and builder. A special feature of the book is the number of apposite examples used to drive home essential truths. The work can be heartily recommended and is one which ought to do a great deal of good.

A TEXTBOOK OF LOGIC, by REV. SYLVESTER HARTMAN, C.P.P.S. (American Book Co., New York. \$2.50) is a contribution to a field which is neglected in modern education. We hear much said about the modern educator's duty to develop original thinking in his students, but such thinking is often a very muddled affair because the so-called thinker knows very little about his own mental processes. A remedy for this is a serious course in sound logic. Logic can never supply for native intellectual ability, but it will aid in the developing of this ability and reveal how the normal mind attains truth or falls into error. Father Hartman adheres to the Aristotelian and Scholastic exposition of his subject without neglecting new developments of a constructive nature. In length the text strikes a happy medium and will serve as an excellent manual for the use of college classes.

BIOLOGY, by W. A. HAUBER, PH.D. and M. ELLEN O'HANLON, PH.D. (F. S. Crofts & Co., N. Y., \$3.90). Texts of general biology are plentiful, yet it is difficult for most teachers to find one entirely satisfactory. Teachers naturally will differ on the details to be taken up in the general course and on the amount of application of general principles that is to be made.

This new text is very well balanced. It covers the traditionally typical plants and animals, but always there is emphasis on the general principles underlying the vital activities of the individual specimen. There is a section devoted to modern theories of evolution and another covers the relations of biology to human progress. It is just such well-balanced treatment that is needed by young people to enable them to understand the limitations of biology and to see through the half-baked programs of social reform and what-not, proposed by armchair scientists in the name of biology.

The text is amply and judiciously illustrated. A wide range of literature on the subject-matter of the various chapters is incorporated in the reading lists. A welcome feature is an excellent glossary containing the etymology and pronunciation of biological terms.

The work manifests the results of many years of teaching experience and merits to rank high in its particular field.

COSMOLOGY, by J. J. COLLIGAN, S. J. (Fordham University Press, N. Y., \$1.50). Cosmology is the science which investigates the last causes and most common properties of material things. This volume is intended to serve as a text-book for college classes following the Scholastic method. It consists of three parts—The Origin and Final Cause of the World; The Properties and

July, 1937

Activities of Bodies; The Ultimate Constituent Principles of Bodies. These parts are divided into thirteen theses and six propositions. The author did not intend to make an exhaustive study of the matters treated. What he has done is well done. With the help of the teacher the rudiments of the problems presented, as the moot questions of space and time, can be developed more fully.

MINE IS THE KINGDOM, by JANE OLIVER (J. B. Lippincott Co., N. Y., \$2.50) is a historical novel which introduces the ill-starred Prince and son of a celebrated and likewise ill-starred Queen and Mother. James Stuart, the heir real and apparent to the throne of England, is portrayed against the background of the seething turmoil of a politically and religiously disrupted and corrupted Scotland. He was the sport of greedy and ambitious nobles who gambled dangerously for the opportunity to enslave him and make him their tool. He was a major concern of religious fanatics who had scouted traditional religious sanities for the insanities of personal conceit and who would make a king their plaything.

In this historical novel, Jane Oliver reveals a sound and patient scholarship. Its history is acceptable and authentic, but its expression in a novel lacks grip. Its literary merit is inconsiderable. To those determined literates, however, who would peek into the corners and the crevices of sixteenth century Scotland and glimpse the lusty living of nobles who were disposed not to capture the spirit of a culture beyond, but to recapture the blood of a caveman below; to those determined literates who would measure the wild and whirling words spitting from the lips of fanatics fired by a reformation, *Mine is the Kingdom* is recommended—timidly.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NATIONAL CATECHETICAL CONGRESS, 1936 (St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$1.50). In October, 1936, the National Catechetical Congress was held in New York City. Its purpose was to emphasize the necessity of establishing the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in every parish in the country and to discuss the manner best suited for the effective teaching of the catechism. Many thoughtful and inspiring addresses which point the way to achieve these ends were delivered on that occasion. They are published in this volume. All those, both clergy and laity, who are interested in this most necessary work will find these discourses of great help in the work of establishing and conducting catechetical classes. It is important to note that the Canon Law (Canon 711) prescribes that the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine be established in every parish. The vital

need of educating the young in their religion is appreciated by all those who have the interests of the Church and of souls at heart. The Holy See and the Bishops urge all those who are able and willing to enroll themselves in this Confraternity.

THE TWENTY ECUMENICAL COUNCILS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, by CLEMENT RAAB, O. F. M. (Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y., \$2.00). How little do the faithful know of the background of the doctrines defined by the Church in her Ecumenical Councils. The cold words of dogmas which define the faith to be held by Christians reveal little or nothing of the causes which led up to the convocation and celebration of the Councils, and nothing of the obstacles and controversies which preceded and accompanied their adoption. The truths defined in these Councils not only ended controversies, but also gave the right direction for the development of the Faith. A knowledge of these things affords a better appreciation of what the Faith means and also deepens one's realization that the Church is in very truth "the pillar and the ground of truth."

This book is an excellent summary of the history and results of the twenty Ecumenical Councils. It is intended by the author to serve as a condensed survey and ready reference for the benefit of clerics and interested laymen—a purpose which it fulfils admirably.

GREATER LOVE, by REV. JOHN A. ELBERT, S. M. (Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., \$1.25). Each year sees at least one more addition made to the collection of works written on The Seven Last Words of Our Lord. This year's contribution *Greater Love*, though

originally intended for Lenten reading, has such profitable reflections on Suffering, Grace, and Devotion to Our Blessed Lady, that it becomes a book proper to all seasons.

The work consists of nine distinct sermons. The chapters are prefaced with an outline which serves as an epitome of each particular discourse. The considerations upon the Third and Fourth Words are the outstanding portions of the book. Quotations from both the Old and the New Testament illuminate the entire volume. Much credit is due the author for his treatment of Our Lord's physical suffering. His description of the details of the Passion and Death of Christ is at all times directed by reason and never by a too vivid imagination.

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Archconfraternity of the Passion of Jesus Christ

Listening to God

DID you ever hear God speaking to you?

For instance, you make the Stations of the Cross and you go from station to station with Our Lord, adoring Him, thanking Him, sympathizing with Him, and regretting that you by your sins have added to the burden of His Cross. Here you have made what is called mental prayer—speaking to God from your heart.

While you were thus speaking to God, did you hear Him speaking to you? God was doing a great deal of speaking to you. And you were listening to Him.

God has His own way of speaking to man. He speaks to the mind. He speaks to the heart. In making the stations then, and you remembered Who suffered for you, was not God enlightening your mind? And when your affections went out to Him in adoration, love, sympathy and contrition, was He not attracting and inflaming your heart? This is God's way of speaking to you, and in making these acts you showed that you were receiving His message. The more you give yourself to this kind of prayer, the more God will communicate with you and the better disposed will you be to listen to Him.

Remember the poor publican standing near the portals of the temple in

the shadows, not daring to raise his eyes, but striking his breast, saying: "Be merciful to me, O God, a sinner." What a heart to heart talk with God! A poor sinner acknowledging to God his misery and sinfulness. And how does God answer? Our Lord tells us that he "went down to his house justified."

It is not difficult to make such a prayer. All you need to do is to remember your frailty and failings and tell God how poor and weak you are, and beg Him for His help. God never fails to answer this kind of prayer.

This prayer is most efficacious. This we have already seen in the prayer of the publican, but we have a striking example in Our Lord's Passion.

Besides your vocal prayers, then, say also a few words to God from the bottom of your heart. It will take you only a few moments. When passing a church stop in for a minute and speak to God, if only to say, "Oh, God, be merciful to me, a sinner." Or, before retiring at night, take your crucifix, look at Jesus, kiss His wounds—and remember all the blood He shed for you.

(REV.) RAYMUND KOHL, C.P.,

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Gemma's League of Prayer

BLESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League of Prayer.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

"The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE

Masses Said	14
Masses Heard	32,545
Holy Communions	25,520
Visits to B. Sacrament	30,752
Spiritual Communions	41,031
Benediction Services	9,374
Sacrifices, Sufferings	107,400
Stations of the Cross	15,292
Visits to the Crucifix	25,828
Beads of the Five Wounds	4,681
Offerings of PP. Blood	76,057
Visits to Our Lady	18,301
Rosaries	27,508
Beads of the Seven Dolors	2,980
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,014,068
Hours of Study, Reading	38,831
Hours of Labor	35,852
Acts of Kindness, Charity	28,879
Acts of Zeal	56,848
Prayers, Devotions	410,576
Hours of Silence	22,705
Various Works	542,168

Restrain Not Grace From the Dead


(Ecclus. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers
and good works the following
recently deceased relatives and
friends of our subscribers:

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May their souls and the souls of
all the faithful departed through
the mercy of God rest in peace.
—Amen.

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